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Original tales, essays, poems, etc., by English writers of the time.

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THE

ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

VOL. I.

MAY TO OCTOBER.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

2, CRANE COURT, FLEET STREET.

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Boston Globe
Dec. 18, 1957

LONDON:
WILLIAM STEVENS, PRINTER, BELL YARD,
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PREFACE

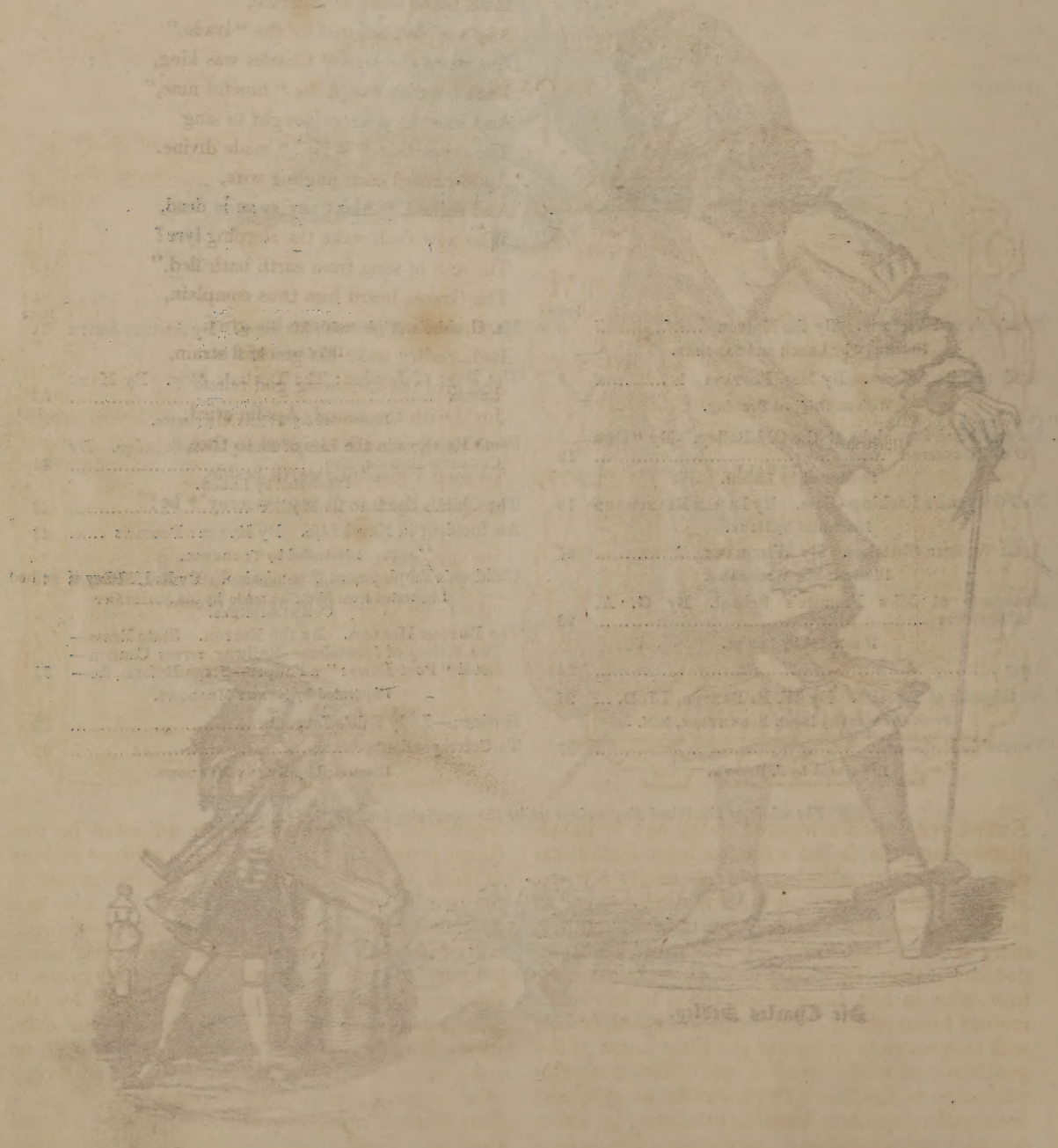
It has been said, that he who is simple enough to hope to please all the world, deserves for that simplicity to please no one; and yet the Proprietors of the Illuminated Magazine have in some measure risked such unprofitable consequence, albeit they have happily avoided the threatened dilemma. The present position enjoyed by this publication triumphantly vindicates the opinion of its Projectors, that there were thousands of readers yet unsupplied with a periodical in which our social abuses and social follies might be commented on with boldness, if supported by sincerity of heart, and by an earnest desire for their speedy, yet withal, their most charitable amendment. It has been the wish of the Proprietors of this work, to speak to the masses of the people; and whilst sympathizing with their deeper and sterner wants, to offer to them those graces of art and literature which have too long been held the exclusive right of those of happier fortunes. The Proprietors feel more than encouraged by the past; they have an *assurance* that the Illuminated Magazine will become ministrant of literary enjoyment to thousands; and in no way interfering with the many periodicals already established, will make a wide and increasing circle for itself.

The Projectors of the work fearlessly recall the protestations contained in their Prospectus:—"Figures and objects of every kind there will be, illustrative of the text, in its every variety of essay—narrative—history—of social right and wrong—of the tragedy of real life, as of its folly, its whim, its mere burlesque. Our prime object will be variety of matter; so that the readers of the Illuminated Magazine, like the lovers of pine-apples, may choose some for one flavour, some for another, and some,—and we trust the greater number—for all."

To the pages of the present volume the Proprietors refer with pride for the realization of their promises.

	Page
Elizabeth and Victoria. By the Editor ..... Illustrated by Leech and Sargent.	3
Sindh and its Ameers. By Mrs. Postans ..... With an Original Drawing.	9
International Copyright at the Old Bailey. By "Our Own Reporter" ..... Illustrated by Leech.	13
Nell Gwynne's Looking-Glass. By Laman Blanchard Illustrated by Hine.	16
Great Western Sketches. By Wildrake..... Illustrated by Wildrake.	17
Bonaparte at Miss Frounce's School. By G. A. A'Beckett ..... Illustrated by Leech.	23
Song	24
Earthquake at Terceira. By W. R. Baxter, LL.D. ... From Drawings by Lieut. Parkhurst, R.N.	25
Venerable Bede ..... Illustrated by J. Brown.	27
Mr. Grubbe's Night with Memnon. By Albert Smith Illustrated by Hine.	31
The Boys of London: The Doctor's Boy. By Mark Lemon ..... Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.	36
Some Passages in the Life of Theophilus Smudge. By Cimabue Briggs, Esq. ..... Illustrated by Leech.	40
The Child's Spirit to its Mother	42
An Incident in Naval Life. By Robert Postans ..... Illustrated by Timbrell.	43
Children's Employment Commission. By R. H. Horne Illustrated from Sketches made by the Assistant Commissioners.	45
The Button Holder. By the Editor. State Brass—The Bishop of Jerusalem—Railway *versus* Cannon—Local "Poor Laws:" a Pauper—Stage Reform, &c— Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.	53
Review:—Lady Sale's Journal.....	55
To Correspondents ..... Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.	60

☞ *The whole of the Wood Engravings under the superintendence of* E. Landells.



THE ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE.

ELIZABETH AND VICTORIA.

BY THE EDITOR.

Every generation compared to the age it immediately succeeds, is but a further lapse from Paradise. Every grandfather is of necessity a wiser, kinder, nobler being than the grandson doomed to follow him—every grandmother chaster, gentler, more self-denying, more devoted to the beauty of goodness, than the giddy, vain, thoughtless creature, who in her time is sentenced to be grandmother to somebody, whose still increased defects will only serve to bring out the little lustre of the gentlewoman who preceded her. Man, undoubtedly, had at the first a fixed amount of goodness bestowed upon him; but this goodness, by being passed from generation to generation, has, like a very handsome piece of coin, with arms and legend in bold relief, become so worn by continual transit, that it demands the greatest activity of faith to believe that which is now current in the world, to be any portion of the identical goodness with which the human race was originally endowed. Hapless creatures are we! Moral paupers of the nineteenth century, turning a shining cheek upon one another, and by the potent force of swagger, passing off our thin, worn, illegible pieces of coin—how often, no thicker, no weightier than a spangle on a player's robe!—when our glorious ancestors, in the grandeur of their goodness, could ring down musical shekels! Nay, as we go back, we find the coin of excellence so heavy, so abounding, that how any

man—Sampson perhaps excepted—had strength enough to carry his own virtues about him, puzzles the effeminacy of present thought. Folks then were doubtless made grave, majestic in their movements by the very weight of their excellence. Whilst we, poor anatomies—skip-jacks of the nineteenth century—we carry all our ready virtue in either corner of our waistcoat pocket, and from its very lightness, are unhappily enabled to act all sorts of unhallowed capers—to forget the true majesty of man in the antics of the mountebank. Forlorn degradation of the human race!

But the tears of the reader—for if he have a heart of flesh, it is by this time melting in his eyes—are not confidently demanded for only the one generation whereof (seeing he is our reader) he is certainly not the worst unit: but we here require of him to weep for posterity; yes, to subscribe a rivulet of tears for the generations to come. The coinage of the virtues at present in circulation among us is so thin, so defaced, so battered, so clipt, that it appears to us wholly impossible that any portion of the currency can descend a couple of generations lower. What, then, is to become of our grandchildren? Without one particle of golden truth and goodness left to them, for we cannot take into account the two or three pieces hoarded—as old ladies have hoarded silver pennies—what remains, what alternative for our descendants but to become a generation of coiners? Can any man withstand the terror of this picture, wherein all the world are shown as so many passers of pocket-pieces, lacquered over with something that seems like gold and silver, but which, indeed, is only seeming? A picture wherein he who is the ablest hypocrite—passing off the greatest amount of false coin upon his neighbour—shall appear the most virtuous person? Is not this an appalling scene to contemplate? Yet, if there be any truth in a common theory, if there be any veracity in the words written in a thousand pages, uttered at every fireside, dropt in the casual meeting of man and man at door-steps, in by-lanes, highways, and market-places—the picture we have shadowed forth must become an iron present.

"We shall never see such times again!"

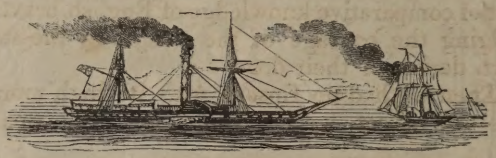
"The world isn't what it used to be."

"When I was a boy, things hadn't come to this pass."

"The world gets wickeder and wickeder."

Since the builders of Babel were scattered, these thoughts have been voiced in every tongue. From the very discontent and fantasticalness of his nature, man looks backward at the lost Paradise of another age. He affects to snuff the odour of its fruits and flowers, and with a melancholy shaking of the head, sees, or thinks he sees, the flashing of the fiery swords that guard them. And then, in the restlessness of his heart, in the peevishness and discontent of his soul, he says all sorts of bitter things of the generation he has fallen among; and, from the vanished glory of the past, predicts increasing darkness for the future. Happily, the prophesying cannot be true; and happily, too, for the condition of the prophet, he knows it will not. But then there is a sort of comfort in the waywardness of discontent; at times, a soothing music to the restlessness of the soul in the deep bass of hearty grumbling.

The ingratitude of the act is entirely forgotten in the pleasure. "Ha! those were the merry days—the golden times of England they were!" How often may this be heard from the tradesman, the mechanic, as he is borne past Tilbury Fort, and the thoughts of Queen Elizabeth, of her "golden days," ring in his brain; and living only in the nineteenth century, he has some vague, perplexing notion that he has missed an Eden, only by a hundred years or two. He thinks not—why should he?—of the luxury he now purchases for a shilling; a luxury, not compassable in those golden days by all the power and wealth of all the combining sovereigns of the earth; for he is the passenger of a Gravesend steam-boat, the fare twelvepence.



We would not forget that wonder of Elizabeth's navy, the Great Harry. No; we would

especially remember it, to compare the marvel, with all its terrors, to the agent of our day, which wrought and directed from a few gallons of water, makes the winged ship but as a log—a dead leviathan upon the deep; which, in the certainty and intensity of its power of destruction must, in the fulness of time, make blood-spilling war bankrupt, preaching peace with all men, even from "the cannon's mouth."

We are, however, a degenerate race. In our maudlin sensibility, we have taken under our protection the very brutes of the earth—the fowls of the air—the fish of the sea. We have cast the majesty of the law around the asses of the reign of Victoria—have assured to live geese a property in their own feathers—have, with a touch of tenderness, denounced the wood-plugged

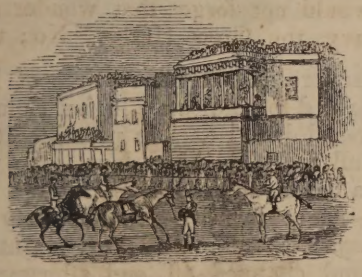
claws of the lobsters of Billingsgate. We have a society, whose motto, spiritually, is—

> "Never to link our pleasure or our pride
> With suffering of the meanest thing that lives."

Very different, indeed, was the spirit of the English people, when their good and gracious Queen Elizabeth smiled sweetly upon bull-dogs, and found national music in the growl, the roar,

and the yell of a bear-garden; whereto, in all the courtesy of a nobler and more virtuous age, the sovereign led the French ambassador; that, as chroniclers tell us, Monsieur might arrive at a sort of comparative knowledge of English bravery, judging the courage of the people by the stubborn daring of their dogs.

Then we had no Epsom, with its high moralities—no Ascot, with its splendour and wealth.



Great, indeed, was the distance — deep the abyss—between the sovereign and the sovereign people.

And in those merry, golden days of good Queen Bess, rank was something; it had its brave outside, and preached its high prerogative from externals. The nobleman declared his nobility by his cloak, doublet, and jerkin; by the plumes in his hat; by the jewels flashing in his shoes. Society, in all its gradations, was inexorably marked by the tailor and goldsmith.

But what is the tailor of the nineteenth century? What doth he for nobility? Alas! next to nothing. The gentleman is no longer the creature of the tailor's hands—the being of his shopboard. The gentleman must dress himself in ease, in affability, in the gentler and calmer courtesies of life, to make distinguishable the nobility of his nature from the homeliness, the vulgarity of the very man who, it may be, finds

nobility in shoe-leather. Thus, gentility of blood, deprived by innovation of its external livery—denied the outward marks of supremacy—is thrown upon its bare self to make good its prerogative. Manner must now do the former duty of fine clothes.

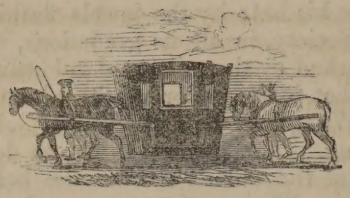
State, too, was, in the blessed times of Eliza-

beth, a most majestic matter. The queen's car-

riage, unlike Victoria's, was a vehicle wondrous in the eyes of men as the chariot of King Pharoah. Now, does every poor man keep his coach,

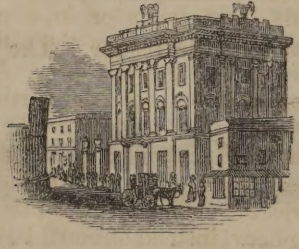
and here it is—price sixpence! How does the economy of luxury vulgarize the indulgence!

Travelling was then a grave and serious adven-



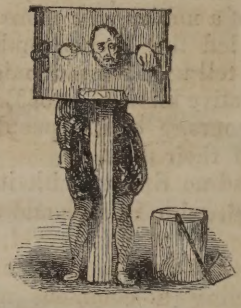
ture. The horse-litter was certainly a more dignified means of transit than the fuming, boiling, roaring steam-engine, that rushes forward with a man as though the human anatomy was no more than a woolpack. In the good old times of Queen Bess, a man might take his five long days and more for a hundred miles, putting up, after a week's jolting, at his hostlery, the Queen's Head

of Islington, for one good night's rest, ere he should gird up his loins to enter London. Now, is man taught to lose all respect for the hoariness of time by the quickness of motion. Now, may he pass over two hundred miles in some seven or eight hours if he will, taking his first meal in the heart of Lancashire, and his good-night glass at a Geneva palace in London. Is it wonderful that



our present days should abound more in sinful levity than the days of the good Queen Elizabeth, seeing that we may, in the same space of time, crowd so much more iniquity? The truth is, science has thrown so many hours upon our hands, that we are compelled to kill them with all sorts of arrows—which, as moralists declare, have mortal poison at the barb, however gay and brilliant may be the feathers that carry it home. Dreadful will be the time when that subtle fiend, science, shall perform nearly all human drudgery; for then men—in their very idleness—will have nought else to destroy save their own souls; and the destruction will, of course, be quicker, and, to the father of all mischief, much more satisfactory.

Again, in the good times of Elizabeth, humanity was blessed with a modesty, a deference—in these days of bronze, to be vainly sought for—towards the awfulness of power, the grim majesty of authority. And if, indeed, it happened that some outrageous wretch, forgetful of the purpose of nature in creating him the Queen's liegeman, and therefore her property—if, for a moment, he should cease to remember the fealty which, by the principle of the divine right of kings, should be vital to him as the blood in his veins—why, was there not provided for him, by the benignity of custom and the law, a salutary remedy? If he advanced a new opinion, had he not ears wherewith, by hangman's surgery, he might be cured of such disease? If he took a mistaken view of the rights of his fellow-subjects, might he not be taught to consider them from a higher point of elevation, and so be instructed?



Booksellers, in the merry time of Elizabeth, were enabled to vindicate a higher claim to moral and physical daring than is permitted to them in these dull and drivelling days. He who published a book, questioning—though never so gently—the prerogative of her Majesty to do just as the spirit should move her, might have his right hand chopped off, and afterwards—there have been examples of such devotion—wave his bloody stump, with a loyal shout of "God save the Queen!" But these were merry days—golden days—in which the royal prerogative was more majestic, more awful, than in the nineteenth century. And wherefore? The reason is plain as the Queen's arms.

The king of beasts lives on flesh. His carnivorousness is one of the great elements of his majesty. So was it, in the times of Elizabeth, with the Queen's prerogative. It was for the most part fed upon flesh. It would be a curious, an instructive calculation, could we arrive at the precise number of noses, and arms, and hands, and human heads, and quarters of human carcases, which—during the merry, golden reign of Elizabeth, of those days we shall never see again—were required by law to keep strong and lusty the prerogative of the Virgin Queen! How, as the human head festered and rotted above the

city gates, was the prerogative sweetened by the putrefaction! And then the daily lessons preached by the mute horror of the dead man's mouth, to the human life daily passing beneath it! What precepts of love and gentleness towards all men fell from the shrivelled lips—what Christianity gleamed from the withered eyeballs! How admirably were the every-day thoughts of men associated with prerogative, its majesty for ever preached by dead men's tongues—its beauty visible in dead men's flesh. Those were the golden days—the merry days—we shall never see such times again. Now, a poor and frivolous race, we pass beneath Temple Bar, untaught by the stern moralities that from its height were wont to instruct our forefathers. In the days of Elizabeth, we might have lounged at the

door of the city shopkeeper, and whilst chaffering for a commodity of this world, have had our thoughts elevated by a consideration of the ghastly skull—grinning a comment upon all earthly vanities—above us. Those days are gone—past for ever. We have now plate-glass and dainty painting, and precious woods, in the shops of our

tradesmen, but nought to take us from the vanity of life—no prerogative of a Virgin Queen, in the useful semblance of a *memento mori*.

It is to the want of such stern, yet wholesome monitors, we are doubtless to attribute the decay of the national character. We are sunk in effeminacy; withered by the fond ministrings of science. The road of life---which, by its ruggedness, was wont to try the sinews of our Elizabethan ancestors---we, their degenerate children, have spread as with a carpet, and hung the walls around us with radiant tapestry. The veriest household drudge of our time is a Sardanapalus compared to the lackey of the Virgin Queen. The tatterdemalion who lives on highway alms may look down upon the beggar of Elizabeth; for the mendicant of Victoria may, with his prayed-for pence, purchase luxuries unknown to the Dives of former days.

And what---if we listen to complaining patriotism---what is the evil born of this? A loss of moral energy; a wasting away of national fibre. Believe this melancholy philosophy, and national weakness came in (a moral moth in the commodity) with silk stockings. Ere then was the bearing of man more majestic in the eyes of angels! For then was the sword the type of station; a gentleman no more appearing abroad without his rapier than a wasp without its sting. Human life could not but lose part of its dignity with its cold steel. What a fine comment on the charity, the gentleness, the humanity of his fellow men, did every gentleman wear at his side! He was, in a manner, his own law-maker, his own executioner. In the judgment of later philosophy, we are prone to believe that the said gentlemen may appear at the best ferocious simpletons---creatures swaggering "between heaven and earth," with their hands upon their hilts, ready and yearning for a thrust at those who took the wall of their gentility. Ha! those, indeed, were the good old days! And then came a whining, curd-complexioned benevolence, and in progress of time, its thin, white, womanly fingers unbuckled the sword-belt of the bully, and organized police. Sword-makers were bankrupt, and human nature lost a grace!

Thus, it appears, the world has been from age to age declining in virtue, and can only escape the very profound of iniquity by a speedy dissolution. Every half-dozen years or so, a prophet growls from a cellar, or cries from the altitude of a garret, the advent of the last day. An earthquake, or some other convulsion (the particulars of which are only vouchsafed to the prophet) is to destroy the earth, or London at least; whereupon, old gentlemen remove to Gravesend, and careful housewives take stock of their plate. Now, every such prophecy, instead of bewildering honest people with all sorts of fears, and all sorts of anxieties for their personal property, ought to make them sing thanksgiving songs for the promised blessing. It being the creed of these people that the world gets worse and worse, they would at least have the comfort to know that they had seen the last of its wickedness. For a moment, reader, we will suppose you one of these. Consider, upon your own faith, what a terrible wretch will necessarily be your great-great-great-great-great-grandson! Well, would it not be satisfaction to you that this dragon (we believe dragons are oviparous) should be crushed in the egg of the future? How would you like your own flesh and blood inevitably changed by the course of

time into the anatomy of something very like a demon? You are bad enough as you are; that dismal truth your own humility preaches to you; to say nothing of the plain-speaking of your neighbours. No; out of pure love and pity for humanity, you ought to wish all the world to stop with your own pulse. It is hard enough now, even for the best of us, to keep on the respectable side of the statutes; but, with the growing wickedness of the world, we should like to know what sort of metal will the laws be made of. The great social link must, inevitably, be a fetter.

How often have we stood, with the unseen tears in our eyes, watching the nobility of the land, in nobility's best bib and tucker, winding in golden line to the drawing-room of Queen Victoria! Alas! degenerate dukes—faded duchesses. Marquises fallen upon evil times—marchionesses very dim indeed! What are you to the nobility of Elizabeth? What to the grandees of those merry days, the golden shadow of which is brightness itself to the cold, grey glimmering of the present? We have yet one thought to comfort us; and that is, a half belief that the court of Elizabeth was held as nothing to all courts preceding; and so back, until Englishmen mourned over the abomination of cloaks and vests, sorrowing for those golden days, those good old times of the painted Britons! Great was the virtue abounding in *woad;* grievous the wilful iniquity woven in broad-cloth.

Queen Elizabeth died---fair, regal bud!---in the sweetness of virginity; and though the sun (by some despairing effort) managed to rise the next morning, it has never been wholly itself since. She died, and was brought to Whitehall, to the great calamity of the fish then swimming in the river; for a poet of the day, quoted by Camden, has eternized the evil that in the hour fell upon Thames flounders:---

> "The Queene was brought by water to Whitehall;
> At every stroake the oares teares let fall;
> More clung about the barge; fish under water
> *Wept out their eyes of pearle, and swame blinde after.*
> I think the bargemen might with easier thighes
> Have rowed her thither in her people's eyes.
> Yet, howsoere, thus much my thoughts have scann'd,
> She'd come by water, had she come by land."

So closed the golden days of Queen Elizabeth; leaving us, in all the virtues and comforts of the world, the bankrupt children of Queen Victoria!

Unworthy is he of the balmy sweetness of this blessed May who can think so! A churlish, foolish, moody traitor to the spirit of goodness and beauty that, as with the bounty of the sun and air, calls up forms of loveliness in his path, and surrounds him with ten thousand household blessings! With active presences, which the poet of Elizabeth, in even *his* large love for man, could scarce have dreamed of; or, dreaming, seen them as a part of fairy fantasy---a cloud-woven pageant!

Let the man who lives by his daily sweat pause in his toil, and, with his foot upon his spade, watch the white smoke that floats in the distance; listen to the lessening thunder of the engine that, instinct with Vulcanian life, has rushed, devouring space, before it. That little curl of smoke hangs in the air a thing of blessed promise---that roar of the engine is the melody of hope to unborn generations. But now, the digger of the soil looks moodily at that vapour, and his heart is festering with the curse upon the devil Steam; that fiend that grinds his bones beneath the wheels of British Juggernaut. Poor creature! The seeming demon is a beneficent presence that, in the ripeness of time, will work regeneration of the hopes of men.

Let the poor man---the mechanic of a town---look around him. Let him in his own house, humble though it be, acknowledge the presence of a thousand comforts which, had he lived two centuries ago, he could not with a baron's wealth have purchased. Not mere creature enjoyments; but humanizing, refining pleasures, drawing man nearer to man, expanding the human heart, and imparting to humanity the truest greatness in the greatest gentleness.

"What!" it may be asked---"can you have the hardihood, or the ignorance, to vaunt these days above the days of Elizabeth? These days, with famine throwing the shuttle---with ignorance, wholly brutish, digging in the pit---with gold, a monster all brain, and so the very worst of monsters---dominating throughout the land, and crushing the pulses of thousands within its hard, relentless grasp? Would you not rather pray for a return of those merry, merry days, when men were whipped, imprisoned, branded, burnt, at little more than the mere will of Majesty, for mere opinion---but who had, nevertheless, bacon and bread and ale sufficient to the day?"

No; we would go no step backward, but many in advance; our faith still increasing in the enlarged sympathies of men; in the reverence which man has learned and is still learning to pay towards the nature of his fellow-men; in the deep belief that whatever change may and *must* take place in the social fabric,---we have that spirit of wisdom and tolerance (certainly *not* a social creature of the golden days) waxing strong among us,---so strong that the fabric will be altered and repaired brick by brick and stone by stone. Meanwhile, the scaffolding is fast growing up about it.

SINDH AND ITS AMEERS.*

BY MRS. POSTANS.

PEOPLE who look for only comfort and good cheer, with constant amusement on the way, would do better to study the history and geography of Sindh by means of travellers' records, than to venture a personal expedition on its classic river; for its dust-storms and its deserts are alike grievous to the eye, while the sterility of a misgoverned country afflicts the traveller, on whichever side his view may fall.

For myself, however, I have found considerable interest in Sindh; but this has been derived from an intimate acquaintance with the country, its princes and people; and the traits which I thought most characteristic, I have endeavoured to group together, for the purpose of affording to the reader, if possible, a *coup d'œil* of this new country of our occupation.

The great feature in Sindh is, of course, its river; and although I have since voyaged upon the beautiful stream of Egypt, the Nile gives me no reason to alter my opinion, that the Indus is far the noblest river of the East.

During the inundations caused by the melting of the mountain snows, this great stream rushes furiously down from the magnificent range of the distant Himalayas to the sea, breaking down banks, whirling along trees, and in its mighty strength defying even the power of steam. The fisher, at this season, draws back appalled from its waves; and the native craft, rude and strong as it is, dare not oppose its currents. I have sailed on the Indus when the eye could not descry its banks, and when a body thrown on it was instantly dragged down by the power of its whirlpools, and seen no more; but the most remarkable instance I remember of this peculiar feature of the Indus, was on one occasion when I happened to be standing in the garden of the Sukkur residency. A crowd of people were crossing with horses and goats from the opposite bank of the river, when, suddenly, a movement upset the boat; it was once only whirled round by the current, and in a moment more not a vestige remained of either it or its hapless occupants.

In the winter months, however, the stream is sluggish, calm, and placid; and on its bosom floats fearlessly the pullah fisherman, earnestly engaged in his vocation, or voyaging, it may be, to a neighbouring village. Few things in Sindh appear to the traveller so strange as this; and however often he may have voyaged upon the Indus, and consequently remarked these fishermen, he can never regard them without interest and curiosity. These fishers all live on the river banks, and farm it in tracts; they subsist their families on the proceeds of their toil, and procure them in the following way. Their chief property consists of an earthern vessel, and a coarse net fastened to a forked bamboo. On shore, the fisher carries this vessel on his head, and the net upon his shoulder, so that his implements do not incommode him much; but when at the river's edge, he casts the vessel, like bread upon the water, and himself on it, and strikes out into the midst of the stream. Here he expects his prey, and holds his net perpendicularly in the stream until he snares the fish; on which, taking it from the toil, he mercifully stabs it (which, after all, is more pitiful than suffering it to gasp forth its life on a cold marble slab), and drops it into the vessel, commencing sport anew. The pullah is a delicious fish, and the Sindhians broil it in a fashion calculated to tempt the most fastidious epicure to eat thereof; but, as a good Mohamedan, the fisher never rises from the water without smoothing his beard, and uttering a "Bismillah!" which sort of grace seems to entitle him to his feast.

It is very remarkable how fearless these people are when seated on this description of frail craft. I remember once to have been voyaging up the Indus in the Planet steamer, the rate at which we were going casting up mimic waves of no inconsiderable size, when, suddenly looking down, I saw a Sindhian not lying, but seated on the common earthern vessel, already within the influence of the steamer. There was not a particle of fear perceptible in the man's demeanour; but, on the contrary, he sat with folded arms and upturned face, smiling most knowingly at us, and showing the finest teeth that could be imagined,

* [The accounts received by the last Indian mail invest this paper with peculiar interest. The power of the Ameers is destroyed. We required the free navigation of the Indus, without restraint or control: it was granted. "We then, says the *Bombay Times*, "demanded a long and valuable strip of territory from Karracchee to the frontiers of Bawhalpore, which was to be made over ostensibly, but of course for our own purposes, to the Rajah of the latter country. This likewise, after some discussion, was acceded to; but the Ameers declined to give up their Shikargurs, or hunting-grounds, which run along the banks, up to the very edge of the river. Now this refusal was peculiarly unfortunate, inasmuch as for the convenience of tracking, we required to have the immediate banks quite clear of jungle. Conceiving, rightly enough, that a concession on this point would eventually lead to the utter annihilation of their valued hunting-grounds, the Ameers obstinately refused to yield. War ensued. The chiefs of Hyderabad wished to maintain their Shikargurs; we desired partially to destroy them, in order to promote our commerce on the Indus; the chiefs refused to yield up their territory—we made war upon them and took it! Let it be borne in mind that they had agreed to every demand but this; that they had signed the proposed treaty; and that we had not the shadow of a right to make further exactions." The Ameers fought bravely; but their troops were butchered, and they themselves are now prisoners dependant upon our justice and our clemency! This achievement has been called "a glorious victory!" Reduce the transaction to private life, and we think it would bear the hard words—robbery and murder.—EDITOR.]

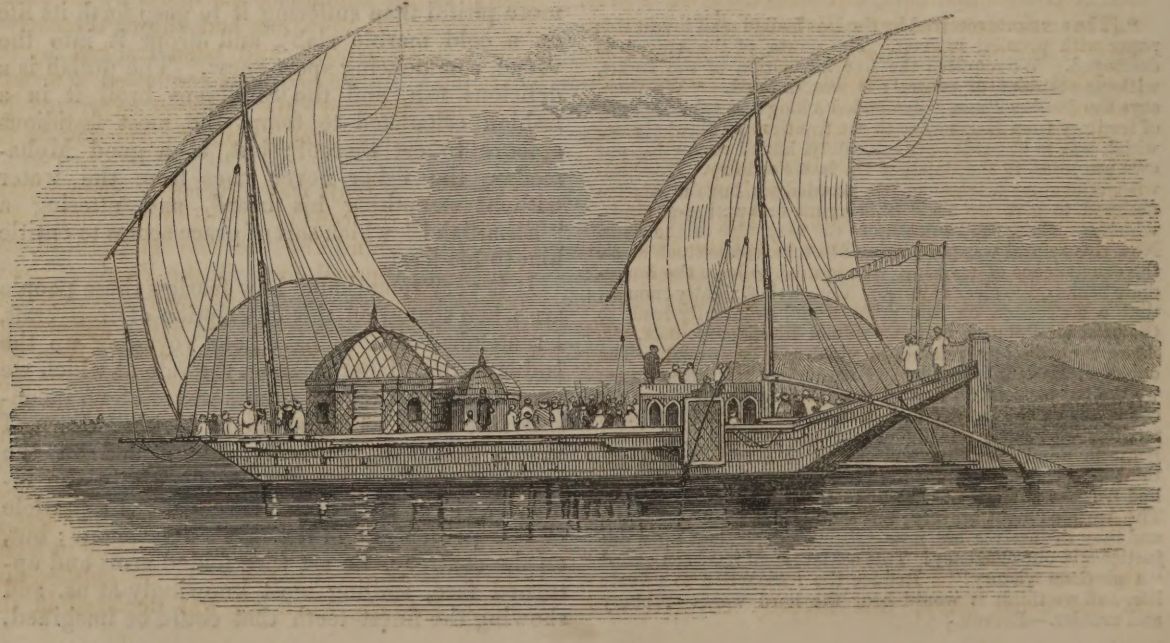
for which he owed much, I fancy, to his river diet. The fishermen of the Indus are all a fine race, and their wives and daughters tall, robust, and often handsome; they share the toils of the men, and commonly steer the boats, which are sometimes their only home. The costume of these damsels is more picturesque, but not so graceful as that of the Hindoo women of India; they wear a bodice of cloth of various colours, sewn together in horizontal stripes, and decorated with bits of looking-glass, surrounded with embroidery, a somewhat scant petticoat, and a handkerchief which fastens across the head; but, instead of turning their faces to the wall with that provoking affectation of modesty so common in India, the Sindhian lady meets your gaze with a cheerful smile, and wishes you good morning as heartily, as if she were of the sex who inherit freedom as their birthright.

From the cheapness and abundance of turquois, which are brought to Sindh in large quantities from Persia, the women, even of the labouring class, use them as ornaments; and the contrast of the bright blue stone against the cheeks of these nut-brown maids is extremely pretty. They are favourites, too, from being considered, as they are in Egypt, preservatives against the evil eye.

The country of Lower Sindh, between Hyderabad and Karrachee, is much more pleasing to the eye as seen from the river than that above; and this arises from the number of hunting-grounds that skirt the banks; and as these form a very peculiar feature in Sindh, both as affects its scenery and people, I will endeavour to describe one that I visited, which will convey an idea of the whole, as they vary little but in size.

A thick fence surrounded a large forest of trees, brush and underwood, which extended to some distance from the river banks. Entering this by a small wicket, we proceeded along a narrow pathway, surrounded by dense foliage, which led to the centre of the hunting-ground. Here, between the trees, in an artificial space, appeared a small pool of clear bright water, literally obscured by fowl of almost indescribable varieties; and from this, in various directions, numerous little avenues, leading back among the tangled brushwood into the closest retirements of the forest. On one side was a small mud hut, open in front, in which sit the Ameers, surrounded by their retainers; the wood is then beaten from the confines towards the centre, when animals of almost every description—deer, wild hog, sambur, black buck, hares and small game—rush pellmell down the avenues, and are fired on by the matchlocks of the princes and their huntsmen.

So infatuated are the Ameers with this their favourite sport, that they pursue it madly on all occasions, and the finest portions of the country are overgrown by hunting-forests. All are situated on the banks of the river; and to gain them, the princes embark in their *jumpties*, or state pleasure-barges, which transport themselves and their retainers to any hunting-ground they may select. These jumpties are excessively gay and picturesque; they have pavilions, covered with crimson embroidered cloth, to shelter the princes and their friends; are adorned with numerous flags, and commonly crowded with Belooch and Affghan retainers, whose many-hued attire, mingled with the brightly-coloured caps of the Sindhians, is singularly gay in its general effect. And then the jumpti itself is a long rakish-looking craft, carry-



ing two sails, and so fast under a fair wind, that not even the Greek caique could skim more swiftly along the waters. Nor is minstrelsy wanting to increase the royal luxury; for the eastern drum sounds from its decks with the warrior song of the wild Belooch.

The Ameers appear never to be manageable except on these excursions; and whenever a matter of serious import is proposed to them, they uniformly interrupt the preface, by an invitation to a hunting-ground, and there, between the reports of matchlocks and the wild shouts of the huntsmen, discuss the most important affairs of state. The expense of these establishments is of course enormous; and I was assured, that every head of game killed in the hunting-forests costs the Ameers fifty pounds, and this without reference to the value of the land, if otherwise employed.

Although, in India, I have seen the gentle inmates of the harems peep through the lattices of their cages to see wrestling and buffalo fights, the ladies of the lords of Sindh are never suffered to share in the pleasures of the chase; but are constrained to remain in the fort of Hyderabad, amusing themselves with the costly, though barbaric toys, purchased from the Cabool merchants. Of these I was once shown the magnificent posts of a charpoi, or native bedstead, intended for the palace; they were each about a foot in height, and incrusted with precious stones, emeralds, and rubies; the value of each was estimated at two hundred guineas. The wives of Meer Nusseer Khan and Meer Sohrab, the principal Ameers, are Belooch women, and said to be remarkably handsome; but I found it quite impossible to obtain an entrance into the harem for the purpose of judging for myself. Meer Nusseer Khan is a handsome man, possessing remarkably dignified and courteous manners, but his character is firm, and his affection for our rule but slight; his son, also, is a fine lad, who has already made some progress in the acquirement of the English language.

Of all the princes of Sindh, however, I was most charmed with Meer Ali Moorad, of Khyrpore, who is the very beau-ideal of a strong-hearted and independent chief. He is "the last of the barons"—the only one of all the Sindhian rulers, who, consistent in his independence from first to last, refused all connexion with the British as allies, and held his own strongholds calmly but sternly, alike uninfluenced by either our threats or our promises.

On one occasion we had encamped on the opposite side of the river to the forts of Ali Moorad, and in the midst of some fine hunting-grounds, when the prince announced his intention of crossing the Indus to meet us, and do the honours of his preserves. For three days after this declaration of his highness's will, the Indus, at the usual ferry, was literally covered with boats and rafts, laden with the retainers, the huntsmen, the horses, matchlocks, tents, dogs and sporting material of the Meer, and, last of all, with much labour, was brought over the hunting-elephant, with his howdah and chains, and driver and cook,—a large boat-load of themselves. The day succeeding this arrangement, the Meer and his immediate followers appeared, and rode to the encampment prepared for their reception, about a mile from our own.

The Ameer's tent was remarkably splendid; it was made wholly of bright crimson cloth, richly embroidered, and surrounded with an outer wall, to keep off the people. The interior was decorated with hanging lamps, rich Persian carpets, and large cushions of purple velvet, worked with seed-pearls and gold; while the entrances were sentinelled with a body-guard, dressed in a uniform similar to that worn by the soldiers of the Punjab, with English muskets, and in every way well appointed. At some distance from the tent, bodies of horsemen had picketed their steeds, whose gay crimson housings lay in strange confusion on the ground, mixed up with swords and spears, matchlocks and hubble-bubbles (pipes.)

There were, on this occasion, some six hundred of the Ameer's followers, the majority of them Belochees and Affghans. These worthies, who receive but nominal wages as retainers of the prince, are billeted on the villages, they and their horses; a measure by no means satisfactory, I should think, either to the goats or fowls, neither, to the owners of the corn-fields.

The day after his arrival, when the Meer himself, Moslem as he is, had recruited with a certain, or rather an uncertain, quantity of Curaçoa, and the elephant had devoured an incredible number of grain-cakes, to the infinite recreation of the village children, it was announced that Meer Ali Moorad would commence his sports by the attack of a tigress and cubs that had shown themselves in the neighbourhood, and been tracked by the huntsmen. As we had been requested to accompany him, however, his highness expressed his intention of paying me a visit of ceremony on his way.

Our suite of tents was sufficiently commodious, but we were desirous of throwing as much pomp and dignity round the occasion as possible, and consequently spread forth all the Persian rugs in our possession; grouped guns, swords, pistols, and daggers in every direction; put half-a-dozen more rickety chairs in stately rows than there was really room for, inasmuch as the self-satisfaction of an Asiatic always rises in exact proportion to the height of his seat, and a man of the same rank will feel grossly insulted if he is put on a cushion while his friend occupies a chair; and these arrangements satisfactorily made, we had but to cause the sepoy guard to form an avenue in front, and the most roaring horses to be saddled and brought forward, when all was declared in the

most satisfactory order for receiving Meer Ali Moorad, the Belooch chieftain of Dejee.

The word "punctuality," to an Asiatic, merely conveys to him the idea of something he is bound to break; and, therefore, when Ali Moorad sent to say he would be with us punctually at eleven, we of course knew that he would arrive about two; and, as we expected, about that time a tremendous shouting was heard, with the discharge of matchlocks, and some five hundred armed and mounted men, accoutred equally for the war or for the chase—with spears glancing brightly in the sun-light, flags floating on the breeze, with hawks jingling loudly their silver bells on the woodsman's wrist—dashed over fence and brushwood into the enclosure that surrounded our tents. After shouting forth the prince's titles, the retainers of his highness backed their snorting, rearing, but well-trained horses, leaving the Meer, with his favourite attendants, as a sort of tableaux, in the centre of the group. The Meer then dismounted, and our sepoys presented arms.

One trait among Asiatics has always excited my admiration and surprise; it is, their extreme courteousness of demeanour, and their possession of a politeness of manner, which we consider, in England, to be only acquired by constant intercourse with good society. Thus Meer Ali Moorad, who had never seen an Englishwoman in his life, and had associated with none but the wildest and most warlike of the tribes about him—whose life was passed in sallies from his fort, or in sports of the field—now entered my tent, and paid his compliments to me, with the air and grace of the most finished courtier.

The Meer is a fine looking man, about forty years of age, and was splendidly dressed in a lilac satin robe, confined round his waist with a scarf of gold thread, a similar fabric forming his turban. A gold and green embroidered strap crossed his shoulder, and supported a diamond-hilted sword; while several daggers and knives, richly gemmed, appeared above the folds of his girdle.

An Asiatic's salutation is a much more laboured affair than the English "How dy'e do?" for their leisure gives them time to be polite, and they use it at length. Thus, as soon as Meer Ali Moorad was seated, he asked us, one after the other, if we were "well, *quite* well, better than usual?" And being satisfactorily assured that we could be no otherwise in the presence of his highness, he returned to the charge, and put round the same questions again, in the same rotation, a second and third time. This over, his favourites entered and sat round him—a strange, wild-looking, splendidly-attired set of Patan warriors; and then the discourse fell on guns and horses, and flint-locks and percussion, until the Meer, calling me his sister, and presenting me with a pair of Cachmere shawls worked in gold, expressed his desire to proceed to the chase; whereon, all the people, who had been feeding their roaring steeds on the ripe ears of corn in the adjoining field, mounted in haste, and with a tremendous clatter of carbines and iron stirrups, brought their horses, rearing, plunging, and kicking, to the front again; and we all stood, bridle in hand, until the Meer had mounted, and his titles and virtues had been duly shouted forth; whereon, midst a cloud of dust that nearly obscured our horses' heads, we also found our saddles, and joined the Meer.

Some four miles' riding brought us to the ground to which the tigress and her cubs had been tracked; and we here found that a species of mud tower had been erected, in which we were, with inglorious safety, to watch the proceedings of the huntsmen. These unfortunates, who are paid, like the driver of an elephant, a certain monthly salary, in consideration of the probable chance of their forming a first course for their noble game, were aided by a large number of yet more unfortunate Sindhians, who, without any inducement at all but the prince's will, had been dragged from their fields, armed with a sword and club, and promoted to the duty of doing battle with the tigress. Leashes of huge powerful Affghan dogs were then brought forward; the lair of the tigress surrounded by beaters of drums, shrill pipers, and armed men; the dogs were slipped, and the battle commenced. The tigress, with a loud roar, burst forth, followed by her cubs, to meet their enemies; and dogs, sword and matchlock-men, villagers and huntsmen, surrounded their prey and commenced the attack. The height of the reeds and brushwood prevented our seeing more than the heads of the hunters, and now and then the bright sleek back of the tigress; but her infuriated roar told us that she was making a noble defence, which ended, however, in a shout of victory, and the fall of her own and the mangled bodies of her cubs. The dogs were dragged off, panting and wounded; and an unfortunate villager, whose face and eye had been fearfully torn in his battle with one of the cubs, was brought forward to the foot of our tower, his face streaming with blood, and his appearance betraying great agony. The Meer commended his courage, and directed him to approach him. From this order, I expected at least that the prince purposed to present him with money, make him huntsman, or remunerate the poor creature in some substantial way or other, for his misery and pain. However, as soon as he approached, Ali Moorad turned round, snatched from the dirty shoulders of a matchlock-man a scarf composed of about three yards of coarse blue cotton, and threw it to the villager as his recompense, when the man retreated from the presence; and the people commended the generous condescension of the prince, in giving away what did not belong to him, with as much fervour as if he had bestowed on the wounded man a dress of brocade, and made him governor of a province.

The Sindhians are a grave, sad people, and the sound of dancing, the voice of music, is

seldom heard among them. It would be strange, however, were it otherwise, where life is held as naught, when its loss may contribute to the ruler's pastimes; where the ground, which should yield corn to the husbandman and fruit to the planter, is overrun with rank weeds and thorny bushes, to shelter wild and dangerous beasts; and where the villager tills his field with his sword by his side, and the grain-seller stands with his matchlock in his hand in the market-place, to guard his property from robbery by the prince's followers.

The battle against the tigress having ended, we returned to our tents, where, in the evening, the Meer sent the murdered animals as a compliment to me, with the request, as a comfort to himself, that we would send him "a few bottles of Curaçoa;" two were sent, and in about an hour a horseman galloped up again to say, that his highness having found these very good, would thank us for some more! Mahomet, knowing the value of temperance to health in the climate of the East, forbade the use of wine to his followers. But Moslems, as they are, this prohibition sits very lightly on the consciences of the rulers of Sindh, who eat, drink, and estimate champagne and Curaçoa as highly, as if their prophet had never taken the trouble to form a religion at all.

In common, however, with the lowest of their subjects, the princes are fearfully superstitious; and therefore it was that Meer Ali Moorad directed that the bones of the tigress should be preserved in his fort of Dejee, to protect it in case of attack, and to save its inhabitants from the evil eye, disease, and death.

If one were to class man as he is in the East, it would certainly be as a talking animal, so unwearyingly do the people indulge in the privilege of speech; and, therefore, around our tent sat groups over huge fires, the evening of the chase, talking the battle over, and eulogizing their personal feats.

An Asiatic never fails to make the most of his prowess, and so was it on this occasion; but the most horrible vain-boasting was made by our Moonshee, the veriest coward on earth, and yet desirous of being thought a perfect Roostum. This man, the moment the tigress appeared, I saw snatch up his matchlock, and rush in the agony of fear through the thicket, losing his turban by the way; he was now telling a most attentive party, his listeners, that he had been foremost when the tigress rose from her lair; that he stood firm, and fixed his eye on her's, to awe the brute, but that she struck with one blow of her vast paw the turban from his head, and bounded past him. No one dared to doubt this story of the valiant speaker's, for every one would have told a tale too similar; and, therefore, approbation was expressed by a general "Shah bash" (well done!), and the narrator twisted his moustache with an air of perfect triumph.

In a few days the curse of the Meer's presence was withdrawn from the thoroughly-sacked villages around us, and we accompanied him to Sukkur, one of the prettiest spots on the river; it is now the headquarters of our troops in Sindh, and will continue so, it is said, as "Victoria on the Indus." In time, therefore, we may hope that the hunting-forests of the Ameers may be changed to fields rich in produce, and the gay jumpties, no longer bristling with the swords and matchlocks of the retainers who desolate the dountry, may be devoted to the pastimes of princes, peaceful and wise of rule.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT AT THE OLD BAILEY.

(FROM OUR OWN REPORTER.)

CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.—This morning there was an unusual attendance of visitors. Indeed, all the literary world appeared to be moved by one impulse towards the precincts of Newgate. Several gentlemen, whose writings have cast a golden halo about that venerable and most useful structure—who have also strewed with virgin rosebuds, heartsease, sweet gilliflowers, and "all the tribe of single and of double pinks," the ancient way from the debtors' door to Tyburn,—were prominent among the crowd at its first gathering; but, being recognised by the judge, their services to morality were gracefully acknowledged, by an instant invitation to a seat on the bench. Gibbet literature, having vindicated its glorious purpose in the prisoners' dock, with the hateful smell of felon rue and wormwood in its nostrils, was now in honourable propinquity to the judicial ermine. This it delighted us to behold: it was as it should be.

The London publishers also met in very great force. Those princes of literature—those jewelled nabobs of "the realms of thought"---sat "in burning row" within the bar; and honoured the proceedings of the day with their most special attention. The trial—our limits compel us to the meagreness of an abridgment—lasted from nine till five; and the whole of that time the interest continued to rise and rise, until its explosive termination.

PORTRAIT OF THE PRISONER.

Jonathan Peabody (a native of New York) was charged with having, on the 1st of April, picked the pocket of Spenser Shortfoot, of a cotton pocket-handkerchief, value eightpence. The robbery was committed in Paternoster Row. The prisoner had, for some time, been noted as continually haunting the spot, and he lay under the grievous suspicion of having frequently committed a like offence to that for which he was now put upon his trial. On the present occasion the prisoner manifested no look of dejection or penitence. On the contrary, he stared boldly about him, occasionally indulging a wink of defiance at several gentlemen—distinguished authors—in the court; and more than once audaciously bringing the tip of his thumb to the point of his nose, in evident contempt of the worthy publishers inside the bar.

The indictment being read, and the prisoner being asked how he would plead, replied in a strong American twang—"He should raythe guess, *Not Guilty*."

Spenser Shortfoot examined.—Is by profession (and necessity) an author. Has fed himself out of an ink-stand all his life. His works have had great success—he might be allowed to say, very great success. Was in Paternoster Row on the 1st of April. Had quitted the house of Messrs. Mecænas and Overpay, booksellers, and was about to proceed to Cornhill, when he observed the prisoner lounging a few paces from the door. Thought there was something strange in the man's manner; the prisoner eyeing witness with a scrutinizing look. Witness, however, passed on a few steps, when he felt his coat-pocket violently twitched, and, turning round, saw the prisoner with witness's pocket-handkerchief. By some miracle, a city policeman happened to be on the spot, when witness immediately gave the prisoner into custody. The handkerchief now produced was witness's property.

By the Court.—It certainly was something more than a pocket-handkerchief. Indeed, witness conceived it to be a piece of literature—and literature of the very best kind, inasmuch as it united elegant information with utility.

Examination resumed.—Had published a new edition of *Goody Two Shoes:* the recondite and laborious notes attached to it made it, he conceived, copyright. The work was printed on the handkerchief for circulation amongst the junior branches of the British youth. He certainly considered it a literary work; in fact, a book, although printed on cotton.

By the Court.—Though sold as a handkerchief, the work was, in truth, a piece of literature. *Cock Robin, Jack the Giant Killer, Jack and the Beanstalk,* and similar works had been so printed. Always considered them as works peculiarly adapted to the youthful heads of both sexes.

Cross-examined.—When witness was about to proceed towards Cornhill, could swear it was not to buy Bank-stock. Never, in the course of his literary life, had such an intention. Was aware that *Goody Two Shoes* had been attributed to the pen of Oliver Goldsmith; nevertheless, the original notes, written by witness, to the work rendered it, he conceived, copyright. Had admitted, and would admit again, that the stolen article was to be considered rather a piece of literature than a piece of cotton.

Whittington Snap, of the City police, here produced the stolen property. He held it up in view of the court. Witness had seized the prisoner with the property in his possession. Mr. Shortfoot identified the handkerchief.

POLICEMAN HOLDING UP THE HANDKERCHIEF.

This closed the case for the prosecution.

Mr. Glibbington then addressed the court for the defence. He began (of course) by observing, that in all his long and varied experience in that court he had never had a case entrusted to him

for the success of which he felt so much. He felt—and, whilst such were his feelings, he could only wish that the cause had fallen into abler hands,—that the jury had that day to decide upon the liberty of thought; upon the free and untaxed communication of the ethereal nature of man with the spirit of man. The indictment could not stand. The indictment was for stealing a handkerchief, value eightpence. The gentlemen of the jury had heard the principal witness; and he (the learned counsel) felt an inexpressible pleasure in testifying to the intellectual, the manly way in which that gentleman had given his evidence: it marked him—if further marking were needed—as a highly-gifted creature. Nevertheless, as the law stood, that wonderful man could not receive any remedy at their hands, for what he, in his happier ignorance, deemed a wrong. The witness had, in fact, lost no handkerchief—he had merely lost a literary work; it was no longer a question of cotton, but of immortal thought. It was very necessary, for the protection of property, that handkerchiefs should be hung about by the terrors of the law; whereas thought was too volatile an essence to be confined within the limits of an act of Parliament. The prisoner at the bar was an American. In his happy country, thought was free—free as the Alpine eagle. He (the prisoner) had been initiated in that glorious faith; and believed that he was vindicating to the highest the supremacy of intellect, when he borrowed of the chief witness what was falsely called a handkerchief, but which, in reality, was allowed to be a book. He (the counsel) was instructed by the prisoner to at once declare that his intention in abstracting the property from the pocket of the witness was to secure an early reprint of the same in the American markets. And he (the counsel) would ask an intelligent jury—men who as tradesmen knew life, and more especially knew the sacredness of property,—he would put it to them, whether it was seemly, nay, whether it was grateful, on the part of the prosecutor, to turn round thus maliciously upon the prisoner, whose only wish had been, by the act that had placed him in that dock, to do a great moral service to tens of thousands of his grateful countrymen? Could anything be more ridiculous than to attempt to affix any property to thought? Why, thoughts came into a man's brain with no effort of his own; they came a thousand times uncalled for, unheeded; nay, whether the man would have them or no. He would put it to the jury, as intelligent tradesmen, whether, upon their oaths, they believed that Mr. Milton could help writing *Paradise Lost?* Whether *Tom Jones* did not grow in Mr. Fielding's brain spontaneously as the summer grass? And should that be made property which, shed by the bounty of nature upon one man, was expressly vouchsafed to him for the benefit of all? An author was a superior creature, and the consciousness of that superiority was surely glory sufficient to him. When, however, he was mean enough to talk of property in his thoughts—when he descended from his high station to speak of money, of the fleshly necessities of his kind, he played the traitor to his high mission, and became a huckster for the world's contempt. As well might the great Apollo, who lightened and gladdened the universe with his glories, seek to sell his sunbeams to Rundell and Bridges. (This figure caused great excitement, murmurs of applause running through the court.) This principle he (the counsel) was happy to find had recently been solemnly acknowledged in a treaty between England and France. In that treaty, culprits of both nations who had swindled, or ran away with the goods of their neighbours, were to be mutually given up to the law. But in this treaty there was no property recognised in books. The Frenchman, for the benefit of his species, was still allowed to disseminate, cost free—so far as it touched him—the thoughts of Englishmen; there was no property in them—there could be none: for all property must be the result of labour of some sort, and he had proved that in the happiest thoughts it was acknowledged there was the very least exertion. Ergo,—the greater the author, the less his claims for what he had done. Poetry had very properly been called a divine dream. Would, now, the gentlemen of the jury put any value upon the visions of the night? If so, a man had only to tell his nightmare to his neighbour, to insist upon being recompensed for his information. (*Great laughter.*) He would confidently leave the case of the prisoner in their hands: notwithstanding, he would take the liberty to solemnly impress upon them the importance of the question before them. It involved one of the grandest of human privileges, namely, to disseminate thought from pole to pole, freely and fully as the blessed light. That had been the object of the prisoner at the bar. As for stealing a handkerchief, let the jury look at the man—survey the noble independence of his eye, his unabashed brow—and ask themselves if he were capable of filching eight-pennyworth of cotton? No: it was the thought he coveted—it was the ethereal essence of the handkerchief he desired: and was he—like another Prometheus, and under that figure he (the counsel) would take the liberty to represent most of the American publishers—was he for that divine theft which should give light and glory to millions—was he to be doomed to chains and obloquy? In conclusion, he would pray the jury to ponder on their verdict. *Goody Two Shoes* was not an abstraction—a mere phantom of the brain. Far be it from him to use any menace towards so intelligent a jury; but the ghost of *Goody Two Shoes* might, at midnight, visit them in their beds.

Mr. Justice Balance briefly summed up. If the jury believed that the article stolen was merely

a book—a recipient of mere thought—the indictment could not stand. Besides, there must be great allowance made for the nationality of the prisoner, who, as an American, could not in these matters know right from wrong. If, on the contrary, the jury believed the stolen goods to be a handkerchief, and only a handkerchief, it was then property, and the indictment was good.

The jury turned round for a second in the box, and then, again facing his lordship, gave their verdict—*Not guilty.*

The prisoner was immediately congratulated by a host of individuals, well known to the authorities of Newgate. In the evening a handsome supper was given to Mr. Peabody, Nimming Ned in the chair—Jemmy Twitcher, vice.

TO NELL GWYNNE'S LOOKING-GLASS.

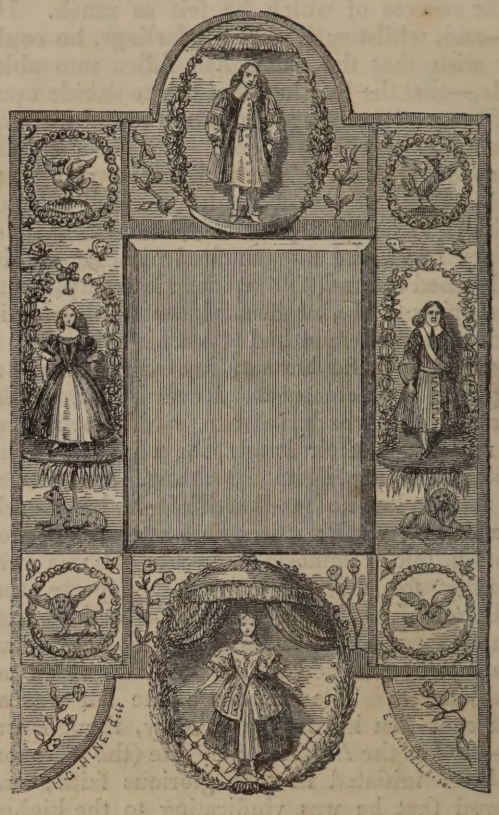
BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

[This glass is in the possession of Sir Page Dicks, of Port Hall. It bears the likeness of Nell Gwynne and King Charles, which are modelled in wax; and also the supporters or crest which Nell assumed, namely, the lion and leopard. The whole is curiously worked in various coloured glass beads, and the figures with the dresses made to project in very high relief; indeed, they are merely attached to the ground-work. In the upper compartment is Charles in his state dress, and in the bottom one that of Nell Gwynne in her court dress—the pattern of which is very tasteful. On the right is Charles in his hunting-dress, and on the left is Nell in her negligée dress. The beads have retained their colours, which are very appropriate to the subject, and must have been a work of considerable time and patience; but whether done by Nell or not, there is no record.]

Glass antique, 'twixt thee and Nell
Draw we here a parallel.
She, like thee, was forced to bear
All reflections, foul or fair;
Thou art deep and bright within,
Depths as bright belonged to Gwynne;
Thou art very frail as well,
Frail as flesh is—so was Nell.

Thou, her glass, art silver-lined,
She too had a silver mind;
Thine is fresh to this far day,
Her's till death ne'er wore away;
Thou dost to thy surface win
Wandering glances, so did Gwynne;
Eyes on thee long love to dwell,
So men's eyes would do on Nell.

Life-like forms in thee are sought,
Such the forms the actress wrought;
Truth unfailing rests in you,
Nell, whate'er she was, was true;
Clear as virtue, dull as sin,
Thou art oft, as oft was Gwynne;
Breathe on thee, and drops will swell—
Bright tears dimmed the eyes of Nell.



Thine's a frame to charm the sight,
Framed was she to give delight.
Waxen forms here truly shew
Charles above and Nell below;
But between them, chin with chin,
Stuart stands as low as Gwynne,—
Paired, yet parted—meant to tell
Charles was *opposite* to Nell.*

Round the glass wherein her face
Smiled so oft, her "arms" we trace;
Thou, her mirror, hast the pair,
Lion here, and leopard there.
She had part in these;—akin
To the lion-heart was Gwynne;
And the leopard's beauty fell,
With its spots, to bounding Nell.

Oft inspected, ne'er seen through,
Thou art firm, if brittle too;
So her will, on good intent,
Might be broken, never bent.
What the glass was, when therein
Beamed the face of glad Nell Gwynne,
Was that face, by beauty's spell,
To the honest soul of Nell!

* "Charles, in spite of every attempt made to detach him from her, loved her to the last, and his last thought was for her—'Let not poor Nelly starve!' Burnet, who records this dying speech, is piously scandalized that the King should have thought of such a 'creature' in such a moment; but some will consider it with more mercy, as one among the few traits which redeem the sensual and worthless Charles from utter contempt."—*Mrs. Jameson.*

GREAT WESTERN SKETCHES, PICTORIAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

BY WILDRAKE.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

A Scene of Confusion.—The Herring-pond.—The Iceberg.—The Narrows.—Land.—Kit Cole.—Mat Doubleton.—Summary of First Impression.

LAKE CHAMPLIN.

BEDLAM broken loose; Babel with its unlimited assortment of tongues; Vesuvius under the influence of an aggravated attack of bile; four-and-twenty full-grown tigers in a trap; forty elephants impaled in a pitfall; thirty-two tom-cats tied tail to tail across a string; fourteen hundred and fifty-three pigs stuck in a paling,—are all, more or less, causes of considerable uproar.

No one, however, of them all, comes within any reasonable range of comparison with the din of an outward-bound ship working out of dock.

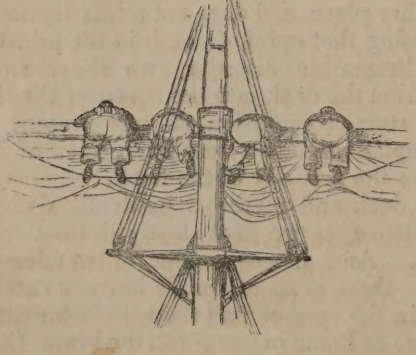
Yoh—yoh—yoh—stamp—stamp—round they go. Slowly, but surely, the vessel creeps along the dockside. All is hurry, scurry, flurry. Clerks are tearing to and fro with ink-wet bills of lading. Butchers hastening on board, loaded with legs and ribs, and rounds, and shoulders, for the voyage. The washerwoman is tumbling down the narrow gangway with the second mate's second shirt; and people—those people who are always too late for everything everywhere—are pitching heavy parcels upon everybody's toes,—trusting to Providence,—or New York,—for their eventual delivery. The ship's officers are getting their steam up to swearing heat, at the rate of fifteen high-pressure oaths per minute. Every soul on board wishes every other soul, for the nonce, in any other place, and does not mince the matter in expressing that opinion; and, in the midst of all this ultramarine disorder, we shoot suddenly away from the dock into the centre of the river, in such a state of confusion as may present to the contemplative mind a very lively idea of Noah's Ark, on the first day of the flood.

The dock and pierhead gradually dwindle in the distance, as we float slowly down the turbid stream. And now—wonder of wonders!—the sailors—those gems of simple bravery and honest worth in the eyes of "all those British gentlemen who live at home in ease,"—"the brave, the fearless, and the free," are finding fifty excuses for cutting their cables and running ashore. "Och, Cappen Grum! och, Sir, yer hanner! shure I've leeft my kit ashor'!" "Have ye, my man? well, then, the cat must take care of it."—"Oh, yer

honour, Sir, by-the-by, I've quite forgot my hat." "Be off, Sir—or I'll make you wear this rope's end on your head instead." Splash! "Hilloh! what's that?" "A man overboard!" "Where is he?" "How?" "Who?" "What?" "When?" "Yonder he goes." All rush to the side, and there sure enough is the Jack-alive, striking out for the shore like a great bull-frog. Sticks, stones, loose spars, potatoes, curses, and other light articles at hand, fly at the deserter's head, but in vain. A boat soon picks him up; and in deep gratitude for all past favours, he spreads out the hand of friendship towards his late shipmates, in immediate connexion with his nose.

Every landsman on shipboard since the world began has kept a diary; and all are Jeremiads, full of misery, more or less acute, according to the comparative strength of stomach of the narrator. For my own part, I proved a fair saltwaterman, and the conclusion to which I came, on summing up the pros and cons, was, that the monotony of a sea-voyage is amply compensated by its easy idleness and plenteous luxury, its comfort, its convenience, and its healthful indulgence; and, even more than all these, by the fact that you live on the fat of the land—if that be not a bull;—in an atmosphere which never attenuates your breeches-pockets. Oh, the blessing of a month's life provided without purse!

For the rest—"the herring-pond" is now a highway as regularly run over as the Great Western Road: all its peculiar characteristics have been a hundred times detailed by pens with keener points than mine, and I could only follow in the wake of better men to tell how our floating House of Commons first made a motion to adjourn off Holyhead; and how a majority of the members at once adopted the resolution; how my fellow-passengers walked and talked, as if something sat heavy on their minds—or stomachs;—or how "the sweet little cherubs who sat up aloft," shaking out a reef, afforded my pencil an illustrative tail-piece for—



THE TA(I)LES OF THE GENII.

How the landsmen heaved, and "hohed," and "hehred" when it was fine; how the ship's officers swore when it blew; and how the sailors whistled when it lulled; how the gentlemen played shuffleboard, and whist, and spillekins, and draughts, and beggar-my-neighbour, and other scientific games; betting upon every pretext; and how the ladies played upon the piano, "The Sea," "Happy Land," "Still so gently o'er me stealing, mem'ry will bring back the feeling," and many other songs equally appropriate to our peculiar circumstances.

Then we saw all the usual sea-scenes. We watched the porpoises leaping and frolicking in the fine weather; and we saw the roast goose rush into the pea-soup in a gale. We caught sight of a grampus, which, like Hamlet's cloud, looked "very like a whale;" and we shook our heads at the black back-fin of an ugly shark. We were pursued, day by day, by Mother Cary's chickens, and wondered where the henhouse was at night. Then, as we made southing, in the warm calms which often laid our canvass useless by the mast, we hung over the sides to count the ripples, or rowed around our "wooden wall" in the ship's boats, chasing the gaudy dolphins, or running down the tiny cockle-boat of Nature's waterman, the nautilus.

At last we came upon the banks of Newfoundland, with their fog-clouds and their codfish; and here we, one and all, fell to fishing, with various but generally ill success; and at this point the ice-banks from the northern regions came down upon us, presenting scenes at once so novel and so beautiful, that pen and pencil must have play awhile.

The Iceberg is indeed a sight of most peculiar majesty, as it comes slowly sailing on before the wind. Most frequently enveloped in a cloud of mist, its neighbourhood may be detected by the chill atmosphere which hangs upon its way; but when, as on some few occasions, it breasts the waves in open beauty, it is indeed a most grand spectacle. One moment it comes floating on like some huge ship; anon, by some seemingly magic change, it bears the shape of a magnificent cathedral, rich in its multitude of fretted pinnacles, glowing in golden sunshine, and jewelled with a thousand sparkling hues; then, on a sudden, with a sullen groan, it slowly bends, and bowing forward, topples headlong with a roar of thunder, whilst its inverted form gives some new food to fancy.*

It was a glorious summer's morning, but glowing hot, when the sails flapping heavily against the mast, as we lay to off Sandy Hook, to take in our pilot, proclaimed our voyage closed. Soon the sails filled again; the low sprit of sand, known as the Hook, was passed, and the entrance of New York Bay—The Narrows—opened to our view.

* As the upper ice becomes porous with the action of the air, the icebergs frequently topple over so as to present an entirely new surface above the water. Many of them were of an enormous altitude (from 100 to 300 feet); and some idea of their magnitude may be formed from the fact that, huge as they appeared to us, *two-thirds of their dimensions* are always concealed beneath the waves.

THE NARROWS, NEW YORK BAY, FROM SANDY HOOK.

Before us lay the entrance to the harbour, contracted by two necks of land into a narrow passage, guarded on either side by a small fort. Beyond these spread out the Bay which bears New York—"The Empire City" of the New World—upon its bosom; the distance bounded by the green hills of Staten Island and New Jersey.

Such is the scene which welcomes the wanderer to the shores of Manhattan. At all times lovely in its features,—glowing and bright in climate, luxuriant beyond compare in vegetation, most rich in verdure,—its every charm is multiplied a thousand-fold when its fresh beauties greet an eye wearied with the monotonous glare of a sea-voyage. Oh, welcome sight of Mother Earth! —so glad to all thy sons, that no one after-scene throughout that Western World—replete with natural beauties as it is—hath ever power to efface the pleasant memory of that green and glorious shore.

First impressions are very important matters.

First impressions have a remarkable tendency towards prejudice; and prejudice is very much given to misrepresentation.

Jonathoniana have been very much in vogue of late years. A Yankee's "sentiment" is generally supposed to consist in sitting on a pikefence in a thunderstorm, smoking a "long nine," and picking his teeth with a pine-wood chip. As for the ladies, our conceit imagines them to be represented rather favourably than otherwise by that steam-boat coquette in the far-west, who, when asked by a fellow-passenger, whether she would take a slice of roast turkey, replied, "Thank yer purdigiously, mister; but I'd purfur a pretty little immoderate gob of them bababby sassengers."

I therefore was obliged to bring my first impressions to a full maturity, before I could venture to pronounce upon their shape and colour.

And here they are.

"Well, I!—why, nonsense. This ar'n't yeu? Well—I never—your name's Wildrake, ar'n't it? A freend of my freend Hogden the consul? Mine's Cole—Kit Cole, from Chawsplinter Creek, away south. Well, no matter—I heerd the ship was chuck, and yeu heer—so I came to look yeu up at once. How long have yeu been in the city?"

"Just half an hour."

"Guessed as much—then I reckon you haven't seen nothin'—not the Park—nor Broadway—nor the Third Avenoo—nor the Bowery—nor the Battery. And yeu haven't called none—nor left no cards, nor compliments, nor none o' them kind o' things. Nor been to Niblo's—nor dined at the Globe—nor supped at the Terrapin Lunch, nor the Shakspere—nor had a mint-julep at Willard's —nor seen Kurnel Webb—nor been to Hoboken —nor Brooklyn—nor Statten Island—nor up the Hudson, nor nowhere. Come—hang on—I'll scorch yer."

So saying, my new ally swung towards the door.

"Well, ar'n't yeu comin'? Oh! well, I see—yeu ar'n't quite used yet. Well, time's enough;" and with that he threw himself into a rocking-chair; pitched his feet some twenty inches higher than his head on the window-ledge; drew out a cigar, a flint, a steel, and a lump of German tinder; lighted his principe, and commenced alternately to puff, and rock, and spit.

He was a tall, gaunt, sinewy young fellow; as strong as Hercules, as brown as Pan, and as awkward as a newly-caught Satyr. His countenance was cast-iron—his complexion sallow—his eyes deeply set, dark, and cunning. His dress was rather roomy than elegant; his coat large, and blue, with brass buttons; his waistcoat wide, and of a thunder-and-lightning pattern; his collars high, and limp, and ravelly. Moreover, his things flew about him like streamers, inasmuch as he only buttoned the buttons of necessity.

"Come," said he, as I finished this cursory survey of his outward man from the corners of my eyes, "what on 'arth are yeu glowrin' at? Yeu don't seem used to the sight o' men. Well, preehaps one does feel a queery fish when one's jest off sea. But however, fix yerself right an' tight, an' I'll track with ye down to the Customus, an' get old Sam Swartwout to pass yer plunder—though by, 'tain't old Sam now—he's sloped with the State dollars—forgot that—clear girt, right-away. However, Jacob Harvey knows. So yeu jest get in fix while I go and take a horn. I'll be back now as soon as a man 'ud whip his mother—" and away he went.

Here was a first impression!

"Come on," shouted Mr. Cole, bursting into my room again at the expiration of ten minutes, with the force of a sucking hurricane, "the jig's up. Come on, ye're all in fix now. Woo on 'arth told you to come to the Astor House? It's jest about the biggest best bit of a house in these United States; but it's a bad house for horns—they carn't come drinks—they carn't mix mint-juleps."

"What is a mint-julep?"

"What's a mint-julep? Well, I *am* blamed! What's a mint-julep? What's a coon? Hoh! why where on 'arth was yeu raised, not to know what's a mint-julep? Preehaps yeu never seen a hailstorm, nor a ginsling, nor an apple-toddy, nor a cocktail, nor a porteree, nor an eggnogg, nor a sangoree, nor a gingeroo? Well, I never—you Britishers *are* queer cods—*yeu* are—or I wish *I may* be blamed. But here's Broadway."

As Mr. Cole spoke, we emerged from the massive entrance of "the Mammoth Hotel," and stood in Broadway. Immediately before us was the Park, a large railed square of grass, fringed with trees, and ornamented on the further side by the City Hall. On either side of the enclosure ran two main streets, meeting at an angle of the Park, so as to form a letter Y: the right branch of which, as we stood at the fork, led off to the St. Giles's, and the left branch to the St. James's, quarter of the city; whilst the tail was that commercial thoroughfare, par excellence called "Broadway," and which terminated in the Bowling Green, the Battery, and the Bay.

The scene, as we turned down the street towards the water, was very striking. Hundreds of vehicles of every kind—private carriages, heavily-laden waggons, empty trucks, four-horse omnibuses, two-horse "hacks," all were urging their way through a gordian knot of difficulties at a high-pressure pace, amidst a stunning chorus of shouts and curses, and cracking whips. The struggling crowd, as we looked down upon them from the steps of the hotel, could only be likened to a lump of microscopic eels in paste. The architectural arrangement of the street was very irregular. Here a church, there a block of stores, then a garden, after that an inn, then stores again, and so on, up and down, *ad infinitum;* whilst all the styles and orders of every clime and country seemed mixed up in most admirable disregard of order. A very gay and picturesque appearance was, however, given to them all, by the variety of gaily-coloured awnings which shaded almost every window; and it was refreshing for the eye to rest, amid the dust and boiling turmoil of the street, upon the green locust and acacia trees which lined the edge of the foot-pavement, affording shade and shelter to a heap of niggers, sawing firewood; of porters, waiting for a hiring; or of Paddy-whack hackmen, eagerly plying for a fare with most harmonious brogue.

Busy as was the scene in general, the uproar in the street, at the moment of our egress from the hotel, was increased tenfold by a race, then and there actually coming off. A well-known sporting character of the city had made a bet that he would drive his "Newark waggon" (a light carriage with two horses) the whole length of Broadway at its most crowded hour, faster than his opponent could perform the distance on foot, *on the foot-pavement.* The fun was at its height as we stepped out. In the centre of the street was the sporting charioteer, stuck fast between a Flatbush waggon and a loaded truck, and making equally good use of a quick tongue and a heavy whip, with both of which he let out freely on all sides. In the meantime, his opponent, steaming and stewing under the heat of a broiling sun, was rushing like a maniac along the footway, jostling one, hustling another, upsetting a third, and all the while shouting at the top of his lungs for a clear course. A clear course in Broadway, at mid-day! Rare notion! However, on he ran, screeching at the top of his voice, and after him a crowd of little boys and lazy loafers, who, having nothing better to amuse them, watched the match with eager interest. "Now, Stevens, work ahead—you've the track—lap him—the waggon's fixed almighty still—go it, legs—now, wheels—I'll bet

two mint-juleps to a cocktail on toes—hullalaroo—mind the applewoman—see, the waggon's free—yep—yoho." And as the waggon dashed forward in pursuit of the pedestrian, who had now gained some headway, the whole population—white, black, and Oxford mixture—joined in the hue and cry, and rushed after their several champions as eagerly as if their fate hung on the issue.

"Now, then," quoth Mr. Cole, "here's the Globe. Come in. Here's a feller yeu must know—a chap woo'd make mince-meat of all creation in five minutes, and whip his weight in wild cats while yeu swallowed a horn. I'll tell yer, he *can* float farther, swim faster, dive deeper, and come up drier than any I ever *did* see—*he* can. Oh! he *is* a downright, upright, shingle-splitter, *he* is. Yeu *must* cotton to Mat Doubleton."

"Doubleton!—what, of the Devil's Horn on the Little Sulphur?"

"The very—yeu've a ticket to him; well, he *is* an angel—but come, put out."

So saying, we entered the Globe hotel; and finding, on inquiry at the bar, that Mr. Doubleton, contrary to the usual early habit of the New World, was still in his room, we walked directly up to No. 42, in the sky-parlours.

There was no need to knock at the door; it was wide open; and as we approached, a dialogue was in full play between the "Angel" and the Irish chambermaid. (All the chamber-jewels of New York being emeralds.)

"Burn me, Mary," roared the Angel, "why the 'tarnal heap didn't you rouse me more airly? Here's noon past, and the muskeeters have a'most clawed my eyes out. It's no use—none. Them devils 'ud eat through an iron pot; you couldn't keep 'em out, if you slept with yer head in a steam-biler—that you couldn't. Come, whar's my hot water, you Mississippi-ringtail-roarer, you?"——

"Och, shure yer hanner's hot water's cold—an' brakefast's a-waitin'—an' all you Southerners lies in bed all day till to-morrow—an' "—

Here we interrupted the discourse by entering a little low room, "cabined, cribbed, confined," miserably furnished with a short truckle-bed without hangings, and a rush-bottomed chair, on which stood a blue-and-white basin, and a soap-dish. Before a small looking-glass, with his back to the door, and the coverlet from his bed doing duty on his shoulders for a dressing-gown, stood the redoubtable Matthew Doubleton, Esq., of the Devil's Horn, on the Little Sulphur, Mississippi.

"Well, Mat," began Mr. Cole—giving the coverlet a pull which at once dragged it off the Angel's shoulders—"what's up now? Here's a man from the Old Country's got a ticket for yer to show him sights in Mississippi."

"Well, an' he'll see sights thar, I reckon," replied Mat; "he won't see anythin' like it any other war—that you may swear. But you're welcome, strannger;" and we shook hands.

M. DOUBLETON, ESQ., SHAVING.

"So, Mat," resumed Mr. Cole, "how's the hunt—have you chanced upon him?"

"Not clinched him," was Mat's reply, "but I'm on his tracks. He's somewhere down these diggins. I reckon I'll hit him off about Westpoint, or Saratoga, or some o' these northern skylarking bottoms; and then, burn me but I'm down on him like a duck on a June bug."

"What friend is Mr. Doubleton looking for?" innocently inquired I.

"Freend! Well, I! that *does* whip all. I'll tell yer. Some strannger, awhile ago, put some arkwardness, d'ye see, on Mat's sister at a gatherin'; so, having nothin' better to do this summer, he's jest made tracks up north here after him, to look up a 'pology."

"You don't mean that he has come a thousand miles to fight a man?"

"I reckon that's jest about what yeu'll make of it—and I'll go a Biddle shin-plaster—and plank the eel-skins—that he makes holes in him. But where's yer heading? Mat and I are going to the Long Island races to-morrer; and next day we make tracks up the Hudson to look up Mat's skeary strannger. Yeu'll come o'course?"

"Oh! anything. I'm unanimous."

As I wish it to be very clearly understood that facts alone will, at all times, form the staple of these sketches—truth being at all times, in my experience, stranger than fiction—it may interest the reader to learn that Mat's "skeary strannger," being "looked up" at Westpoint, made an ample apology for all errors, past and to come, to the immense disappointment of Kit Cole, who was very anxious to see a little of his friend's ball-practice.

Thus much, then, for my first impressions; but my heart clings still around Kit Cole in fond remembrance of the fact that he first taught my

BOSTON PUBLIC

lips to love MINT-JULEP. For the rest, the brief sketch given here of my companions will enable the reader to form some idea of how my first day flew, both "fast and furious." Little boots it, then, for me to enter into tedious detail, how we dined at the Astor House, to the tune of three courses in twelve minutes—how we afterwards smoked cigars without end, and drank innumerable juleps; how we saw several trotting-matches in the Third Avenue, and, after, looked in at the Park Theatre; and finally, how—overcome with dust, fatigue, heat, and excitement—we finished off the evening at the Shakspere, where the last thing I remember was my Mississippi friend washing his face in the punch-bowl, using the lemon as soap, and wondering "war' on 'arth they kept the water, till it got so 'tarnal strong and stingy."

"Pretty first impressions these! Here is a worthy follower of Mrs. Trollope," exclaims "the gentle reader."

Not so—not so. The exaggerating medium of distance through which the stranger has been accustomed to observe the character of Uncle Sam has predisposed our minds to ridicule. Hence are we ever more prepared to be amused than taught; more ready to be made to laugh than think. And truly it is a field rich in the fanciful flowers of fun. Be it so, then. Let us be merry. I will gather some few of those heads of humour which so plentifully strew my path, and will bring home the gleanings. But let me not be thought to bear ill-will towards the tiller of the field. "Laugh and grow fat," is my motto; but ill-natured jocularity, being unhealthy, bilious, and splenetic, agrees with nobody. My bent it is to be merry, without becoming intrusive, or impertinent—to sketch the living manners as they rise, without outraging private confidence or ridiculing social worth. Though full of twinkling eccentricities, as Argus of bright eyes, our Brother Jonathan possesses those far better attributes, which, though more homely—and on that account more seldom touched upon—are none the less true tests of character. Let not my purpose, then, be misinterpreted, that I—in wandering through his highways and byways—should often seize on the most showy (and, therefore, frequently, most worthless) flowers, and leave the violet to sweeten and adorn its privacy in peace.

My first impressions of more serious matters, confirmed by subsequent experience, show me, that in this mighty continent an almost reckless freedom of manner coexists with rigid principle, whilst a broad stream of whim and oddity in vain endeavours to obscure a vigorous under-current of true worth. Society does not in general manifest so many marks of recent organization as might with reason be expected; and the architecture of this wondrously rising social fabric may be defined as firm in principle, though somewhat awkward in construction; and altogether pleasing in effect, though seldom classically true.

One old-world beauty here becomes a striking want, in the total absence of those ancient halls and ruins ivy-grown—the scenes and haunts of old historical associations,—which are so plentiful and pleasing in our own dear land; but Nature has bestowed her bounties with a lavish hand; and, as a gifted and justly-celebrated American once aptly said to me, in relation to this subject, "That country needs to borrow little from antiquity which, having worked out its own independence, can turn the eye of history upon the tomb of Washington."

TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

BONAPARTE AT MISS FROUNCE'S SCHOOL.

BY G. A. A'BECKETT.

THE mind of infancy is said to resemble wax, and certainly, from its excessive softness, there is reason in the simile. The impressions made upon children by public events are very curious, and warrant us in looking back upon boyhood as one of the very greenest spots of our existence. In the following chapter will be found a few JUVENILE REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR WITH FRANCE AND BONAPARTE.

During the very stirring events that were taking place on the Continent of Europe in the early part of the present century, my father, who was a respectable attorney, thought it prudent to place me at a preparatory school near Kensington. While Pitt was boldly contending against the revolutionary mania of France, I was engaged in a laborious contest with the difficulties of Lindley Murray. It was almost on the very day of Badajoz being taken, that I succeeded in mastering the last chapter of the Mother's Catechism; and the same post that brought news of Wellington having forced the enemy's lines, and secured his colours, gave intelligence of my having carried off the silver pen in triumph, as a prize for writing against my schoolfellows.

While Napoleon Bonaparte was taking lessons in the art of war, I was struggling in an establishment for "young gentlemen from three to eight," against being drenched from the Pierian spring, whose water is laid on to the youthful mind at the rate of about thirty guineas *per* annum. When the illustrious Wellington forced the enemy to lay down his arms, I had surrendered the customary spoon, fork, and six towels into the hands of my schoolmistress. I have no doubt the warlike character of the times in which she lived had impressed itself on her nature, for she was greatly addicted to the system of flogging, which is one of the necessary features of a military era. Often has the word been given to "march up" into the bed-room of the lady who presided over the school, and frequently have I obeyed the summons, when the birch, or a busk from the stays, of my instructress, has expiated some piece of juvenile delinquency. In vain were the words "I will be good," reiterated

MISS FROUNCE AND THE BOY.

amid screams and tears; for, until the avenging rod or the vindicatory whalebone—as the case might be—had done its office, it was hopeless to try to stay the hand of Miss Frounce, who took in young gentlemen from three to eight—and, ten to one, took in their parents also.

But while I am dwelling on the memory of the proceedings in the Hammersmith Road, I am forgetting the stirring events that were taking place on the Continent. Bonaparte had just escaped from Elba, and Miss Frounce, like an admirable politician, took advantage of this im-

portant event to overawe the "young gentlemen from three to eight" who were under her guidance. On all occasions Bonaparte was held up as the great bugbear, and there was not a boy in the school who was not firmly convinced that Miss Frounce had Napoleon under her thumb—that, in fact, if any of "the young gentlemen" should prove refractory, Miss Frounce had it in her power to send for Bony with as much facility as she could order the sweeps or the dustman. If a boy, when spelling, knocked an *i* out of the

[LETTER I.]

word annihilate, he was threatened with being handed over to the tender mercies of Bonaparte; and every one of the pupils of Miss Frounce felt assured that, if Napoleon invaded England, he would knock at the door of the "establishment for young gentlemen from three to eight" the very morning after his arrival.

Whatever might have been his feeling of hostility towards the Prince of Wales, or the members of the cabinet, my firm conviction was, that Master Snodgrass, who had been turned back in grammar, had much more to apprehend from Napoleon than the Regent and the ministers. Sometimes have I contemplated the possibility of hiding in case of the dreaded visit; but then it has flashed upon my juvenile mind that Bonaparte was not to be baffled, and that he would inevitably look under all the beds in the house, rather than be oiled in the vengeance which the "young gentlemen from three to eight" were convinced inspired him.

Never shall I forget the panic that seized on "all the boys" when the fact was announced that a leg of mutton had been stolen from the larder. Who could be the thief? Why, of course, nobody but Bonaparte. Miss Frounce, wishing to enhance the intimidating reputation of her great bugbear, favoured the idea, and the whole of the "young gentlemen from three to eight," were under the firm impression that Bonaparte had landed in England during the night, secured the leg of mutton, and retreated before daylight into the bosom of his own army.

BONAPARTE AND LEG OF MUTTON.

Such impressions as those I have related are strange and absurd; but there are many now living who, if they happened, during the time of the Bonaparte panic, to be inmates of a preparatory school for "young gentlemen from three to eight," will recognise the fidelity of the feelings I have described.

I never ate the lollipop which went by the name of his ribs, without being awed by a sort of unaccountable fear that Bonaparte might yet break from his captivity, and pay me off personally for the indignity offered him in purchasing a hap'orth of his anatomy, and sucking it, like Tom Trot or Everton Toffe.

SONG.

Here's a smile for the past, with its sunshine and shade;
For no tear can restore us one joy that's decay'd:
E'en an urn, when the sunlight is over it thrown,
No more seems the record of sorrow alone.
For the brightness that heav'n hath lovingly shed
Seems to tell us how calm is the sleep of the dead.

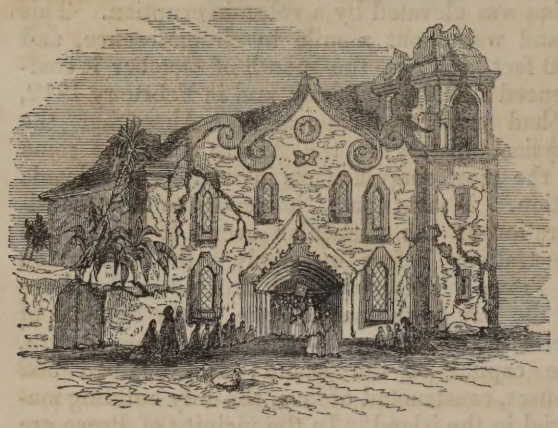
A smile! still a smile! though the flow'rs which appear
On our pathway of life may yet cradle a tear:
Still the light of our gladness each drop will illume,
And its warmth change each grief to the spirit's perfume.
Then why should we sorrow, when gladness can shed
A light o'er the living, a calm o'er the dead? L.

ACCOUNT OF THE DESTRUCTION OF PRAYA.

BY W. RALEIGH BAXTER, LL.D.

If public attention had not recently been directed to the subject of earthquakes, by the lamentable consequences of these phenomena in the West India Islands, detailed in the newspapers, I might have saved myself the trouble of narrating some facts which have come to my knowledge, in relation to one of these visitations, of which the Island of Terceira was the subject in the year 1841. The only published record of this earthquake and its results, upon which I can lay my hands, is to be found in a professional journal (the "Nautical Magazine"), whose circulation is limited to that class to which it is addressed. This account was officially furnished to our Government by Mr. Hunt, the British Consul at St. Michael's: to it, and to the officers of her Majesty's ship "Styx," I owe the facts to which I am about to give a wider publicity than they have hitherto obtained. Before entering into particulars of the last earthquake at Terceira, I may as well remind my readers that the island in question is one of nine which constitute the archipelago of the Azores, and is, in common with the rest, a dependency of the crown of Portugal. The interesting group of islands, called the Azores, is situated between the latitudes of 36° and 39°, and the longitudes 25° and 30°. They were discovered about the year 1432, by Gonzalo Cabsal, an emissary of the enterprising Don Henrique of Portugal, and colonized shortly afterwards by the Portuguese, by whom, owing to the vast numbers of hawks found by them, they were called Azores; the word *açor*, in the language of the colonists, signifying a hawk. These islands are, to all appearance, of volcanic origin: every portion of them gives evidence to confirm this belief. *Calderas*, or hot springs, are found in some; craters of scarcely extinct volcanoes in others; and all are, more or less, subject to frequent convulsions. It would be tedious to enumerate the recurrence and the results of volcanic action in these islands; but I cannot help alluding to one phenomenon which occurred in 1808. The north-western portion of the island of Fayal was rent with a noise similar to the discharge of cannon, and in the middle of cultivated fields yawned an immense crater of twenty-four acres in extent. For two days this crater discharged such quantities of scoriæ and pumice-stones, that the ground was covered by them to the depth of from one to four feet, in an extent of three leagues long and one broad. A few days after, fourteen smaller craters formed in the neighbourhood of the first, from all of which immense quantities of lava flowed. When this crater became tranquil, which was not till it had discharged, for many days, a burning current, that, descending its sides, rolled into the sea at four miles distance, it was found to be 3500 feet above the level of the sea, which was higher than any portion of the island was before. One of these islands, St. Michael's, is remarkable for the numerous islets that, from time to time, have been raised from the sea in its vicinity. The latest event of this kind took place in June 1811, when the island of Sabrina was elevated by a volcanic eruption. This island was about a mile in circumference, and 300 feet high; in the month of October it commenced sinking gradually, and in February 1812, it had entirely disappeared. Altogether the physical history of the Azores furnishes some of the most singular facts in relation to volcanic action. I must pass, however, to the consideration of the particular event to which the illustrations before me apply — the destruction of Praya. This town was situated on the shore of the bay of the same name, at the east end of Terceira, and about twelve miles from Angra, the capital of the island; it contained 562 houses, constructed of lava, the only building material in the island. In the vicinity of Praya are four villages, containing in all a population of about 9000 people. The district, which comprised Praya and these villages, is the most fertile in the island, and was on this account selected as a residence by the early settlers. The population was entirely agricultural; the levies, which offered a bold and successful resistance to an expedition in favour of Don Miguel, which attempted to land on Terceira in 1829, were selected principally from the people of Praya and the adjacent villages. The town of Praya was utterly destroyed by an earthquake in 1614; and though menaced several times since, escaped injury until the 12th of June, 1841, when a violent shock was felt, extending with diminished force to the westward. For two days the earth continued to be shaken; and on the evening of the 2nd an undulation of the earth took place, which destroyed the buildings previously weakened by the former shocks. The people then betook themselves to the fields for security. Early on the morning of the 15th, a violent trembling and horizontal undulation of the ground commenced, and continued, with intervals of ten minutes and a duration of about ten seconds, for the space of half-an-hour, when a strong vibratory and distinctly rocking motion was communicated to the surface, which laid in ruins the entire town, and did great injury to the adjacent villages, and to many of the public buildings in the island. Another shock occurred on the 16th, and the island was not restored to a state of quietude till the 26th. In addition to the utter ruin of the town of Praya, a rent was left in the

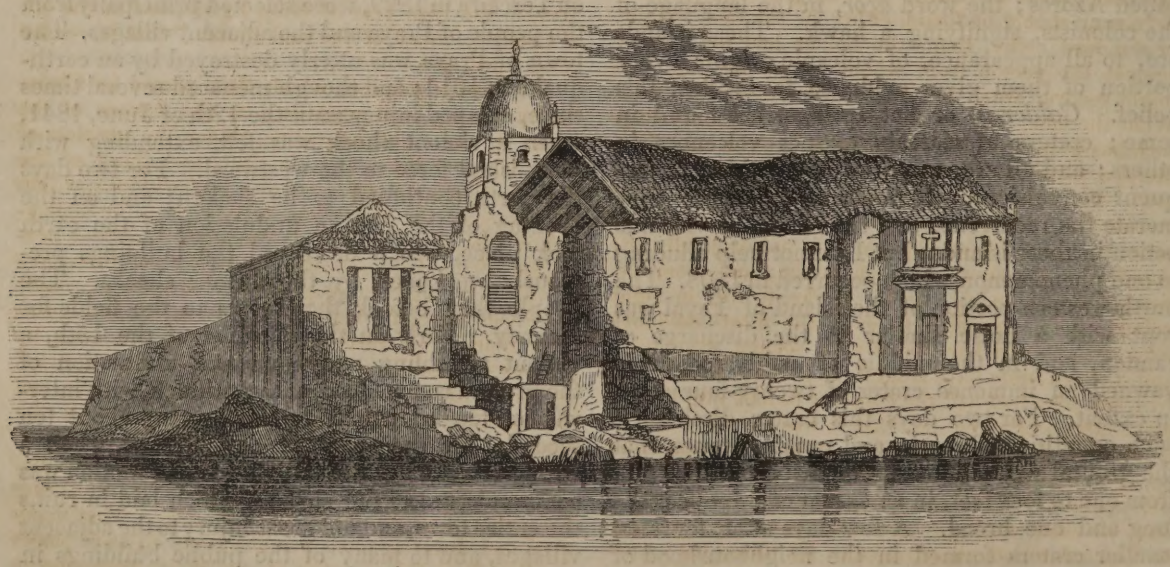
ground about a mile in length, stretching westward from the edge of the water. When the motion was greatest, "it was observed," says Mr. Hunt, "that every convulsion was preceded by a loud subterraneous noise, resembling thunder, so exactly varying in intensity according to the succeeding shocks, that the first became the harbinger and gauge of the other." On the 17th of June the people took courage to return to their ruined homes; but seeing the devastation that had been effected, departed in search of more quiet habitations. The condition in which two of the churches



RUINS OF THE CHURCH OF MATSEY.

were found after the earthquake is represented by the engravings, which are copied from sketches made on the spot by Lieutenant Parkhurst, of the "Styx," a steam-frigate despatched, subsequent to the convulsion described here, to make a survey of the Azores, for the security of navigation near these islands. It is a circumstance creditable to the people of Praya, that the restoration of these churches to a state fit for public worship, was the first object which engaged their attention.

There is a good deal of room for speculation in this brief statement, but the present is not the occasion to indulge in it. For the phenomena of earthquakes generally we can easily account by the theory now popularly received. I need scarcely inform my readers that this theory is based upon the supposition that the earth, in ages very remote, contained within itself sufficient heat to retain the mineral constituents of which its mass is composed in a state of igneous liquefaction; and, moreover, that at a moderate depth below the surface of the earth, this "central heat," as it is called, continues in a state of violent activity. It is stated by those to whom all credence is due in such matters, that in penetrating beyond a depth of forty feet, the temperature of the earth increases steadily, the augmentation being in the proportion of about one degree for every forty-two feet, or about 120 degrees for every mile. At this rate, the metals, tin and bismuth, should exist in the fluid state four miles from the surface; and at a depth of thirty miles the temperature should be high enough to melt iron, one of the least fusible metals. According to this philosophy, the solid crust of the globe is a thin shell of crystalline rocks, which has cooled around the fused mass, and extends but to 1-140 of the distance to the centre. Admit the existence of an orifice or crack in this "crust," and the evidence of internal heat becomes manifest in volcanic eruptions and motions of the earth.



RUINS OF THE CHURCH AT SANTA CLARA.

VENERABLE BEDE.

JARROW CHURCH.

In former times—or, to name a definite period, we shall say in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, ere paper money was introduced, it was customary, in the great commercial cities of Italy, and very likely also in those of other European countries; for a bag, purporting to contain a certain sum of gold or silver money, to pass from hand to hand, without its contents being examined or counted, on the credit of the little label attached to it, specifying how much there was, or ought to be, within. This saved a great deal of trouble; and when, at length, it might become necessary, from any cause, to count the money, and a deficiency should be found, either in the tale, weight, or standard; why, then, the holder had his remedy against the person from whom he *got the bag*, and might recover from him the deficiency—if he could. What the label was to the old leathern money-bag, such has been the term "Venerable" to the character, literary, moral, and religious, of the old monk of Jarrow. From the customary influence of this little word "venerable," though the old Miracle Trading Company, by which it was sanctioned, if not originally imposed, has greatly declined in credit; and from the ponderosity of Bede's bag, his works, to wit, in eight volumes folio, appalling to even the most assiduous *teller*, its contents have been very seldom examined; and, though hints have from time to time been given by a few who had had the curiosity to look into it with some degree of attention, that it was not filled exclusively with the precious metals, it has yet been *sealed up* again and put into circulation at pretty nearly its old nominal value. Dropping here the metaphorical bag, we shall proceed to give a few particulars relating to Venerable Bede, illustrative of his times, his knowledge, and his writings.

Bede was born A.D. 673, in that part of the Saxon kingdom of Northumberland which now forms the county of Durham and, according to tradition, in the neighbourhood of Monkton, a village about two miles to the south-westward of Jarrow, in the monastery of which he died, A.D. 735. The cut at the commencement of this article presents a view of Jarrow Church, from the eastward. This church, which originally belonged to the monastery of Jarrow, is one of the oldest in the kingdom; it was founded, in 681, by Benedict Biscop, who had founded another monastery at Wearmouth, dedicated to St. Peter, about seven years before. According to an inscription, of the period, now placed within Jarrow Church, over the arch of the tower, it was dedicated "to St. Paul on the 9th of the kalends of May, in the 15th year of King Egfrid, and in the 4th of Ceolfrid, abbot of the said church," that is, on the 22nd April, 685.

The form of religion, which then passed for Christianity, having been introduced to the Saxons of the south by the monk Augustine, under the auspices of Pope Gregory the Great, in 596, and those of the north having been converted also by the monks, within the course of the succeeding forty years—the bishoprick of Lindisfurn having been founded in 635—a profession of monkery appears to have become extremely prevalent among the new converts, and more especially those who were of royal or noble birth. Monasteries were founded in various parts of the kingdom by persons of wealth or influence, of both sexes, who, gathering together a colony of monks and nuns, not unfrequently under the same roof, withdrew from the cares and vanities of the great world, to devote themselves to a life of holy celibacy and pious seclusion, and, possibly, to enjoy the pleasure of administering the affairs of a little world of their own. That many good and sincerely pious persons found in such places a refuge from the anxieties of secular life, there can be no question; but it is also certain that many of the professed still retained the vices and bad passions which they brought with them, whether from the

country or the court; for, since to "a spotless mind and innocent,"

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage;"

so neither are the consecrated walls of a monastery a restraint on the cogitations of a mind that is impure.

> "What exile from his native land
> E'er left himself behind?"

Amongst the best deserving of those of that age who pleased themselves by founding monasteries, Benedict Biscop may justly claim a place. He was of noble family, and had held an office under King Oswy; but he renounced all secular honours in order to devote himself to religion. He became a monk, having received the tonsure in the celebrated monastery of Lerins, in Provence; and after having visited Rome twice or thrice, he commenced the foundation of the monastery at Wearmouth in 674, having obtained from King Egfrid a grant of land in order to enable him to carry his design into effect. He sent to France for masons to build the church; and he also sent to the same country for glaziers to glaze the windows—this art, according to Bede, being then unknown in England. He decorated the interior of the church with paintings which he had brought from Rome; one wall being covered with pictures of the Virgin and the twelve Apostles, and others with subjects from the Evangelists and Revelations, together with representations of the Last Judgment and the mystery of the Incarnation, so that the humble disciple might feel his faith confirmed wherever he turned. He further enriched his new establishment with many relics and books which he had obtained abroad; and he also brought from Rome Brother John to officiate as leader of the choir, and to instruct the monks in chanting the service.

Into this monastery (Wearmouth) Bede entered as an *alumnus*, or pupil, when he was only seven years old. At the age of nineteen he was ordained a deacon by John of Beverly, then Bishop of Hexham; and at the age of thirty he was ordained a priest by the same prelate. Shortly after his admission to the priesthood he appears to have removed to the brother monastery of Jarrow, where he continued to reside till the time of his decease, diligently employing himself in compiling glosses and expositions of the Scriptures, and in composing works for the edification both of himself and his brethren. At that time there were six hundred monks belonging to the monasteries of Wearmouth and Jarrow, and in most of the other monasteries of the kingdom their number appears to have been proportionably great. Most of those monks were not priests, but a kind of intermediate class, between the clergy and laity, bound by a vow to yield obedience to their abbot, and to live a chaste and holy life.

It may be here remarked that in the time of Bede most of the monks were accustomed to labour with their hands in the fields of the monastery, as well as to pray with their heart and voice in the church or the cell: they mowed the hay; reaped and thrashed the corn; and eke, milked the cows and fed the calves. But, in subsequent times, the number of monks belonging to each monastery became greatly diminished; for the more pious, who were also possibly the more indolent, and certainly the most powerful and knowing, having discovered that manual labour withdrew them too much from their more pleasing offices of devotion, it was thought better to employ laymen to cultivate their grounds and perform the more laborious servile offices about the monastery. The number of those admitted to profession was restricted; and as the monks belonging to a monastery became fewer and more select, so did the number of its lay labourers increase.

Under his instructors Bede acquired such a knowledge of the Latin language as to be able to write it with clearness and ease; and it has also been said that he had a knowledge of Greek: if he had, it was very small, and certainly not beyond a mere knowledge of words as synonymous with others of Latin. From the Greek he derived no knowledge of things; for of all that is most interesting and permanently valuable in Greek literature, he was wholly ignorant as a coloured gentleman of New York is of the spirit of Shakspeare's age. We are informed that the genius of Bede embraced the whole cyclopædia of human learning; that he acquired his knowledge of natural philosophy and mathematics from the purest sources, namely, from the works of the Greek and Latin authors themselves; and that he had a *competent* knowledge of poetry, rhetoric, metaphysics, logic, astronomy, music, cosmography, chronology, and history. By one writer he is represented as "trimming the lamp of learning, and irradiating the Saxon realm of Northumberland with a clear and steady light; while another, who has recently edited a translation of a portion of Bede's works, professing to amend the language of the text, and in his own slip-shod introduction supplying proof of his incompetence to perform the task, says, in his own peculiar style, that it "seems not a little surprising that one who had scarce moved *further than* the place of his nativity should so accurately describe those at a distance." The correctness of description, it is to be observed, is here taken for granted: the correct transcription of a portion of Gulliver's Travels by the master of the City of London School would be just as surprising as Bede's accurate description of "*those* at a distance." For a specimen of such accuracy, we beg to refer the reader to Bede's tract, "De Locis Sacris," which the learned editor has, most unaccountably, neglected to cite.

The writer who described Bede, as "trimming the lamp of learning," might have represented him, more truly and graphically, as a good-natured, garrulous old monk, of great but not accurate memory, beguiling the long winter nights, by reading to the other monks in the common hall, with the aid of a rushlight, a huge volume of extracts, compiled by himself, from the works of the fathers; varying his course of lectures with a chapter of his own Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation, "stuffed here and there with thumping miracles, for which he must be pardoned," as Bishop Nicholson charitably observes; and occasionally rousing them, when he perceived that they were becoming drowsy, with a narrative from the life of St. Cuthbert, which, as he has represented it, was nothing but a series of miracles from beginning to end. To speak without figure, he is, in his purely theological works, the mere transcriber of earlier authorised opinions, without ever venturing to inquire into the reasons on which they might be based. His ecclesiastical history is, in many places, where oppor-

tunity is afforded of testing it by other authorities, extremely inaccurate, while it abounds in passages which at first sight are perceived to be purely fabulous. That he did not invent them may be a salvo for his honesty; but then the fact of his recording them, as he has done, must be admitted to be a proof of his being no less blindly credulous than the most illiterate of his countrymen. This work is also infected, though in a slight degree, with that loathsome impurity which is often to be met with in the writings of monkish authors, both of the Greek and Latin Church. That which was shameful for a layman to do or even mention, the cloistered monk often seems to have felt a depraved pleasure in recording. The portion to which we allude is that in which Pope Gregory the Great answers the queries of Augustine, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Bede's life of St. Cuthbert is a perfect specimen of that kind of biography which, when served up by writers of a later period, is usually classed under the head of "pious frauds." Strange, that those who are most eager to magnify the extent and value of Bede's learning and knowledge should seek to absolve him from the charge of pious fraud, on the plea of pious ignorance! It cannot be said that the miracles which he records of St. Cuthbert were consecrated by time, for Cuthbert was living when Bede was born, and did not die till 687, when Bede was thirteen years old. As Bede had many more to imitate the fictions which he recorded, than to be edified by his facts, it may be truly said that the light which he contributed to diffuse was of that kind which renders man blind, rather than enables him to see.

Dr. Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester, speaking of the legendary lives of the saints, says that St. Gregory the Great and Bede, whom he erroneously dubs "St.," "shewed the way to the rest, and by their own credulity and want of judgement gave a pattern and encouragement to all the monkish tales and impostures afterwards." This is not, however, exactly correct; the way was previously shown by St. Athanasius, in his life of St. Anthony, the patron of monks, and by Sulpicius Severus, in his life of St. Martin of Tours. It has indeed been denied that the life of St. Anthony was really written by Athanasius; yet the genuineness of no one of the works ascribed to him depends on better authority.

It is related that, shortly before the Reformation, a French bishop, in returning homeward from an embassy to Scotland, visited, on the same day, the shrines of St. Cuthbert and Bede, in Durham Cathedral; that at St. Cuthbert's he offered a small copper coin, saying, "St. Cuthbert, if thou art a saint, pray for me;" and that at

SHRINE OF ST. CUTHBERT.

Bede's he offered a French crown, requesting his prayers because he was a saint indeed. This anecdote, and its quotation by certain shrewd persons, for the purpose of depreciating Cuthbert and exalting Bede, present a curious exemplification of the manner in which the mind, though conscious of a fallacy *somewhere*, is yet unable to disentangle it, and, cutting boldly, cuts wrong. Cuthbert is, to a certain extent, regarded as an impostor; while in this case the real impostor is extravagantly honoured; though it be owing to his fallacious narrative alone that the mind has become impressed with a confused idea of the former having pretended to have done or said that which the false or credulous biographer has recorded of him. He who really thinks Bede a saint is bound to receive Cuthbert as a saint also. A man pays but a left-handed compliment to

the knowledge and piety of a friend, by treating a person as if he were a cheat, merely because he was highly reverenced, and his saintly virtues much extolled by that friend,

Bede was very highly esteemed in his own age for his great learning; and William of Malmsbury says that Pope Sergius wished him to come to Rome, in order to consult with him on ecclesiastical affairs. From what circumstance he first acquired the title of "Venerable" has not been determined. According to one account, he obtained it from the following circumstance:—When he was old and blind he was led about by a young monk, who once took him to a heap of stones, telling him that they were country people waiting in reverent silence to hear him preach. He forthwith began, and at the end of his discourse the stones saluted him with "Amen, Venerable Bede!" The other is, that one of his scholars, when engaged in writing his epitaph, could not complete it for want of an appropriate word; but, leaving it at night thus,

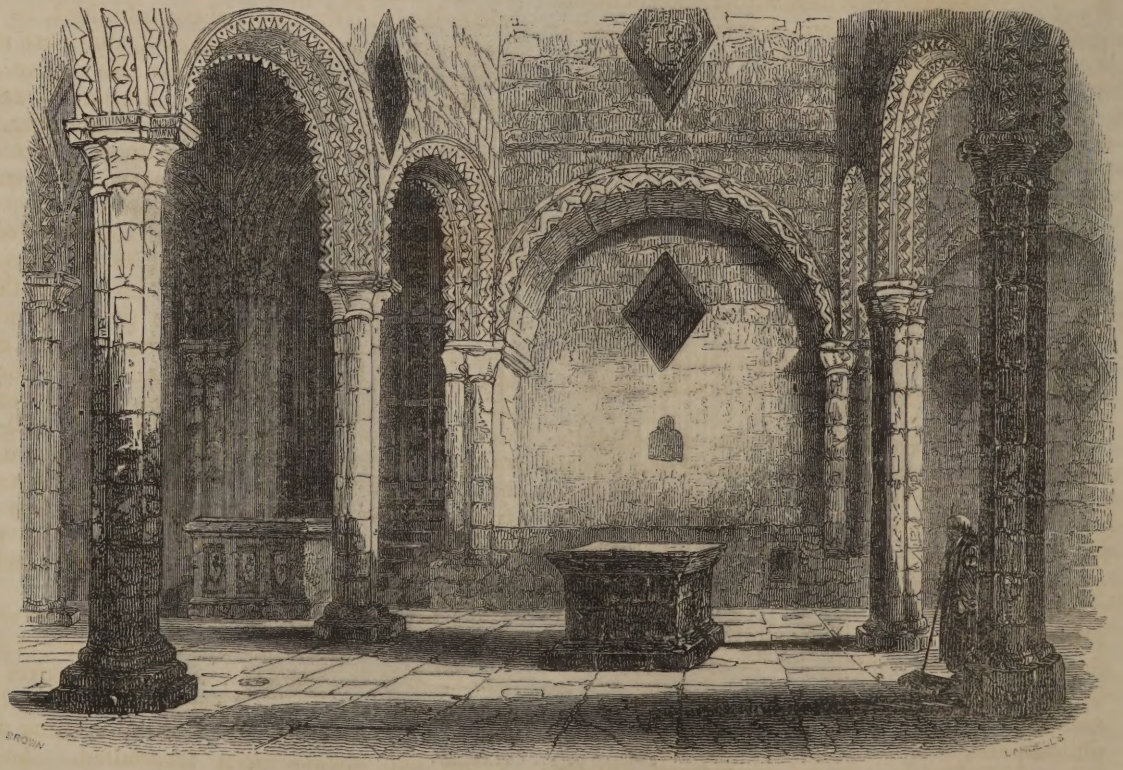
"Hac sunt in fossa Bedæ . . . . . ossa,"

he found, next morning, the blank filled up with the word "*venerabilis.*" It is equally credible that *both* those accounts are true.

Bede was interred at Jarrow; but about the year 1022 his remains were "conveyed" to Durham, and placed beside those of St. Cuthbert, by Elfred, a brother of that monastery, who was an enthusiastic collector of reliques, more eager to secure possession than scrupulous about the means. "It seems," says the late Mr. Surtees, in his History of Durham, "that a propensity to '*conveying*, as the wise it call,' was no less inherent in those ancient collectors of rarities than in their modern representatives." An old chair, said to have been Bede's, is still preserved at Jarrow. The seat, which is of oak, of great solidity, and rudely hollowed out, is unquestionably *antique;* the back and sides are more modern, the originals having been *several times* carried off in small pieces, by visiters, as portions of Bede's chair.

About the year 1370, Bede's remains, which were enclosed in a shrine of gold and silver, appear to have been removed from the feretory of St. Cuthbert, and placed on a marble table in that part of the church called the Galilee. This shrine was defaced at the Reformation. His bones were buried beneath the spot where it stood, and over them was erected the plain table monument, of which a view is given in the annexed cut. In 1831 the tomb was examined, when several bones, reputed to be Bede's, were discovered; that they really were his is uncertain, seeing that several monasteries, both in England and on the Continent, could boast of having some of them.

We have not said all that we could have wished to



TOMB OF VENERABLE BEDE.

say respecting Bede, but our paper is out. That the opinions which we have expressed concerning Bede may not, however, be misconstrued, we beg to say that we have no desire to unfairly depreciate a Saxon relique; we only wish to ascertain its real value and use, not only with reference to the standard of times past, but also to that of times present. An acre of land might be purchased for a shilling in the time of Bede; but he must be grossly infatuated with the love of antiquity who would now give an acre of land for twelve Saxon pennies. To draw to a point. O, Wiseacre! whether a native of Great Britain and Ireland, or of Berwick-upon-Tweed, part not with thy mental freehold upon such terms; and ever, as thou lovest correct accounts, trust not implicitly to the label, but examine the contents of the bag.

MR. GRUBBE'S NIGHT WITH MEMNON.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

IN the far west of London—preserving many traces of its original characteristics, amidst the wide expanse of architectural innovations which are continually springing up around it—there is a sober and antiquated, but withal respectable, locality, known to those travellers whose enterprise has led them thus far into the occidental suburbs, as Brompton. It is a district principally inhabited by theatricals, *literati*, and small annuitants; and is much esteemed on account of the salubrity of its climate, the mildness of its society, and the economy of its household arrangements. Its chief natural curiosities are tea-parties and old ladies; and its overland journey to London is performed in omnibuses, unless the route by water is preferred. But this is somewhat circuitous—Cadogan Pier, which is the nearest port, standing in the same relation to Brompton as Civita Vecchia does to Rome.

Mr. Withers Grubbe, who was an old inhabitant of this pleasant village, resided in a modest tenement, situate at the edge of the great Fulham road. His establishment comprised himself and his housekeeper—a staid woman, of matronly appearance—from which circumstance it may be fairly presumed that he was either a widower or a bachelor; but the uncertainty as to which of these two orders of single life he came under will be quite removed, when we state that he was an antiquary, an entomologist, and a general natural philosopher, somewhat resembling a cocoa-nut—being shrivelled in external appearance, but possessing a good heart or kernel, and not entirely destitute of the milk of human kindness. As his favourite pursuits had been, from time immemorial, at variance with matrimony, he had never taken unto himself a wife. Once, and once only, did his friends speak of his falling in love. It was in the Park, one bright frosty morning, when he saw a lady whose cloak somewhat resembled the delicate tintings of the privet moth; but this lepidopterous attachment was very transient, and the next chrysalis of the *Sphynx Atropos*, or number of the "Gentleman's Magazine," that came to hand, immediately banished it from his mind. And he was an occasional correspondent to the afore-named humorous publication. He had sent them a drawing of the old key of his dust-bin, and a dissertation upon several worn-out brass button-tops he had from time to time picked up in his walks, believing them to be ancient coins; as well as a plan of the Roman encampment on the Birmingham Railway, and other interesting articles, the majority of which were "declined, with thanks," by the venerable and undying Mr. Urban. He belonged also to most of the learned and scientific bodies, to all of whom he read the rejected contributions, so that his time was pretty well occupied, and more especially in the spring; for then his *larvæ* and *aureliæ* broke forth into a new life, and there was such a buzzing, and fluttering, and pinning, and labelling all over the house, with intrusive butterflies getting into the bed-rooms, and strange caterpillars walking up and down stairs, that people of ordinary nerves and uninterested in insect architecture were afraid to go into the house. But he cherished all his living things with singular affection, even to the moths which had fattened upon his waistcoats, and the cockroaches which ran about his kitchen; although Mrs. Weston, the housekeeper, could never understand that the former insects only did any mischief in their first stage of existence, and that the latter were to be looked upon as sacred things, from the high veneration they were held in amongst the ancient Egyptians. The poor, ignorant woman, in the darkness of her intellect, classed them all as "warmint."

The great aim of Mr. Grubbe's labours was to get up some paper that should produce a striking sensation in the learned world, by the novel facts that it might disclose—a consummation which had never yet arrived, for his most interesting discoveries had always been forestalled. To this great end did he consume his midnight patent stearine; for this did he burn holes in all his carpets with the contents of his galvanic battery, and get phosphorus under his nails, or take all the colour from his table-covers; in prosecuting this endeavour, by rubbing his buffer of black lead over cartridge-paper, laid upon engraved

stones and brass tablets, to take the impression, was he three times apprehended for Swing, and once for sacrilege. But hitherto he had never produced any extraordinary impression beyond that which his appearance created with the rustics; and although he was a walking catalogue of the British Museum—far more copious and elaborate than those hired by country visitors at contiguous fishmongers and public-houses—he found every object therein had been so often and so minutely described, that nothing fresh was left to dilate upon. And this opinion for a time subdued his energy, until one evening he was present at the unrolling of a mummy. He listened with intense attention to the remarks of the lecturer, and envied him the proud position he was for the time placed in, as the descriptive link between the present and the long-past epochs. But when the ceremony was finished, and Mr. Grubbe found, upon reviewing the lecture, that our acquaintance with the ancient Egyptians extended just far enough to show that we knew nothing at all about them, a fresh chain of research presented itself to his mind, and from that time every other pursuit was merged in the depths of the Great Pyramid, or perched upon the edge of Belzoni's sarcophagus. He made a mummy of his favourite cat; called his abode Sphynx-cottage; and allowed the kitchen to swarm with cockroaches—which he called *scarabæi*, and Mrs. Weston black beadles—more than ever.

Things stood thus, when, one sultry July morning, a learned friend called to beg his company in a visit to the Docks, to view some wonderful organic remains, not yet landed, which a ship had brought from a distant country. Mr. Grubbe immediately prepared for the excursion; and, after having drawn an odd pair of boots upon the wrong legs in his absence of mind, as well as omitted to take off his duffel dressing-gown, he gave himself up to the care of Mrs. Weston, who finally pronounced him fit to appear in the public streets. He accordingly started with his friend, taking the omnibus to the Bank, whence they proceeded to the Docks on foot, saving the other sixpence; and beguiling the journey with many curious arguments and opinions upon *ichthyosauri* and the blue lias clay.

The inspection of the fossils was most satisfactory, and they were pronounced highly interesting, the more so because several of them were perfectly incomprehensible; and notwithstanding the confined and heated places in which they were stowed, Mr. Grubbe poked about amongst the packing-cases, covered with dust and perspiration, and dragging his friend after him, until every available object had been investigated, and they emerged from the hold into the free air. A fresh treat now awaited him. His friend was attached to everything old equally with himself, and old wine possessed no insignificant share of his affections. With praiseworthy foresight he had provided a tasting-order as a crowning finish to their excursion; and having raised Mr. Grubbe's curiosity by mysterious hints of pipes and casks that had long slumbered in cool excavations below the level of the Thames, and wine more generous, oily, and sparkling than ever came into the dealer's hands, they were not long in furnishing themselves with inches of candle in split laths, and following their guide—a priest of Bacchus in highlows and corduroys—into the bowels of the Docks. How long they lingered therein we are ashamed to state; nor will we tell the world too ruthlessly how many casks were broached by the relentless gimlet; how the wine leaped bright and creaming from the wood; how the glasses held twice the ordinary quantity, and how they were even rinced out with claret and madeira, which was thrown about amongst the sawdust like water. Neither will we betray the number of samples tasted by the visitors; nor do more than just hint at Mr. Grubbe's slapping the cellarman

MR. GRUBBE IN THE DOCKS.

on the back for a good fellow, and endeavouring to strike up an ancient Bacchanalian melody, sung by Dignum in his young days. We only know that this subterranean sojourn was protracted to a period we blush to chronicle, delayed, no doubt, by a learned disquisition, poured forth by Mr. Grubbe, upon the home-made wines of Thebes, which ended just as they got to the top of the staircase, and stood once more, blinking and confused, in the glaring sunshine of a July afternoon. And terrible was the effect of the hot atmosphere upon their temperaments before a few minutes had passed. Whiz-z-z-z-z-z went their eyes and brains altogether; the ships flew round and round like the revolving-boats at Greenwich fair, and the warehouses heaved and rolled as the billows of the sea. It was with the greatest difficulty, amidst this general *bouleversement* of surrounding objects, that the two men of science staggered to the gate, and deposited themselves in the first omnibus that passed. They had not particularly inquired in

what direction it was going; and, in consequence, after much travelling, Mr. Grubbe was somewhat surprised to find the vehicle stop in Tottenham-court-road, when he expected to be at the White Horse Cellar. But he was in the humour for treating any mishap that might have occurred with exceeding levity; and finding that the locality suited his friend just as well, even better, than Piccadilly, he wished him good-bye very affectionately, and took advantage of its proximity to pay a visit to his favourite British Museum, partly in the belief that its cool tranquillity would allay his cerebral excitement.

MR. GRUBBE ENTERING THE MUSEUM.

He left his inseparable gingham umbrella—which answered the double purpose of keeping off the rain when open, and serving as a portmanteau of collected curiosities when shut—with the porter upon entering; and then turned his steps towards the Egyptian gallery, which was his usual lounge, still cherishing some vague notion that his skull had turned into a bag of hydrogen, so elastic and vivacious was his step. There were, as usual, a great many people gaping about and asking foolish questions of the attendant; some mixing up the sphynx with the fossils they had seen, and asking if it ever was alive; others feeling rather afraid of going too near the mummies by themselves; and others lost in mental arguments as to whether the colossal fist of red granite was a thunderbolt or the hand of a petrified giant; together with a great many ill-conducted little boys, with no veneration for antiquities, who laughed at the different objects as they would have done at any of Mr. W. Bradwell's wondrous creations in a pantomime. Heedless of the visiters, Mr. Grubbe was soon lost in mighty speculations upon the mysterious productions by which he was surrounded; and so continued until the constant shuffling of feet and increasing influx of strangers, whose inane remarks grated upon his learned ears, drove him from the block upon which he was sitting, to some more remote corner of the gallery. Ensconcing himself in a recess behind one of the enormous heads, and screened by a sarcophagus, he fell into a fresh train of intense thought upon hieroglyphics in general, and those of mummies in particular. To this succeeded a confused picture of wine-vaults, pyramids, docks, claret-casks, and megatheria: and finally, overcome by the influence of heat, fatigue, and the tasting-order, he fell fast asleep.

How long he slumbered remains to this day a mystery, and probably ever will do so. But when he awoke all was still and quiet as the interior of the Theban tombs; the gallery was entirely deserted, and the moon was pouring a flood of light through the windows, which fell upon the statues and remains, rendering them still more cold and ghastly. In an instant the truth broke upon the unhappy antiquary; he had been overlooked when the Museum was cleared at seven o'clock, and was locked in—bolted, barred, almost hermetically shut up in the gallery, in the most remote part of the building, with nothing but stony monsters and crumbling mortality for his associates! Chilled to the heart with terror, despair, and the reaction of his previous excitement, he started from his corner with the intention of trying the doors, when his movement was arrested by the chime of a clock. He knew the sound well: it was the bell of St. George's, Bloomsbury, and it proclaimed the hour of twelve. And he was there alone—alone, at midnight, in the Egyptian chamber of the British Museum!

In a frenzy of terror he rushed towards the large doors, in the hope of finding them open; but they were fast closed, and he rattled the handles until the whole building rang again with the echoes. Hark! what was that sound? The echo had died away, and was now renewed, although he had desisted from his impotent attempts to gain some mode of egress. It sounded from above, and now came nearer and nearer, louder and louder, like the deadened and regular beat of muffled drums. There were footsteps too—he could plainly distinguish them, in audible progression, coming down stairs. And now a fearful spectacle met his horrified gaze. The immense marble *scarabæus* on the floor of the gallery vibrated with incipient animation; then it stretched forth its huge feelers and opened its massy wings, like a newly-born insect trying the properties of its novel limbs; and next, with the heavy cumbrous motion of a tortoise, it crept across the floor, throwing back the moonbeams from its polished surface, towards the principal entrance of the gallery. Tramp, tramp, tramp—onward came the noise, as of a great assembly, the drums still keeping up their monotonous accompaniment, and at last they approached close to the door, which quivered immediately afterwards with three loud knocks upon its panels from without. As the hapless Mr. Grubbe shrank still further into the recess, the large beetle scuffled nearer to the door, and then, raising one of its hideous feelers, it turned the handle. The gigantic granite fist moved by itself towards the entrance, and repeated the signal on the panels; and, at the last blow, a sound like the low rumbling of thunder echoed through the edifice, and the doors flew open, admitting a glare of purple light, that for a

EGYPTIAN CATCHING BEETLE.

few moments blinded the terrified intruder, whilst on either side the Memnon and the Sphynx retreated back against the wall, to allow room for the dismal *cortège* that approached.

The whole collection of mummy-cases in the rooms above had given up their inmates, who now glided down the staircase, one after another, to join their ancient compatriots of the gallery below, lifting up the covers of their painted tombs, and stretching forth their pitched and blackened arms to welcome them. And next, the curious monsters with the birds' heads, who, up to this moment, had remained patiently sitting against the side of the room with their hands upon their knees, rose courteously to salute their visitors. The light which filled the apartment, although proceeding from no visible point, grew brighter and brighter until it assumed the brilliancy of oxy-hydrogen; and when the last of the dusty and bandaged guests had arrived, the doors closed violently, and the orgies began. The figures in the pictures became animated and descended from the tablets, being by far the most attractive portion of the company, either male or female, as they were semblances of life, bearing *amphoræ* of the choicest wine from the vineyards of Memphis: strange birds in long striped tunics, and stranger creations, whose shapes inherited an attribute of every class of the animal kingdom, acted as attendants, and obsequiously waited upon the superior deities; whilst the greatest feature of the gallery—the mystic, awe-inspiring Memnon, moved in stately progress to the end of the room, and commenced pouring forth that wondrous harmony with which at sunrise and twilight he welcomed his early worshippers. Then commenced an unearthly *galopade*—a dreary carnival of the dead, to the music of their master, accompanied

MR. GRUBBE DANCING.

by the strange sounds of instruments brought by the mummies most inclined to conviviality, from the glass-cases up stairs. But the strangest sight in the whole spectacle was the curious way in which Mr. Grubbe, despite his fears, perceived that they mingled ancient with modern manners, when the dance came to an end. Some of the animated Egyptians betook themselves to pipes and beer; others brought large aerolites from the different rooms and began to play at ninepins with the inferior household gods of blue glazed clay; one young Memphian even went so far as to thrust an enormous hook, as big as an anchor, through the body of the *scarabæus*, and then spin him at the end of a rope about the room; and, finally, they wheeled a sarcophagus into the centre of the gallery, and filled it with what Mr. Grubbe's nose told him was excellent mixed punch, which they tippled until the eyes of Memnon twinkled with conviviality, as he snuffed up the goodly aroma; and at length, forgetting his dignity altogether, volunteered to play the *Aurora* waltzes (in compliment of course to his mother) out of his head. The monumental punch-bowl was directly pushed on one side, and they began to dance again, Mr. Grubbe getting gradually more and more excited by the music, until, unable to contain himself any longer, he rushed from his recess, and seizing a fair young daughter of the Nile round the waist, was in an instant whirling round in the throng of deities, mummies, hieroglyphics, ibises, and anomalous creations who composed the assembly.

The hours flew along like joyous minutes, and still the unearthy waltz was continued with persisting energy, until Mr. Grubbe's brain became giddy and bewildered. His strength also began to fail in spite of the attractions of his young *Memphienne*, whose soft downy cheeks, roguish kissable lips, and supernaturally-sparkling eyes, had for a time made him forget his age. He requested her to stop in their wild gyrations, but she heeded him not—breathless and exhausted, he was pulled round and round, whilst the Memnonian orchestra played itself louder and louder, until at length, losing all power, he fell down in the midst of the dancers. Twenty others, who had been twirling onwards, not perceiving their prostrate companion, immediately lost their footing; and, finally, the whole assembly, like so many bent cards, giddy with wine and excitement, bundled one over the other, the unfortunate antiquary being the undermost of the party. In vain he struggled to be free—each moment the pressure of the superincumbent Egyptians increased; until in a last extremity—unable to breathe, bruised by their legs and arms, and half suffocated with mummy-dust—he gave a few fruitless gasps for air, and then became insensible.

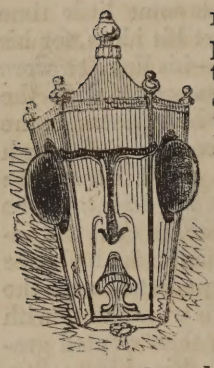
It was broad daylight when he once more opened his eyes; and the motes were dancing in the bright morning sunbeams that darted into the gallery. There were sounds of life and motion too, on every side (although no one had as yet entered the apartment), and the rumble of distant vehicles in the streets. It was some little time before Mr. Grubbe could collect his ideas, for his brain was still slightly clouded—his lips also were parched, and his eyeballs smarting with the revelry of the night. But there he still was, in the room, surrounded by his late company, although they had now resumed their usual situations: the Memnon and Sphynx were *vis-à-vis*, and the *scarabæus* in his customary place, as cold and inanimate as ever; whilst the gigantic fist had once more taken possession of its pedestal, and the gentlemen with the curious heads were sitting with their hands upon their knees in their wonted gravity. But, notwithstanding all this chill reality, the antiquary's mind was in a tumult of excitement. The dim undying magic of ancient Egypt was still in force, unconquered by time or distance. He had been admitted to the orgies of Memnon; he had watched the revelries and manners of the hitherto mysterious race; above all, he had gleaned information for a paper that would bring the Society of Antiquaries at his feet in wondrous veneration!

The doors were, ere long, thrown open, and Mr. Grubbe left the gallery unnoticed. On arriving at Brompton, he found Mrs. Weston in a state of extreme terror and exhaustion, having watched the whole night for her master's return, that worthy gentleman never having passed so long a period from home. He retired immediately to his study, and laboured until dusk with unceasing industry; and from that period Egypt alone occupied his thoughts. He thought of nothing else by day, and dreamed of that subject only by night. The subject grew beneath his hands and ideas, and what with the circumstances he imagined, and those he dreamed about—for in his labours he ever confounded them together—the work is still unfinished; and he will not give it to the world in an imperfect condition, although his most intimate friends already fear that his application is affecting his brain. But, when his task is concluded, great will be his triumph: he will have furnished—at least such is his expectation—a key to all the mystic customs of the early Nile; the hidden lore of Memphis will be unravelled to the million: he will walk abroad a thing for men to gaze at and reverence; and his name will go down to posterity in company with Memnon and the Great Pyramid.

These are his own anticipations: his intimate friends have only one hope—that he will be spared from Bedlam sufficiently long to perfect his colossal undertaking; and that on no account will he be induced any more to venture, with a tasting-order, to the Docks.

THE BOYS OF LONDON.

BY MARK LEMON.



THE Boys of London! — the pigmy *men* that crowd, alas! too many of the streets of modern Babylon. The boys of London—that sentence clings to the tip of our pen as though the comprehensiveness of our subject frightened away expression. We feel as if we were about to trace the tributaries of a mighty river. Now wandering by some pleasant margin, where the tall hare-bell waves in the gentle wind, and the creeping bind-weed holds up her painted cups to catch the dew—the air is rich with the melodies of birds, and the waters golden with the sun. Now we saunter languidly beside some turgid stream which blackens the shores it laves. The flowers cannot breathe beside it, but the ebon crow finds a loathsome banquet—song-birds there are none. Anon we stand beside a waterfall, and watch the playful stream leaping and glittering with its joy. Then comes the mighty river, burthened with argosies, and greedy from its vastness, drinking the pure and foul.

We are not much in love with our proem—but our indolence will not let us amend it. With whom shall we begin?

THE DOCTOR'S BOY.

There he is, looking as "mild as an emulsion." The heartiness of boyhood seems to have been evaporated in the surgery. Once it was a mystery to us why the Doctor's Boy was of such a melancholic temperament. We have no longer a doubt of the occasion. He who should knock at men's doors, and be welcomed as the messenger of hope, is too generally received as a "picker of purses," or an emissary of the undertaker—as a being whose visitations are as fatal as those of the death-watch. The exquisite lines of Moore, beginning

"How oft has the Banshee cried?"

and the earnest enquiry of the anxious relative, of

"How oft has the Doctor called?"

are nearly synonymous.

The Boy is part of the master, and who does not "hate the sight of a doctor?" He is looked

upon as a necessary evil—an income-tax—a thing that every man may abuse and cozen if possible. Some religiously believe that there would be no ailments if there were no doctors. The colleges of physicians and surgeons are considered by many as large factories of disease, and the honorary initials of M. D. and M. R. C. S., are mystic symbols, the mildest of which signify robbery and murder.

The Doctor's Boy soon becomes conscious of his position. In vain the benevolence or vanity of his master dresses him in verdant broadcloth and brass buttons, until he looks like a *Jack in the Green* garnished with camomile flowers—his heart will be weary as that of a sweep on a rainy May-day. He knows the love that the world bears him, and callous indeed must that Boy be who can brave the hatred of (if his master's practice be tolerably good) five or six populous Streets, and possibly three sides of a Square.

How cautiously the Doctor's Boy handles a knocker—he never gives more than a *pat* at a door, and as to a bell, he only *tickles* the clapper.

His heart sinks at the click of the door-latch, for he dreads his reception from the servant:

"What, more stuff! Well, missus knows best if she wants to be a widder—You're niceuns you are?" as though the Boy were an accessory before the fact to some medicated manslaughter. Such treatment would try the strength of a chain cable, how much more that of a Doctor's Boy? If he has ever heard of Pandora's box, his double-flapp'd basket becomes its antitype, with this difference, that as often as he has looked into it, he never saw hope at the bottom.

Whoever heard a Doctor's Boy whistle? We can conceive the possibility of such an occurrence, and imagine the air would be the *Dead March in Saul.*

Hum!—we are growing melancholy from our imaginings of his miseries. Get home, poor lad! the grey stones beneath thy feet have no sympathies, and man thou hast proven hath none for thee. Get *home!*

And is there a home for him—a home that is not a mockery—but an abiding place where the affections watch at the threshold?

Let us follow him.

In the centre of a demi-genteel street is a lamp that projects to the extremity of the act of Parliament. Three sides of it are nearly occupied by circular vessels, containing variously coloured liquids. On the door beneath is an ample brass-plate, inscribed "Mr. Fibre, Surgeon," and the effigies of a hand directs the eye to a large nob, and the words "night-bell." The upper part of the door is glazed, and ornamented with a short crimson curtain, immediately above which are seen the nose, eyes, and brutus, of Mr. Jasper Jones, the apprentice of Mr. Fibre.

Mr. Jasper Jones has been flattening his nose against the glass for the last half hour, anxiously awaiting the return of the Boy, in order that he (Mr. Jasper Jones) may make his *toilette.* Pretty Miss Herringbone, the milliner, has called for a "a pen'orth of salts of lemon," much to the annoyance of Mr. Jasper Jones, who would not have served her in *deshabille*, if he could have helped it, for the best Cuba that ever was smoked!

At the sight of the Boy, the face of Mr. Jasper Jones matches the curtain—it becomes luminous as a show-bottle. The door opens, and as the Boy enters, he receives an impetus that nearly prostrates him.

"You take it easy, Sir," remarks Mr. Jasper Jones. "What's made you so long, eh? You've been stopping to count your buttons, I suppose? Have you been to Woburn-place?"—"Yes, Sir."

"And Bow-street?"— "Yes, Sir."

"And Charlotte Street?"—"Yes, Sir."

"And St. Paul's Church Yard?"—"Yes, Sir."

"And Bond Street?"—"Yes, Sir."

"And all the other places, you *lazy* cub?"—"Yes, Sir."

"Have you cleaned the knives?"—"Yes, Sir."

"And the boots?"—"Yes, Sir."

"And the windows?"—"Yes, Sir."

"Wash'd the poodle?"—"Yes, Sir."

"Fed the cat?"—"Yes, Sir."

"And the parrot?"—"Yes, Sir."

"Then dust the counter, you *idle* scamp, and don't ring me down to give change for a sovereign."

Mr. Jasper Jones retires to temper his wiry hair with a presentation bottle of Rowland's Macassar, and the Doctor's Boy fulfils the behests of that most arrogant of bipeds, the doctor's apprentice.

Mr. Fibre does not expend money on a livery for nothing; Mrs. Fibre takes care of that, as you may judge from the following colloquy.

"Mary," says the doctor's lady, "has the page returned?"

Mary, who holds the responsible situation of cook and housemaid, naturally inquires, "Do you mean the Boy, me'm?"

"Certainly," replies Mrs. Fibre.

"Then I think he is, me'm, because"—(we love a housemaid's sequitur)—"because I heard Mr. Jasper in his bed-room a-trying to put the cat into his Wellington boot."

"Then tell John" (John is the Boy) "to take this note to Mrs. Allphuss at Hampstead Heath, and this—to Miss Lambswool, at Clapham Rise."

Mary (who has been asking for "leave out" for the afternoon) humanely proffers her services to deliver Miss Lambswool's note, as Mary's aunt "lives at Clapham Rise, and washes the Lambswools."

Mrs. Fibre's nose is a turn-up—we beg pardon—Mrs. Fibre's nose is *retroussé*, and somewhat highly tinted. Mary's suggestion has made it curl and colour, until it resembles the point of a crimson Turkish slipper.

"You!" exclaims the indignant doctress;

"you!—Mary, I am surprised! I thought you always lived where *a servant in livery* was kept. Give John the notes."

Mrs. Fibre's vanity is too much for the kindliness of Mary. The livery—though only a doctor's livery, is the insignia of the Boy's serfdom—an outward and visible sign of the position the Fibres occupy in the feudalism of genteel society.

The weary Boy has sped on his needless journey. On the green heath of Hampstead he sees a jocund throng of children—all poor as he—making the welkin ring with their shrill trebles. Mirth seems to leap from their hearts, and their limbs, though cased in tatters, are elastic as those of Arcadian revellers.

At first the Doctor's Boy gazes listlessly upon their play—anon, the sunshine of their merriment steals into his heart, and plays about his lips—he longs to claim a brotherhood with the ragged throng, and feel again that childhood is the holiday of life.

At length one of the merry-makers, almost drunken with his jollity, breaks some childish jest upon "my lady's page." The Boy's eye glances to his gaudy vestments, and then—he remembers that he has no boyhood—that he is devoted to the Temple of Mammon, and the service of—Mrs. Fibre.

It is well for him that he has awakened from his reverie, for every minute of his absence is anxiously noted on the gilded dial of Mrs. Fibre's French clock. Mary's "leave out" has been countermanded; the twelve fiddle-handed tablespoons—those treasured relics of Mrs. Fibre's late aunt Floss—have been freed from their wrappers of wash leather; the holland covers of the drawing-room chairs have been hastily removed; the save-alls in the chamber candlesticks have been replaced by wax-ends; the gorgeously-bound album, containing "the autograph letter from his Serene Highness the Prince of Nospekinoff to Mr. Fibre, when the doctor was attending his S. H. the P. of Nospekinoff ('s valet) for the cholic," is laid upon the table; in short, everything betokens that this day is about to be a white one in the diary of the Fibres.

We will not keep the reader in suspense.

The lady of Sir Augustus Tunks, Knt., has honoured the Fibres by a call, and consented (what condescension!) to dine with them "just as they are."

"Lady Tunks" (to quote the doctor) "is a most amiable creature, with an excellent biliary derangement, and a lucrative nervousness." Honesty compels us to acknowledge that there is some ambiguity about her ladyship's early life and adventures. A malicious butcher in Clare Market has been heard to declare that "she was cook to Sir Gustus afore he was made somebody on;" and a superannuated milliner is ready to make affidavit—to what we believe to be gross scandal. Certain it is that Sir Augustus Tunks only gives men's parties.

Mrs. Fibre has a very extended philanthropy; in fact, so elastic is it, that she never dares trust entirely to her feelings. She therefore consults—her husband's ledger, the "sums total" of which invariably regulate her regards. A long list of "draughts as before," awaken in her bosom the profoundest respect; and should they be accompanied by "pills to be taken night and morning," her devotion is unbounded. What then must be her feelings towards Lady Tunks?—a lady who has a biliary derangement, a confirmed nervousness, and drinks bran— no, gallantry forbid that we should write the whole of *that* word.

And Lady Tunks dines with the Fibres!—Hem!

> Quanti emptæ? Parvo. Quanti ergo? Octussibus.
> Eheu!
> Quid refert, morbo, an furtis peream ve rapinis?

—The Doctor's Boy has returned home almost exhausted by his journey. He remembers that it is the day on which "The Domestic Animal's Friend Society" meet to discuss the wrongs of weavers' cats and the benighted condition of costermongers' dogs. His mistress is an active, a very active member, and Mr. Jasper Jones (who is Hon. Sec.) always attends her to and from the committee room. The pulse of the Boy bounds at the thought of rest!

Reader, it is useless to detail what you must have imagined already. The livery hides the weary limbs and the sickening heart. The "Page" must wait at table, and, like another Tantalus, look upon the plenty he is forbidden to share.

Eleven o'clock—and again the drawing-room bell rouses the sleeping Boy. What music is in Mrs. Fibres's voice!

"Lady Tunks's carriage."

The painted glory rolls from the door, and the Boy hears the joyful command "Go to bed."

His little pallet is soon prepared, for he is his own bed-maker, and sleep (blessed sleep!) closes his eyes with her filmy hands, and leads him through her labyrinths to the land of dreams.

Let us dream with him.

Again he is (to use the expressive language of a living writer) "in the streets of stony-hearted London." The same feeling of oppressiveness is at his heart that deadens his waking-hours. The echo of his own foot-fall is all that he hears. Presently he notices the figure of a recumbent woman, such as he has often seen on the image-boards of the Italian boys. It is Bailey's "Eve at the Fountain." As he looks upon it the statue swells into life—the face beams with the full contentment of its own beauty—there is no trace of an *unsatisfied* or *extended* hope, and the Boy, in the simplicity of his soul, calls it—happiness.

As soon as he can withdraw his eyes from the solace of that face, he observes the exquisite

limbs! What muscle is there that does not *rest* or bear its burthen so easily that it seems all but to *repose?*

The weary boy calls this happiness also.

His reverie is broken by the laughter of a group of children, not like those with whom he has mixed in the streets. The children of his dream are indeed *children.* Their laughter has the ring of innocence, coming as it were from a bell of the purest silver—grosser metal could not emit such a sound. Poor boy! he remembers that he had such a laugh before poverty drove him into the streets. He tries to recall it—at first he fails, but at the second effort he is successful;—he thinks that his heart has broken, it feels so lightsome. With a joyous step he hurries to the happy group, and taking hands, dances round and round to the music of his own laughter.

O, avarice! spare to poverty its childhood! The memories of a happy infancy have been the pearls in many a cup of bitterness and sorrow.

Let us not pause, for his dream is nearly over. The dance is ended, and, breathless with merriment, he throws himself upon the ground. Nature has spread her greenest and softest carpet where he lies, and flowers—flowers which he has never seen but in the hawker's basket, gush from the earth, and pour their incense round him, until he grows dizzy with their sweetness.

Clang! clang! What noise is that which almost numbs his ear? Clang! clang!—The nob of the "night-bell" is in the grasp of Mr. Jasper Jones, and the bell in the bedroom of the Boy.

All is over!—He has awaken to the reality of existence—Mr. Jasper Jones must be let in, though the thermometer be below *zero*, and the shivering porter must be the Doctor's Boy.

Poor fellow! what will become of him? We are not much given to unchristian speculation, but as we never knew *a man* who had been *a doctor's boy*, we can but anticipate that his mausoleum will be a mahogany cupboard in the surgery of some Mr. Fibre.

A few more words and we have done.

Laura Day (the name is fictitious) was one of those fair creations that seem too fragile for the wear of life. At the time of which we write she was about five years of age, and labouring under the withering effects of the hooping-cough. The disease had taken some peculiar turn, and it was necessary that the strictest watch should be kept over her, and her *medicine administered with scrupulous regularity.* We took a share of this anxious duty, and never shall we forget our watch beside the little sufferer. For a quarter of an hour or so she seemed to sleep, and then the thin lids would be raised from her soft blue eyes, as though she wished to tell her consciousness of the care of those around her. Then came the harassing cough with its frightful "hoop," that seemed to tear one's heartstrings.

Her father insisted upon giving Laura her medicine, and for that purpose (when not actually watching) he was called by those on duty.

We had aroused him at the stated time, and it was evident, from the appearance of the little patient, that a change, an important change, was about to take place, no doubt to be influenced by a draught which had been just delivered by the Doctor's Boy.

Mr. Day took the phial, but his hand was stayed for a moment by an exclamation of his wife, who fancied, in all the fulness of a mother's fears, that she could trace the approach of death.

The father shook as with an ague, and in his trepidation dropped the draught upon the floor—the phial was broken, and the precious liquid lost!

Almost frantic, the wretched man rushed down stairs, and had just reached the hall, when a violent knocking arrested his progress. The street-door was opened, and pale and breathless there stood the doctor.

"Have you," he gasped,—"have you given the child the draught?"

"No!" exclaimed Mr. Day.

"Thank God!" was the rejoinder. "The Boy had mistaken the phials, and delivered what to the child, would have been poison!"

* * * * * * *

A month ago we heard the marriage-bells of Laura Day!

PICTORIAL PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF THEOPHILUS SMUDGE.

EDITED BY CIMABUE BRIGGS, ESQ.

T has always been a leading principle in my actions to make something of myself; never to shrink, skulk, or hide from the world's gaze, but fearlessly, nay joyously, to stand forth in the ranks of every day, to receive censure or approbation for whatever I had to say or do, not allowing my blessed little opening blossoms to be shrivelled out of all form and beauty by the withering effect of the one, or to be over expanded into weakness by too strong an emanation of the other.

Many have been the means and many the sufferings produced by the application of those means to make my way to my present occupancy in society—no, in the world of art: that is the grandeur I cling to, the grandeur of the world of art! These are words for the seduction of a tyro, or the misleading of the innocents; words that lull the dreamy imagination of the credulous into visions of luxury, with its libraries and livery servants, costumes and couches, meershaums and mustachios, and all manner of mirrors and Persian pleasures in profusion. But, oh! what—what is the chilling reality? Ask of me; ask of one who has seen its character "*en deshabille;*" who has followed and marked the phases of the human mind without its worldly garniture; moreover, one who has counted the trees in St. James's Park for dinner, and whose couch has been of wicker and matting, and his bed-room some part of Covent Garden Market. Those are periods that I never disown, though an over-dwelling upon them produces a rising and falling of the diaphragm, a sensation which rather tends to undulate the surface of my general serenity.

Perhaps the most humorous part of my career in the world of art, was when I painted my way from the eastern to the opposite extremity of the metropolis, taking certain shops as the stepping-stones to my professional journey. (I am not here alluding to the lively occupation which I once enjoyed of touching-up the lamp-posts and other externals which demand revivifying from time to time.) The success which went with my first essay never left me until I had satisfied every fishmonger from Mile End to Knightsbridge. I painted marine views for every one of them, and took it out in fish, with but one exception, wherein I was repulsed most sadly, and felt the truth—a contested truth, I admit—that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." I shall never cease to have in my imagination the haughty Musselman, who, whilst wiping his large red hands with an extraordinary degree of energy and self-satisfaction, told me, that unless I could prove to him that the colours used by the moderns would stand the test of time, he should continue his patronage of the old masters; in furtherance of which assertion he directed my attention to an ancient picture, occupying nearly one side of his shop, and representing a lady of times past, with an equivocal leer upon her countenance, chaffering with a shrewd-looking, hard-mouthed, and bearded gentleman, of the ancient and very honourable body of fishmongers, for a selection of fish in variety; a specimen of something of the saurine tribe, and a few oddities, long since extinct. As it would have been useless in me to have attempted to reform his notions of modern art, or to have driven oil, varnish, myguelp, medium, gumption, or any other vehicle into his brain, his piscatory ideas being too watery to admit of any such mixture, I contented myself by bowing a retreat.

The general mode of arrangement during my probationership in the calm-and-stiff-breeze school was to try for money; failing in that, to combat for part money, and fish for the residue; if unsuccessful in that attempt, rather than lose the glimpse even of a chance, I took it all out. I have thus lived for a fortnight upon oysters, and am intimately acquainted with the raw, scolloped, fried, and stewed in every fashion. My patrons were invariably satisfied, and so was I, by the interchange of commodities, marine productions on both sides. Often, though, have I induced a bargain, by reminding the half-inclined to barter, or, I think I may be allowed to say, the coquette, in the fine arts, that my wares were imperishable, and that the hand which improved the one destroyed the other; a fair way, it must be admitted, of drawing a balance in my own favour.

It must not be supposed that I feasted entirely upon the direct produce of my trading (for such it was, however unprofessional my brethren may take it). I had numerous ways of altering my diet; thus, I gave my landlady mackerel for mutton, bloaters for bread, and cod for cooking in general. The last of his race wound up my affairs with him and his brethren; he called upon me for a

stiff breeze I had in progress for him, and because I could not get it finished, so that he might (the next day being the Thursday before Good Friday), to use his own terms, make a spicy display among his salt-fish customers; and although I assured him that it was impossible to furnish it by the time he wished, and further, upon the word of a gentleman and an artist,—the uncharitable wretch —the disgrace to his apron—cruelly stopped my oysters the next night, and that, too, when I was returning home half famished from an unsuccessful voyage in search of a late dinner.

After all, the fishmongers are rather an intellectual race, and gratitude for their favours is as intense on my part as the love of art is on theirs; and though I have long since ceded their patronage, and the genial sunshine of Billingsgate, to other aspirants to fame and fish, they were the first shopkeepers to recognise and encourage my abilities; and the recollection of them shall for ever dwell in that corner of my heart devoted to salmon and shrimp sauce.

"I cannot imagine what he could want with me," said I to my landlady one morning; "you say, Mrs. Dobbins, he called just after I went from home last evening, and left that card?" I looked at the said card again, and it only informed me that I was expected any morning before eleven o'clock at the Birmingham Depôt of Messrs. Glaze and Baker, Hardwaremen, 243, Long Lane, West Smithfield. "Business, most likely," I thought; and, with my usual alacrity, finished my breakfast, at the last mouthful of which I jumped up, and for the hundredth time, and with an insinuating tone, which I was fearful must ere long be worn out, craved of my good-natured hostess the loan of a little lustre from her blacking-bottle. "That you shall have, Mr. Smudge, and welcome," answered the good-natured creature, with a smile; "but as you do not intend, I suppose, polishing your stockings, it will be of no use to you till the man brings home your boots." I had almost entirely forgotten that for some days past I had been experiencing, practically, that part of some celebrated French writer's system of education, which recommends, for the sake of health, a close acquaintanceship with the bare ground, together with free and easy incomings and outpourings of every muddy pool chance or choice might walk one into. The only thing I could do, in this annoying situation, was to desire the man to be hurried with the job, and a steady denial to be fixed upon every inquiry as to my being at home.

The next morning, at the specified time, I entered the shop, No. 243, Long Lane, and was soon upon business terms with one of the partners of that respectable firm. "You think, then," said he, after a few preliminaries, "you could manage to get up some battle-pieces cheap; they are the most likely things to tell as novelties in our business, the public have so long feasted upon peace and plenty, surrounded by a halo of flowers; the happy family in a golden circle; and mamma's darling, I dare say you know that subject, Sir, with a border of Chinese griffins? You see, Sir, it is absolutely necessary to keep pace with the bustling and improvements of the present age. People require more stirring subjects; their energies are alive; and if you can assist us in feeding them, we shall thus add to the glories of a great nation, inculcate a deeper love for the fine arts, degrade those who persist in keeping to the old patterns; and, above all (that which will cause us the highest gratification), we shall afford you an excellent opportunity to get up your name, Mr. Smudge."

Mr. Glaze most amiably then proceeded in a highly polished strain, which he had doubtless acquired by long communion with his own tea-trays, and concluded by offering me fourteen shillings each, if I would undertake one dozen at that price; a sum which, he assured me, they had never before proposed to the most "talented" artist in their employ; and which, with feelings entirely benumbed with gratitude for the very delicate and all but parental manner in which these overtures had been conducted towards me, I readily accepted. The blank trays were sent to my lodging, and forthwith I commenced upon my new work of art.

And here I beg to say, that as it is my earnest intention to dispense liberally every information connected with the voyage of art in which I have been engaged, as a set of landmarks either to be gained or avoided, as circumstances may dictate, by the younger and inexperienced traveller in the same region, that intention must apologize for this statement of the method I pursued in my first attempt in the grand historical. Having obtained an unparalleled illustration of indiscriminate fire and slaughter in the perfection of a coloured print, purporting to be a faithful representation of British valour as displayed (if I remember) at Salamanca; I traced by puncture the outline of a few of the most daring perpetrators in the scene, foreshortened a drum and a dragoon in the immediate foreground, each having been destroyed by a wound in the head; displayed the field marshal, with his staff, upon a small hillock in the middle ground (their private freehold ever since battles were first printed), dotted in some rows of heads in variegated military ornament, and left the rest to smoke. I then, by means of a pounce rag, quickly transferred this performance to each of the trays; and found, that by painting them in parts (a sort of half stencil half legitimate), to my surprise I could, with tolerable assiduity, realize four guineas a week; for, that day fortnight from my first interview with my new and generous patron, my countenance and his beamed upon each other with mutual recognition; with, on his part, a slight peculiarity, which, after some few seconds de-

voted to recollection, I discovered partook partially of resemblance to a drawing I had made in my primitive call to the profession, from a series of studies of the passions by Le Brun, called surprise. This expression he more decidedly seized on as I pointed to the dozen trays finished outright, and which my landlady's son Bob had assisted in conveying, and was now conjointly engaged with me in displaying separately.

The other partner, Mr. Baker, being in the counting-house, the things were there removed, to be reviewed and talked about by the two commercials, whilst (Bob having been discharged) I remained in the shop, in anxious speculation upon the result of my first exploit in this line of business, though apparently regarding some of the ornamental produce which I was absolutely looking through. At length I was summoned to join the two gentlemen of Birmingham and hardware celebrity; when Mr. Glaze, who appeared anything but the sleeping partner, addressed me thus:—"We are extremely well satisfied with the manner in which these articles have been got

SMUDGE AND HIS PATRONS.

up; but—(that awful conjunction, with its wicked disjunctive properties, its fiendish propensities of joining but to sunder more cruelly that which it joins—the demon hand by which the drowning wretch is grasped, in mockery of pity, but to be sunk more deeply—the *ignis fatuus* to the benighted traveller—the false beacon to the bewildered mariner—the something else to many other things—all and each of which I thought in quick review before Glaze had tagged the completion of his information)—we have made a mistake, Mister, in the price. We find, after adding the expense of polishing, stoving, &c., to your part of the undertaking, our profits will be too small to allow more than twelve shillings each." Bravo! said I mentally, this is a better reception than I anticipated; at the same time, pretending to be in an arithmetical labyrinth, from which I gradually emancipated myself. I told the gentlemen I would undertake a further order on the last price—(of course I would)—and all that I have before mentioned, in the way of surprise on the part of my employers, was but as a particle in comparison, when, at the end of a fortnight, I returned them as many trays as realized the same amount with my previous undertaking. The money was, however, paid, and as, no doubt, they deemed it as much their duty to watch my interest as carefully as their own, a third order was given, but not without another reduction of two shillings on each performance, which affected my income not a fraction, seeing that in the same ratio I increased the number of battles with the decreasing price.

The third batch brought matters to a close, and revealed not only the secret of my early compliance to their sliding scale and my ability to meet them, but a clear demonstration of the adage "that money is the sinews of war"; for, upon inspecting my last efforts, a sudden dawn of intellect (as it so happened) appeared on the brow of Mr. Glaze, which he communicated to me in a mesmeric form, that is by smartly thrusting his elbow under my fifth rib as he said—"Very good, Mister, very good, but we can't be done any more in this way. No, Sir, we see your system; why, these last are almost all smoke." "Certainly," I rejoined, "as a fair dealer you must allow the justice of having less fighting for ten shillings than for fourteen; consequently, when you made your first reduction, a whole regiment went into smoke, and with your last I followed the same mode of economy, and gave you still more smoke and less murder." It may be, perhaps, needless to remark, that at this candid avowal my business ceased—this terminated my line of battle. In this short experience I had rendered myself equal to my talented friend Mr. Glaze—had proved myself as great a general. I regretted my capacity—but so it was.

THE CHILD'S SPIRIT TO ITS MOTHER.

Sweet mother, do not weep,
Thy child is but asleep!
For when the Spring brings back again
The flowers and sunny skies,
The roses of my lips shall tell—
The blue-bells of my eyes—
Sweet mother, I am near,
Why should'st thou shed a tear?

Sweet mother, do not weep,
Thy child is but asleep!
And when the Summer breezes sigh
Through every leafy tree,
Believe it is my little voice
That's calling thee to me.
Sweet mother, I am near,
Why should'st thou shed a tear?—L.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A NAVAL OFFICER.

BY ROBERT POSTANS.

It has been remarked by somebody, that the happiest part of our existence is passed at school. I will not pronounce a verdict in favour or against this observation, but content myself with the remark, that of the many agreeable companions with whom my wanderings have made me familiar, I cannot call to mind happier reminiscences than those connected with Ralph Munday. We studied navigation on the same form, and, notwithstanding he was my senior by two years, there existed between us a strong feeling of friendship. The attachment of boyhood, however ardent the feelings, rarely stands the rude buffets of this every-day working world, and disappointment is almost the common lot.

With Ralph Munday, however, are connected some of the happiest and brightest of my scholastic recollections: we studied the same noble science together, and both aspired to become conspicuous in the soul-stirring profession which our youthful imaginations looked forward to with curiosity and wonder.

Often did we speculate upon the chance of our meeting at some distant day in a foreign land, in the event of which how fresh and vivid would be the recollections of our mimic navigation in the village brook which bounded the old school-house. These, and many similar scenes, are seared into the brain of one, who remembers them only as delusions of the past—as delusions that existed only for the hour in which they occurred, and not as the fruit of that blossom which futurity was to expand and ripen into perfection. Even at the distant day I narrate this incident, I remember the sorrow I experienced at parting with my early friend to join his ship; and although the brevity of a school-boy's sorrow has passed into a proverb, mine was an exception to the rule.

The time soon arrived when I was doomed to follow his example; and being appointed to H. M. frigate L——, bound to the East Indian Archipelago, Borneo, Celebes, and the thousand other islands which stud the ocean in that interesting portion of the globe, I left home with the sobs and blessings of a fond mother ringing in my ears for many a mile, and I joined the ship upon her distant voyage. I shall not attempt the description of a voyage to India, or of any of the different islands on which I landed; but proceed at once with the narration of the incident which, at the time of its occurrence, produced in me an overpowering and thrilling sensation.

The supply of wood and water having been much reduced during the voyage, it became necessary to put into Raja Bassa roadstead, in the Island of Sumatra, for a supply of these indispensable articles.

Nothing can surpass the extreme beauty of this island, clothed with trees of every tint down to the margin of the sea. The graceful palm, nodding its tall, feather-like foliage to the passing breeze—the gigantic camphor, a forest in itself—the waving acacia and the fragrant oleander contributing with the brilliant hues of the tropical birds to complete the enchantment of the place. On a beautiful evening the cruiser anchored in the roadstead. The Malays, who inhabit this paradise, are as remarkable for their treachery as the place is noted for its beauty, and many are the deeds of blood and ferocity with which they have stained its shores. On the present occasion we were determined to be upon our guard, and, on no pretence of friendship, to allow ourselves to be lulled into a confidence which these cruel savages might turn to their own advantage.

As soon as the ship was at anchor they pushed off in their canoes, bringing such produce as they imagined would induce us to trade with them. A lively barter soon commenced between the seamen and the natives, in the midst of which I received orders to join the watering party going ashore. A Malay who had been a voyage to Bengal in a country ship, who spoke a little English, undertook to pilot the boats into a bay where the water-butts might be safely got on shore. The distance from the ship to the land was about two miles, between which a strong tide was running. The beach was low and sandy, and a heavy ground-swell and surf tumbled into the little bay in which it was our intention to land. It was arranged that we should proceed to the centre of the bay, and haul the boats and water-casks upon the beach, and go in search of the spring with the main body of the men, leaving myself and two others to light a fire upon the beach in sight of the ship. As soon as the fire was visible to those on board they were to answer the signal by hoisting a lanthorn at the mizen-peak; and, in the event of an attack by the Malays, the fire was to be extinguished, and assistance should be sent to the watering party immediately. By the time we reached the shore it was quite dark.

No event of any consequence occurred until we arrived at the edge of the surf, when the native pilot requested the men to rest upon their oars, while he hailed his countrymen who were assembled upon the beach in great numbers. The party in the boat, expecting some treachery was meant, demanded of him the nature of his intention, but before he could make himself intelligible the effect of his conduct became sufficiently apparent. I have before mentioned the dense nature of the foliage, which in places overhangs the sea. The spot selected for the landing of the boats was

of this description, which enabled the Malay to introduce us to his island in a novel and picturesque manner. The hum of voices on shore ceased; in places we observed torches carried to and fro, which soon increased to hundreds; presently they were carried into the trees overhanging the sea, and caused sufficient light to be thrown upon the foaming water, to enable us to avoid the difficulties of the navigation in which we were engaged. My powers of description are inadequate to give even a faint idea of the wild and picturesque appearance of the shore, covered by groups of half-naked Malays, with blazing fires in their hands, yelling, hooting, and capering about in a frantic manner, their glowing eyeballs shining in the lurid glare of the torches, giving them more the appearance of demons about to perform some horrid rites or unearthly sacrifice, than human beings with whom we were about to exchange offices of civility.

On landing, the party immediately separated, the main body traversed the margin of the sea to the right of the bay, in search of the spring, the Malays following them with their torches; the seamen who were left with me keeping their retiring figures in view until the torches of the natives, from the effects of distance, assumed the appearance of fire-flies, when an angle of rock, round which they defiled, shut them out from our view.

Having lighted a fire and collected a tolerable supply of fuel, I extended myself upon the beach, and reflected upon the singularity of my situation: one feeling, however, was predominant, and that was mistrust of the Malays. Hour after hour rolled on, and no sounds, except the beating of the surf upon the shore and the howl of the wild beasts in the forest, fell upon the ear.

I soon found the task of maintaining a good fire a difficult one, and, to render it more so, the rain fell about midnight in torrents, and knowing if the fire was extinguished, no matter under what circumstances, a boat would be sent to us with an armed crew, I made every exertion to prevent such an unnecessary display and trouble. Our united exertions, though increased to the utmost, were insufficient, and the flames no longer ascended to that height which was thought sufficient for the look-out on board to distinguish. Taking one of the seamen with me, together with a lanthorn and an axe, we proceeded to make a wider range in search of fuel than had hitherto been done.

While proceeding along the beach in search of driftwood, the man a little in advance of me stumbled against an upright pillar of wood firmly fixed in the earth, about a foot square and five feet high, and which had evidently been shaped into its form by other hands than those of the inhabitants of the island on which it stood. I tried to move it, but our united efforts were of no avail. It was, however, too valuable a prize to relinquish, and we accordingly commenced operations by striking the axe into the head of the pillar, in order to insert a wedge to split it open. Whilst the seaman was endeavouring to extricate his axe after inflicting a heavy blow upon the top of the massive post, I took the lanthorn in my

hand to examine it closely, when my curiosity was excited by finding that letters had been rudely carved upon it. Desiring the man instantly to desist, I commenced a minute examination of it, and in amazement read the following inscription:—

"Near this pillar are interred the remains of Mr. Ralph Munday, who, together with fourteen men, was basely murdered by the Malays, when engaged on a watering party, — day of — 182—."

It was the humble tomb of my schoolfellow, Ralph Munday; and such was our meeting in a foreign land!

CHILDREN'S EMPLOYMENT COMMISSION.

First Report of the Commissioners, on Mines; Second Report, on Trades and Manufactures; Appendices (containing Reports and Evidence from the Assistant Commissioners). Folio. 4 Vols. 1842–3.

By R. H. Horne.

It is an unalterable decree of nature that man, to maintain a healthful condition of body or mind, must *work;* but there is no decree in nature that man should be a slave. Born for no despotism, his faculties not given him to be narrowed and abused, and the light of heaven being his simple right—no king of armies has a greater—the life-long confinement to hard labour, like a criminal without crime, the homicidal field of war, the degradation of the galleys, the mine or the reeking factory, are the sheer invention of his fellow-men, the vicious power and knowledge that master his vice and ignorance, or his industrious poverty and weakness in the social scale. To labour hard is honourable; to earn the needful daily bread by the sweat of the brow—that bread which is never given without that sweat to those who are hungry—can never be a disgrace to the earner; but when the honest working-man is treated like a beast, and his wife and children like the commonest cattle, then, indeed, is it time for his countrymen to bethink them of their boasted freedom, their excellent institutions, and the Christianity of the owners of the soil. But beneath this depth of degradation a lower deep is yet to be found. In what dark pit of coal or stone?—in what unwholesome factory?—in what smoky, squalid field or hovel? In the mind—in that abject condition which has no sense of its abjectness, no care to be otherwise: which can make no struggle to emancipate itself, but *will* make a struggle, if emancipated, to return to its darkness and its chain; an abject condition in which a father and a mother shall forget the common ties of nature, and sell their children to the worst slavery, even during their tender years.

To the honour of the late Government, which, at the instigation of Lord Ashley, originated the Children's Employment Commission, and to the honour of the present Government, which gave so immediate an attention to the able and profoundly-moving appeal of that benevolent nobleman, a rapid legislation took place with reference to the women and girls employed in mines and collieries, together with the premature and excessive labour of children. No sooner were these evils fully made known and attested—through the very careful and finely-condensed report of the Central Board of Commissioners, compiled from the voluminous reports and evidence of the Assistant-Commissioners, who had personally visited the several districts—than a bill was passed tending greatly to ameliorate them. It is true that Lord Ashley's bill aimed at higher things than the House of Lords could tolerate, and it was mutilated accordingly to fit their lordships' minds; but to the honour of human nature, though opposed to the financial interests of many extensive proprietors, a bill did pass, whereby no child under ten years of age is allowed to work in a mine, and no woman or girl, of whatever age. This law came into operation on the 1st of March.

But observe what the very next session—that is, the present—develops! Petitions are poured in from mining and factory districts, praying to have all the good undone before its natural effect has had any time to operate. In some districts the most effectual means were taken to prevent the wholesome operation of the bill. The bill recommended the gradual removal of female labourers from the mines previous to the 1st of March; and in Scotland, where the greatest abuses in the mines were discovered, the proprietors, in general, reserved all their female labourers to be let loose on the same day. Of course they had no other occupation at hand; of course neither habit nor understanding, nor domestic position, enabled them to say to their husbands, fathers, and brothers—"Do not get drunk twice a week, but work instead." The consequences were certain; these petitions are the second feature of those consequences; the first has already fallen, in various forms and degrees, upon the unfortunate women and girls. The proprietors wished to keep the women and girls because they got them cheaper than the men, and because they would do more humiliating drudgery, and in more noxious and slushy places than the men. But if any one entertains a doubt as to whether all these poor women and girls should be sacrificed to these few interests of property, it is easy to settle that question. Let us begin by quoting the words of an eyewitness, one of the Assistant-Commissioners, describing a coal-pit in the east of Scotland, where the workings are from 100 to 200 yards from the main roads, and where, throughout that distance, and through dark, steep, narrow passages, from only 22 to 28 inches in height, children and young persons of both sexes had to crawl, dragging after them a load of coal of 3 cwt.

"The danger and the difficulties," observes the Sub-Commissioner, "of dragging on roads, dipping from one foot in three to one foot in six, may be more easily conceived than explained; and the state which females are in after pulling like horses through these holes—their perspiration, their exhaustion, and very frequently even their tears, it is painful in the extreme to witness; yet, when the work is done, they return to it with a vigour which is surprising, considering how inwardly they hate it." (Franks, § 8: App. Pt. I., p. 383.) Of the severity of the labour performed by young women in these pits, the account of her work given by Margaret Hipps may serve as an example.

Margaret Hipps, 17 years old, putter, Stoney Rigg Colliery, Stirlingshire:—"My employment, after reaching the wall-face, is to fill a bagie, or slype, with 2½ to 3 cwt. of coal. I then hook it on to my chain, and drag it through the seam, which is 26 to 28 inches high, till I get to the main road—a good distance, probably 200 to 400 yards. The pavement I drag over is wet, and I am obliged at all times to crawl on hands and feet, with my bagie hung to the chain and ropes. It is sad sweating and sore fatiguing work, and frequently maims the women." (R. H. Franks, Esq., Evidence, No. 233: App. Pt. I., p. 479, l. 50.)—[Sub-Commissioner:—"It is almost incredible that human beings can submit to such employment, crawling on hands and knees, harnessed like horses, over soft slushy floors more difficult than dragging the same weights through our lowest common sewers, and more difficult in consequence of the inclination, which is frequently one in three to one in six."] (Ibid. l. 61.)—See also witnesses Nos. 102, 231, 236, 262, 362.

Or shall we turn to another form of female labour which was discovered in the same district? When the seams of coal are nearly vertical, "dipping," as it is called, at an inclination of one in three to one in six feet, the coal must be conveyed up from the workings to the main road at the foot of the shaft. In South Wales this is done by machinery; in the east of Scotland it is all performed by human beings, and these were nearly all females:—

The persons employed in coal-bearing are almost always girls and women. Boys are sometimes engaged in the same labour, but that is comparatively rare. The coal-bearers have to carry coal on their backs in unrailed roads, or up ladders or turnpike stairs, with burdens varying from ¾ cwt. to 3 cwt. The Sub-Commissioner represents this labour as "a cruel slaving revolting to humanity;" yet he found engaged in this labour a child, a beautiful girl, only six years old, whose age he ascertained, carrying in the pit a half cwt. of coals, and regularly making with this load fourteen long and toilsome journeys a day.

Margaret Leveston, six years old, coal-bearer:—"Been down at coal-carrying six weeks; makes ten to fourteen rakes a day; carries full 56lbs. of coal in a wooden backit. The work is na guid; it is so very sair. I work with sister Jessie and mother; dinna ken the time we gang; it is gai dark." ["A most interesting child, and perfectly beautiful. I ascertained her age to be six years, 24th May, 1840; she was registered at Inverness."] (R. H. Franks, Esq., Evidence, No. 116; "First Report of the Commissioners," p. 91.

William Hunter, mining oversman, Arniston Colliery:—"I have been 20 years in the works of Robert Dundas, Esq., and had much experience in the manner of drawing coal, as well as the habits and practices of the collier people. Until the last eight months, women and lassies were wrought below in these works, when Mr. Alexander Maxton, our manager, issued an order to exclude them from going below, having some months prior given intimation of the same. Women always did the lifting or heavy part of the work, and neither they nor the children were treated like human beings, nor are they where they are employed. Females submit to work in places where no man or even lad could be got to labour in: they work in bad roads, up to their knees in water, in a posture nearly double: they are below till last hour of pregnancy: they have swelled haunches and ankles, and are prematurely brought to the grave, or, what is worse, lingering existence. Many of the daughters of the miners are now at respectable service. I have two, who are in families at Leith, and who are much delighted with the change." (Franks, No. 89: p. 453, l. 59.)—Robert Bald, Esq., the eminent coal-viewer, states that, "In surveying the workings of an extensive colliery under ground, a married woman came forward, groaning under an excessive weight of coals, trembling in every nerve, and almost unable to keep her knees from sinking under her. On coming up she said, in a plaintive and melancholy voice, 'Oh, Sir, this is sore, sore, sore work. *I wish to God that the first woman who tried to bear coals had broke her back, and none would have tried it again!*'" (R. H. Franks, Esq., Report, App. Pt. I., p. 387, note.)

To this state of things the petitions aforesaid pray to return. Lord R. Grosvenor presented petitions, signed by upwards of 200 women, from Scotland; other petitions against the Mines and Collieries Bill were presented from Mid-Lothian and Stirlingshire by Mr. C. Bruce, signed "by landed proprietors, clergymen, farmers, and others." Is it any wonder that many of these petitions were signed by the working people, men and women? They know no better; they could not help themselves if they did: they have had no sort of time to seek (far less settle in) any other occupation. Let us also observe the orderly sequence of influences in the character of the signatures last mentioned—"Landed proprietors—clergymen—farmers—and *others*"—pew-holders, landlords, and employers of agricultural labourers. The bill for the amelioration of the intolerable drudgery of females and children was not passed without a struggle; and now there is about to commence a struggle to repeal it on every valuable point. What a climax to the abject condition of these people's minds; what shamelessness in the English slave-owners; what heart-breaking work for Lord Ashley!

The degraded condition of the children and young persons employed in mines was rendered the more apparent to comprehension by the introduction of certain diagrams and sketches, made on the spot by the Assistant-Commissioners. The sight of them caused great commiseration among all those who could feel for poor people; and great annoyance and disgust to the fine senses of all those who could not, or would not. Lord Londonderry declared that the sketches were offensive—made him quite sick—and were "calculated to inflame the passions." *The* passions—what passions? The passions of pity and indignation. True, the sketches were often "disgusting;" but for that very reason the cause, not the explanatory sketches, should be removed. During the whole of the discussion, however, Lord Londonderry behaved like himself, and, when defeated, fell into a chivalric rage, that caused him to sally forth in public mounted upon a pamphlet, by the aid of which, among other ludicrous exploits, he made a deadly thrust at Lord Ashley in a peculiar style. The Marquis of Clanricarde, referring to a letter from Mr. Hedworth Lambton, having said that "the question ought to be viewed as a question of humanity," Lord Londonderry retorted that Mr. Lambton was only a member for the county of Durham. "He was no coal-owner! nor had anything to say as to the direction of the Durham coal property; and he (Lord Londonderry) could only regret, from the noble marquis's statement, that Mr. Lambton seemed to be *bitten with the same humanity mania* as the noble lord who introduced the measure."*

Some of the sketches previously mentioned, several of which have only been privately circulated, and certain other authentic sketches here published for the first time, shall now be given, with a view more fully to show the recent condition of these women and infant labourers who have only been just emancipated—a condition to which these numerous petitions are seeking again to reduce the sufferers.

But, first, it will be requisite to give a brief description of a coal-mine, so that the nature of the occupation and the state of the place of work may be more clearly intelligible. One of the most graphic and accurate accounts we know is by Richard Ayton, and was first printed in "Daniel's Voyage round Great Britain."

* Letter to Lord Ashley, M.P., on the Mines and Collieries Bill, by C. W. Vane, Marquess of Londonderry, G.C.B., &c. Colburn, 1842.

It is important to show, not only the great difference of mines, but that the previous accounts, few as those have been, by individual observers, perfectly coincide with those of the present Commission. He describes the "William" pit, near Whitehaven, in Cumberland, belonging to Lord Lonsdale, a pit of that description in which the seam of coal is sufficiently thick to admit of the use of horses :—

We fixed ourselves in the basket, standing, with our hands grasping the chain; the word was given, and down we glided with a smooth and scarcely perceptible motion through a duct about six feet in diameter, and wooded all round. I kept my eyes fixed on the aperture above, which contracted as I fell, till at a vast depth I was obliged to look down, as my head grew dizzy, and small pieces of coal and drops of water struck with unpleasant force against my face. As we descended lower all became darkness, the noise over our heads grew gradually more indistinct, till it died away, and a dreary silence ensued, broken only occasionally by the grating of the basket against the walls. At length, after a descent of 576 feet, I heard the voices of men below me, and presently perceived two dim lights. These were at the *High Eye*, formerly the bottom of the shaft, on a level with which is a great extent of workings. I asked no questions here—"Steady the basket," cried our guide, and in a moment we were again in utter darknesss. In a quarter of a minute more I heard other voices below me—the basket stopped, and we soon found ourselves on our feet at the bottom, 630 feet from the light.

I could here distinguish nothing but a single candle, with the obscure form of a man by it—all around was pitch dark, not a ray of light reaching the bottom from the mouth of the shaft. Before we proceeded to explore the mine, we were recommended to remain quiet a little in order to collect ourselves; and, while we were thus striving to be composed, my nerves were momentarily shocked by a combination and succession of strange noises, among which the loud clank of the chain, as the empty basket dashed to the ground, was particularly offensive. I never saw the object, and had no notice of its approach, till its infernal crash always came to make me jump out of myself.

I had not become quite reconciled to the clank of the chain when we were summoned to go on. From the foot of the shaft we proceeded through a very long passage cut through rock, with the roof arched, and, like the sides, faced with bricks and white-washed. All the rock passages throughout the mine are faced with bricks in a similar manner; an enormously expensive precaution, but absolutely necessary to prevent the falling down of loose fragments of stone.

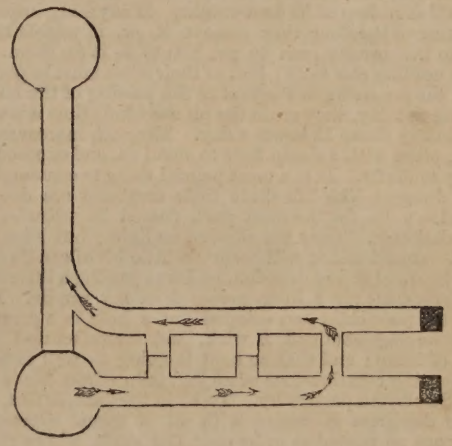
We shall see presently how very different from these large well-ordered mines are those where the children work in narrow seams :—

I cannot describe scientifically, or with any degree of clearness and certainty, all the methods of proceeding that have been adopted in laying out these vast subterranean works. In its present state, as far as I could ascertain as I groped my way through the darkness, it appeared, in the meeting and crossing of its numerous passages, to resemble the streets of a city—and of a city of no mean extent; for we sometimes walked for nearly half a mile without turning, between walls of coal or rock. To the right and left of the long lanes are workings, hollow spaces, five yards wide and twenty deep, between each of which a solid column (technically called *pillars*), fifteen yards wide and twenty deep, is left for the support of the roof, so that only one-third of a bed of coal is taken away.

The mines comprehend a connexion of workings from six to seven miles in extent east and west, and from two to three miles on the transverse line. The whole of the town is undermined, without the least danger, as is supposed, to its security; and the workings extend under the harbour, and 700 yards under the sea. Six hundred people, of various descriptions, are employed underground, and more than a hundred horses.

This, as it will be perceived, gives a description of a finely-constructed mine, where the seam of coal is thick: it is in the thin-seam pits that the labour is most oppressive, and that boys and young women performed the work of horses. Frequently, also, coal-pits are very ill drained, and, from local circumstances, are excessively wet. The aspect of such mines is very different to that described by Ayton, and in the reports of Dr. Mitchell and other of the Assistant-Commissioners. In speaking of the collieries in the West Riding of Yorkshire, Mr. Scriven says :—"In some of them I have had to creep upon my hands and knees the whole distance, the height being barely *twenty inches;* and then have gone still lower upon my breast, and crawled like a turtle to get up to the headings. They are sometimes of great length. In the Booth Town Pit I walked, crept, and was dragged on a corve 1800 yards to one of the nearest 'faces' (or workings) ; the most distant was 200 further: the bottom or floor was every here and there three or four inches deep in water, and muddy throughout." (S. Scriven, Esq., Appendix, Part II., p. 62.) This Assistant-Commissioner descended into upwards of ninety mines, so that he must have seen all varieties of them.*

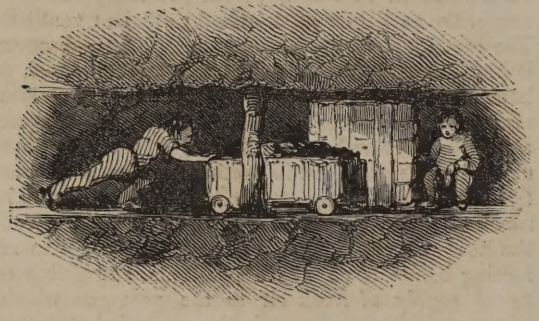
The various dangers of explosion and suffocation to be dreaded in coal-mines, from fire-damp and choke-damp, are to be obviated only by efficient ventilation. The best mode of ventilating mines hitherto discovered is by means of two shafts sunk near each other, perhaps from twelve to twenty yards apart. A stream of air is made to descend one shaft, called the "downcast shaft," and to ascend the other, called the "upcast shaft." The air is set in motion by means of a large fire kindled in the upcast shaft, and which by its heat rarefies the air, and thus, rendering it lighter, causes the heavier current continually to press downwards, forcing before it all noxious vapours, and giving continual supply of fresh air to the passages which it traverses in its way towards the expanded atmosphere of the upcast shaft. The following diagram, excellent for its simplicity, is taken from the report of Mr. Fletcher. (Appendix, Pt. II., p. 322.)



The arrows indicate the course of the air through the underground passage from the downcast to the

* Some remarks were made in the House of Commons the other night, to the effect that no Sub-Commissioners should be engaged in the commissions, as they were a useless expense; to which Sir James Graham replied, that no extensive inquiry could be properly worked by any other means, for that the Sub-Commissioners were the eyes, legs, and hands of a commission. The instance quoted above furnishes one tolerably conclusive proof of the use of "eyes, legs, and hands," which examined everything for themselves.

upcast shaft; and the lines drawn from one *pillar* to another show the trap-doors or partitions which prevent the current of air diverging to the upcast shaft before it has swept the more distant workings. Hence, the importance will be perceived of keeping the doors shut which prevent the passage of the air from one main-way to another, before it has traversed the whole extent of the mine; and as these doors require to be frequently opened, to allow the passage of the loaded *corves*, or small carts, which convey the coal towards the shaft, some means are necessary to provide for their immediately closing again. It will scarcely be believed that this important trust, on which depends the lives of the colliers and the property of the owners, was found by the Commissioners to be universally intrusted to the youngest children in the mine. Little creatures, almost always under eight years of age, often five and six, of both sexes, were found placed at these air-doors for twelve or more hours consecutively, in darkness, their sole employment being to attend to these doors. These poor infants are called "trappers."



The trappers sit in a little hole scooped out for them in the side of the gates behind each door, where they sit with a string in their hands attached to the door, and pull it open the moment they hear the corves (*i. e.* carriages for conveying the coal) at hand, and the moment it has passed they let the door fall to, which it does of its own weight. If anything impedes the shutting of the door they remove it, or, if unable to do so, run to the nearest man to get him to do it for them. They have nothing else to do; but, as their office must be performed from the repassing of the first to the passing of the last corve during the day, they are in the pit the whole time it is worked, frequently above 12 hours a day. They sit, moreover, in the dark, often with a damp floor to stand on, and exposed necessarily to drafts. It is a most painful thing to contemplate the dull dungeon-like life these little creatures are doomed to spend,—a life, for the most part, passed in solitude, damp, and darkness. They are allowed no light; but sometimes a good-natured collier will bestow a little bit of candle on them as a treat. On one occasion, as I was passing a little trapper, he begged me for a little grease from my candle. I found that the poor child had scooped out a hole in a great stone, and, having obtained a wick, had manufactured a rude sort of lamp; and that he kept it going as well as he could by begging contributions of melted tallow from the candles of any Samaritan passers by. To be in the dark, in fact, seemed to be the great grievance with all of them. Occasionally, they are so posted as to be near the shaft, where they can sometimes run and enliven themselves with a view of the corves going up with the coals, or, perhaps, occasionally with a bird's-eye peep at the daylight itself; their main amusement is that, however, of seeing the corves pass along the gates at their posts. When we consider the very trifling cost at which these little creatures might be supplied with a light, as is the case in the Cumberland collieries, there are few things which more strongly indicate neglect of their comfort than the fact of their being kept in darkness—of all things the most wearisome to a young child. (J. C. Symons, Esq., Report, § 69, 71: App. Pt. I., p. 174.)

John Saville, seven years old, collier's boy at the Soap Pit, Sheffield:—"I stand and open and shut the door. I'm generally in the dark, and sit me down against the door. I stop 12 hours in the pit. I never see daylight now, except on Sundays. I fell asleep one day, and a corve ran over my leg and made it smart. They'd squeeze me against the door if I fall to sleep again." (Symons, Evidence, No. 7: App. Pt. I., p. 228, l. 7.)—Sarah Gooder, aged eight years:—"I'm a trapper in the Gauber Pit. I have to trap without a light, and I'm scared. I go at four and sometimes half-past three in the morning, and come out at five and half-past. I never go to sleep. Sometimes I sing when I've light, but not in the dark; I dare not sing then. I don't like being in the pit. I am very sleepy when I go sometimes in the morning." (Ibid. No. 116: p. 252, l. 67.)

The condition of these little trappers had excited the commiseration of one benevolent individual, who endeavoured to excite public sympathy in their behalf fifteen years before the Legislature interfered with the economy of the collieries. The account to which I refer is given by Richard Ayton, who has been previously quoted. The same pit which he descended happens to have been lately the scene of one of those dreadful catastrophes that we so frequently hear of. In 1839 an explosion of fire-damp in this mine caused the instantaneous death of nine men and twelve boys, in the following way, so illustrative of the ignorance, or rather recklessness, of those engaged in coal-mines. The man whose business it was to examine the works made his rounds with his Davy lamp, and was actually accompanied by a boy *who carried an open lighted candle in his hand to assist him.* One would have thought that such a thing could only have occurred in a pantomime. It is precisely what the clown and pantaloon would have done, to the great amusement of the audience. But here a tragedy comes of it! Well may the Commissioners, in severely animadverting on such management in a mine belonging to one of the most opulent coal-proprietors in the kingdom, say, that, "beyond this, there can be no conceivable thoughtlessness and folly." Ayton's description of the trappers is as follows:—

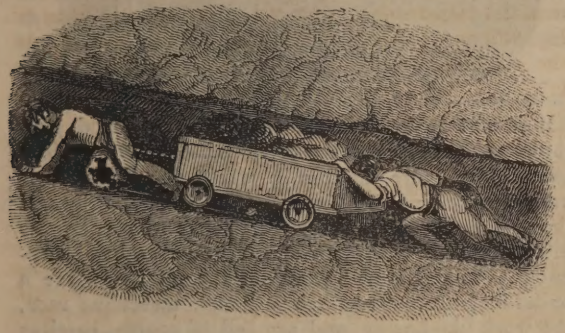
One class of sufferers in the mine moved my compassion more than any other: a number of children who attend at the doors to open them when the horses pass through, and who, in this duty, are compelled to linger through their lives in silence, solitude, and darkness, for sixpence a day. When I first came to one of these doors, I saw it open without perceiving by what means, till, looking behind it, I beheld a miserable little wretch standing without a light, silent and motionless, and resembling, in the abjectness of its condition, *some reptile peculiar to the place, rather than a human creature.* On speaking to it I was touched with the patience and uncomplaining meekness with which it submitted to its horrible imprisonment, and the little sense that it had of the barbarity of its unnatural parents. Few of the children thus inhumanly sacrificed were more than eight years old, and *several were considerably less*, and had barely strength sufficient to perform the office that was required from them. On their first introduction into the mine the poor little victims struggle and scream with terror at the darkness; but there are found people brutal enough to force them to compliance, and after a few trials they become tame and spiritless, and yield themselves up, at least without noise and resistance, to any cruel slavery that it pleases their masters to impose upon them. In the winter time they never see daylight except on a Sunday, for it has been discovered that they can serve for thirteen hours a day without perishing; and they are pitilessly compelled to such a term of solitary confinement, with as little consideration for the injury that they suffer, as is felt for the hinges and pulleys of the doors at which they attend.*

We have made the foregoing extract, not merely

* Reprinted in 1825, among "Essays by the late Richard Ayton," p. 26.

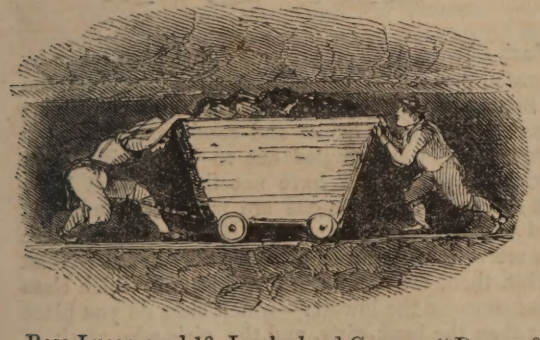
because it is graphic, not only because it is true, but to show that the wretched condition of these children was just the same 15 years ago and upwards (we know not how long), previous to the establishment of the recent Commission.

The next species of employment to which children are put in the mines, as soon as they are strong enough, is that of dragging the loaded corves from the workings to the foot of the shaft. In some districts this is done by fixing a girdle round the naked waist, to which a chain from the corve is hooked and passed between the legs, and the boys or girls crawl on their hands and knees, drawing the corve full of coal after them. This is called "drawing by girdle and chain." In other districts the same kind of work is done by pushing with the head and hands from behind. This is called "putting," or "hurrying." Sometimes both the above methods are combined, as in the following illustration.



The printed evidence of the children, taken from various districts, will show the severe pain which this mode of labour inflicts. They attest that the girdle and chain frequently rub the skin off them, make blisters "as large as shillings and half-crowns," and otherwise injure the boys and girls. They get no rest all day, unless for a few moments at a time, and in general "only when something is the matter with the engine." The *human* engine, it will be perceived, is treated without any such consideration, though there is continually something the matter with it. The galling modes of work are various:—

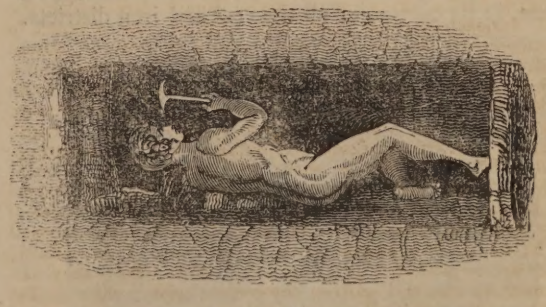
Katharine Logan, 16 years old, coal-putter:—"Began to work at coal-carrying more than five years since; works *in harness* now; draws backwards, with face to the tubs; the ropes and chains go under pit-clothes; it is o'er sair work, especially when we crawl." (Franks, Report and Evidence, App. Pt. II., p. 389.)



Rosa Lucas, aged 18, Lamberhead Green:—"Do you find it very hard work?—Yes, it is very hard work for a woman. I have been so tired many a time that I could scarcely wash myself. I could scarcely ever wash myself at night, I was so tired; and I felt very dull and stiff when I set off in the morning." (Kennedy, Evidence, No. 92: App. Pt. II., p. 231, l. 53.)—James Crabtree, aged 15, Mr. Dearden's, near Todmorden:—"Is it hard work for the lads in winter?—My brother falls asleep before his supper, and the little lass that helps him is often very tired." (Ibid. No. 71: p. 229, l. 11.)—Peter Gaskell, Mr. Lancaster's, near Worsley:—"Has four sisters, and they have all worked in the pits; one of them works in the pits now; she sometimes complains of the severity of her work. Three years ago, when they had very hard work, I used to hear her complain of the boils on her back, *and her legs were all eaten with the water;* she had to go through water to her work; she used to go about four or five o'clock in the morning, and stay till three or four in the afternoon, just as she was wanted; I have known her to be that tired at night that she would go to sleep before she had anything to eat." (Ibid. No. 29: p. 217. l. 36.)

North Lancashire Coal and Iron Mines.—Mr. Austin, after giving a deplorable picture of the labour of young children in the thin-seam mines, illustrates its effect by the words of the parents of some young workers. "I wish," one of them states, "you could see them come in; they come as tired as dogs, and throw themselves on the ground like dogs (here pointing to the hearthstone before the fire); we cannot get them to bed." (Austin, Report, § 11: App. Pt. II., p. 803.)

But whence, it will be asked, do all these poor boys and girls bring their heavy loads of coal? From the remote darkness of a low, narrow den, in the bowels of the mine, at a distance from the shaft, perhaps, of upwards of 1000 yards, perhaps of 200, perhaps 2000, and through a passage of not more than from 18 to 20 inches in height. At the end of this there is the gloomy den called a "facing," a "heading," a "working," or a "man's room;" and in that "room" lies the man at his work.



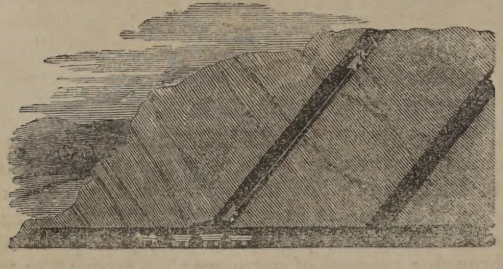
It has been seen, that a foolish lord has been angry at the sketches given by the Commission, and declared them to be exaggerations, and so forth. The following extract will show that many more startling sketches might have been made. There are abundant instances; they were not illustrated; but are not the words pictures?

In this district (the West Riding of Yorkshire) girls are almost universally employed as trappers and hurriers in com-

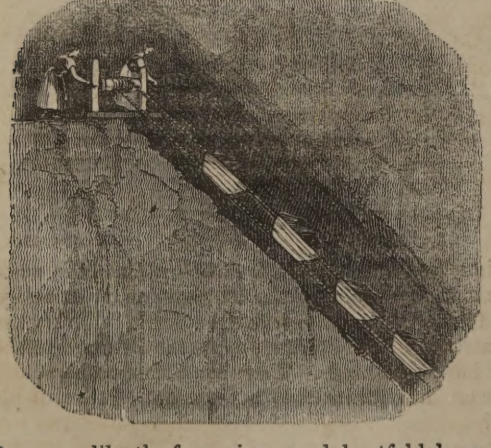
mon with boys. The girls employed as hurriers are of all ages, from seven to twenty-one; they commonly work quite naked down to the waist. The boys of similar ages who work with them are also naked down to the waist, and both (for the garment is pretty much the same in both) are dressed, as far as they are dressed at all, in a loose pair of trousers, seldom whole in either sex. In many of the collieries, as has been already stated, the adult colliers, whom these girls serve, work perfectly naked. ("First Report of the Commissioners," p. 72.)

A word for these poor naked men, lying in their dark chamber, who have by this time, perhaps, become objects of horror to the reader's imagination. Behold the man at three or four o'clock in the morning, summer and winter, stripped of all his clothes, taking with him nothing but a *pick* (a short pickaxe), stooping and crawling the long, dark distance, like a rat in a drain, to work in his low, narrow, black, hot "room" for 12 or 13 hours. If it be a picture of humiliation and drudgery; if it cause him to sink in our estimation, and to lose all his dignity as a man, it is also a proof of the energy, the fortitude, and long-suffering of humanity—a demonstration of inherent power, which we may hope some day to see turned to more becoming toil, and to more ennobling purposes.

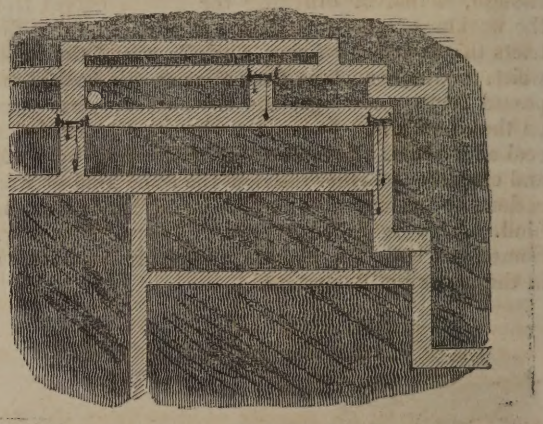
There can be no doubt but machinery could be brought to bear far more extensively upon all these degrading modes of labour. This has already been commenced in certain operations, and in various mines. The following illustration shows the mode of working what is called "pitching veins," in Pembrokeshire.



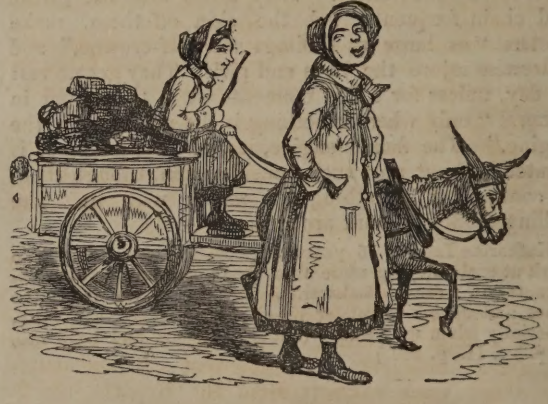
How much better is this, than the ascent and descent of girls and boys by means of ladders and turnpike-stairs, with crushing burthens on their backs? We should, incidentally, call attention to the "landscape" in the foregoing illustration, which is but too true a picture, in its colour, of all the coal and iron districts.



By means like the foregoing, much hurtful labour and many dreadful accidents are avoided. The windlasses were always worked by women. This was rendered injurious in many cases by being shamefully prolonged. From this, however, they are now liberated; nor is it probable that the petitions of "landed proprietors, clergymen, farmers, and others"—even though the women be induced to give their own signatures to it—will again reduce them to such a state of servitude.



It is not to be inferred that the boys and girls employed in these works, or in those of the various manufactures, are uniformly wretched under their drudgery. Some of them, who are most healthy and who are best grown, bear it during the energetic period of youth, with good spirits, and occasional merriment. The girls who work on the pit banks are a capital instance. They are a jovial, masculine race, who work like horses, and are full of coarse, careless life.



Much offence, real or pretended, has been taken by influential persons in the districts of Wolverhampton and Bilston, at my mention of the bank-girls in terms accordant with their habits and condition. On what grounds they were singled out to be considered as "inviolable objects," I have not the remotest idea; at all events, my statements are most fully substantiated by the Evidence. As one class or other, where there are various classes, must inevitably be lower than the rest, then, we would ask the objectors, which class do *you* consider the lowest?—which class do you place lower than the bank-girls, and the girls who work in the screw manufactories? The bank-girls, as they work entirely in the open air, are the healthiest of all classes of female operatives, except the fire-brick and

fire-clay girls, who also work in the open air. Many of the little collier boys, who are healthy and strong era "full of fun," as also are some of the children, who work in the iron-foundries: but the latter are more frequently subject to brutal treatment from the adult workmen, while those who work in the casting-shops (especially of the brassfounders) are rarely ever healthy or well-grown.

It is no exaggeration to say, that the full description of the mines of this country, furnished by these Reports, might be entitled "Travels into newly-discovered Regions," so little was previously known of them. The second Report of this Commission contains a series of facts with regard to the Trades and Manufactures, no less startling, and equally unknown to the public at large. Foremost stand the disclosures relating to the system of apprenticeship; and as it is to be hoped that the Legislature will extend its consideration to the abuses which exist in the trades and manufactures, it is very important that public sympathy should be aroused on this subject. The following are the general conclusions of the Commissioners with regard to apprenticeship.

That in by far the majority of these trades and manufactures it is the practice to employ apprentices to a great extent.

That in some trades, those especially requiring skilled workmen, these apprentices are bound by legal indentures, usually at the age of fourteen, and for a term of seven years, the age being rarely younger, and the period of servitude very seldom longer; but by far the greater number are bound *without any prescribed legal forms*, and in almost all these cases they are required to serve their masters, *at whatever age they may commence their apprenticeship, until they attain the age of twenty-one*, in some instances in employments in which there is nothing deserving the name of skill to be acquired, and in other instances in employments in which they are taught to make only one particular part of the article manufactured; *so that at the end of their servitude they are altogether unable to make any one article of their trade in a complete state.*

That a large proportion of these apprentices consist of orphans, or are the children of widows, or belong to the very poorest families, and frequently are apprenticed by boards of guardians.

That in these districts it is common for parents to borrow money of the employers, and to stipulate by express agreement to repay it from their children's wages; a practice which prevails likewise in Birmingham and Warrington: in most other places no evidence was discovered of its existence. ("Second Report of the Commissioners," p. 195-6.)

Here we have a fearful text on which to comment. In these few sentences we see the disclosure of a system which, if followed out and abused, must produce a state of slavery of the very worst and most oppressive character. To show that it *is* thus abused, here are some extracts from the Reports on the Wolverhampton district, to which the Central Board of Commissioners direct special attention.

The peculiar trade of the Wolverhampton district, with the exception of a very few large proprietors, is in the hands of a great number of small masters, who are personally known only to some of the foremen of the factors to whom they take their work, and scarcely one of whom is sufficiently important to have his name over his door or his workshop in front of a street. In the town of Wolverhampton alone there are of these small masters, for example, 260 locksmiths, 60 or 70 key-makers, from 20 to 30 screw-makers, and a like number of latch, bolt, snuffer, tobacco-box, and spectacle frame and case makers. Each of these small masters, if they have not children of their own, generally employ from one to three apprentices. (Horne, Report: App. Pt. II., p. 2, §§ 13 et seq.

The workshops of the small masters are usually of the dirtiest, most dilapidated, and confined description, and situated in the most filthy and undrained localities at the back of their wretched abodes.

There are two modes of obtaining apprentices in this district, namely, the legal one of application to magistrates or boards of guardians for sanction of indentures; and, secondly, the illegal mode of taking the children to be bound by an attorney without any such reference to the proper authorities. There are many more bound by this illegal mode than by the former."

In all cases the children, of whatever age, are bound till they attain the age of twenty-one years. If the child be only seven years of age, the period of servitude remains the same, however simple the process or nature of the trade to be learnt. During the first year or two, if the apprentice be very young, he is merely used to run errands, do dirty household work, nurse infants, &c.

If the master die before the apprentice attain the age of twenty-one years, the apprentice is equally bound as the servant of his deceased master's heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns—in fact, the apprentice is part of the deceased master's goods and chattels. Whoever, therefore, may carry on the trade, he is the servant of such person or persons until his manumission is obtained by reaching his one-and-twentieth year. The apprentice has no regular pocket-money allowed him by the master. Sometimes a few halfpence are given to him. An apprentice of eighteen or nineteen years of age often has 2d. or 3d. a week given him, but never as a rightful claim. (Ibid. p. 10.)

Wolverhampton may be described as the capital of a region, the surface of which is covered with cinders, varied here and there by tall chimneys vomiting smoke and flame, and at longer intervals by congregations of dingy, mean-looking houses, which, when they have become sufficiently numerous, are called towns. The "landscape" round Bilston is literally "as black as a hat," and a tree that appears here and there, bears a close resemblance to those odd-looking brush-machines that are used to sweep chimneys. Coseley, near Sedgley, is absolutely a town of black chimneys, varying in height, from two or three feet to upwards of 100 feet, all situated in a low hollow, and vomiting thick sooty wreaths of swift-ascending smoke. But, in other respects, a yet more extraordinary place is Willenhall, a kind of detached branch of Wolverhampton, at the distance of about three miles from its parent place, and containing only five or six individuals who are not engaged in the peculiar trade of the town. The small masters there work from 16 to 18 hours a day—sometimes more—and their apprentices, of whatever age, all work the same time. Many of the small masters idle away Monday and Tuesday in the public-

houses, and are often unfit for work on Wednesday morning. But as they live from week to week, a certain amount of work must be done, so that there are no bounds to the drudgery at the latter end of the week, in all of which the children must share so long as they are able to stand or hold a file. The consequences of such a life to the apprentices may be, in part, conjectured; to the adults it speedily induces various kinds of disease, deformity, and premature death.

Among other witnesses, the Superintendent Registrar states that in those trades, particularly in which the work is by the piece, the growth of the children is injured; that in these cases more especially their strength is over-taxed for profit. One of the constables of the town says that "there are examples without number in the place of deformed men and boys; their backs, or their legs, and often both, grow wrong—the backs grow out and the legs grow in at the knees—hump-backed and knock-kneed. There is most commonly only one leg turned in,—a K leg; it is occasioned by standing all day for years filing at a vice; the hind leg grows in—the leg that is hindermost. Thinks that among the adults of the working classes of Willenhall, whose work is all forging and filing, one-third of the number are afflicted with hernia," &c. (Horne, Evidence, p. 28, No. 128.)

This is one of the extreme cases; but there are many such extreme cases—some much worse—and the degrees are numerous, as shown by the evidence.

A word more with reference to the sketches from which the illustrations of this article are taken. So far from any of them being exaggerations, they are, one and all, inadequate to convey the extent of the actual wretchedness. This is more especially the case with the illustrations of working in the mines, where half-naked figures, crawling about in slush and darkness, are a common sight. The sketches do not convey anything so shocking as the fact.

The return for all this hard labour, this protracted drudgery, the physical and moral rewards it brings, may be inquired after? The profits of the masters, the food, clothing, education, and general well-being of the apprentices—what are they? A locksmith and his apprentices make a dozen padlocks, and get one penny each for them. The materials of each have cost the locksmith three farthings. He thus gets one farthing per lock. The same lock is sold for sixpence by the London ironmongers. Meantime, there is a nominal value kept up in the mind of the poor locksmith, which is all defeated in "settling," by means of the intricate ways of "discount." He has to allow the factors 50, 60, and 70 per cent. discount; on some articles the factors take off 90 per cent.

As to the food of great numbers of the apprentices of these towns, the statements are incontrovertibly supported:—

That "offal meat is continually sold by the small masters, who feed their apprentices with it; that cows, calves, sheep, and pigs, that die, no matter from what cause, are bought by butchers, and are sold in the market; and that there are butchers who deal exclusively in diseased meat. It is further stated in evidence that horse-flesh is often sold for beef-steaks, and that bad fish is frequently purchased for the use of the apprentices, producing bowel-complaints and other diseases." (Horne, Report: App. Pt. II., p. 29, §§ 309, 311, 312, 314, 317.)

Overwhelming evidence corroborates this disgusting fact. Mr. Henry Nicholls Payne, superintendent-registrar of Wolverhampton, says—

The food of the children is not of a sufficiently good quality; inferior meat is often given them; calves which come prematurely into the world find a ready sale by candlelight in the markets, together with very bad beef of old cows which it was necessary to kill hastily, or which are sometimes dead before they come into the hands of the butcher; and all these are frequently purchased for apprenticed children. This, of course, is not the case with all masters, some of them being careful to supply proper provisions—they would be disgusted at the meat which is thus purchased by so many." (Ibid. Evidence: App. Pt. II., p. 2, No. 3.)

Evidence to the same effect is given by Henry Hill, Esq., magistrate; and Mr. Paul Law, of Wolverhampton, is thus fearfully explicit:—

Has lived nearly thirty-seven years in the town of Wolverhampton. Is a judge of meat. Is well aware of the extremely bad meat often brought into the market, especially on Saturday nights. Knows that it was often bought for the use of poor apprentices. Knew a stock-lock manufacturer, some years ago, who had from 30 to 40 apprentices, and he often purchased bad meat, both beef and veal, for the food of these apprentices. The master used to boil the beef and veal together into a broth, which was so poor that the boys frequently complained to him: upon which he merely said to his wife, "Broth 'em over again!" Calves which had been prematurely "dropt" were brought in large numbers to this very house (the Star and Garter), and covered over with sheets in a stable. The manufacturers who had apprentices used to come to the stable to purchase this offal meat. The same thing is done still, though they are not brought to this house now. Sees the offal meat exposed for sale weekly. Is certain that it is purchased by some masters for their apprentices. Knows parties that buy it for this purpose—can mention their names. Should say that a dozen now do this; says it from his own knowledge; can safely say as many as a dozen. The meat they buy is a sort of carrion, quite unfit for human use. There are meat-conners, who ought to seize all this bad meat, and burn it, but they do not. The bad meat is chiefly that of premature calves, or of cows that have died of some disease, most commonly of diarrhœa. Sheep often drop dead in the fields, from a disease in the head, and are sold to certain butchers, who deal solely in diseased animals. Some of them sell horse-flesh steaks for beef-steaks. Can attest this as a fact; knows where it is still done repeatedly. Pigs are often smothered on the railway. Knows this because he keeps the railway station, where the pigs ought to arrive alive, and for which purpose he has a place built to receive them. Many of them arrive dead, and the owners wished him to provide the means of boiling water on the spot, so that they might dress the dead pigs at once, to look well for sale. Having refused, they are obliged to bring the pigs, dead as they are, into the town. The best-looking parts are sold in the market, and all the remainder is chopped up by a machine, and made into sausages and pies. Fish, which he knows has arrived four days in the town, is bought by certain masters for their apprentices, in order to give them a change, by a treat of fish, as the masters call it. This is positively a fact: it may be laughed at, but not by those who eat it. Knows many boys, who live upon this diet, who are wretchedly thin. Thinks their diet gives them a bowel-complaint. The colliers are all for good living, and so are the canal men, who all feed their boys well. (Horne, Evidence: p. 23, No. 106.)

The clothing, or rather the thin tatters, of numbers

of the apprentices, their meagre bodies and stunted stature, space will not allow to be described. But the appalling part of the picture yet remains to be disclosed. These poor boys, helpless orphans as most of them are, without friend to appeal to, or law to protect them, are, in many cases, treated by their masters with a degree of brutality which would be incredible, were it not attested by so many witnesses in the printed evidence.

In Sedgley they are sometimes struck with a red-hot iron, and burnt and bruised simultaneously; sometimes they have "a flash of lightning" sent at them. When a bar of iron is drawn white-hot from the forge it emits fiery particles, which the man commonly flings in a shower upon the ground by a swing of his arm, before placing the bar upon the anvil. This shower is sometimes directed at the boy. It may come over his hands and face, his naked arms, or on his breast. If his shirt be open in front, which is usually the case, the red-hot particles are lodged therein, and he has to shake them out as fast as he can. (Horne, Report: p. 76, § 757. See also witnesses, p. 56, l. 24; p. 59, l. 54.) In Darlaston, however, the children appear to be very little beaten, and in Bilston there were only a few instances of cruel treatment: "the boys are kicked and cuffed abundantly, but not with any vicious or cruel intention, and only with an idea that this is getting the work done." (Ibid., p. 62, 65, §§ 660, 688.) In Wednesbury the treatment is better than in any other town in the district. The boys are not generally subject to any severe corporal chastisement, though a few cases of ill-treatment occasionally occur. "A few months ago an adult workman broke a boy's arm by a blow with a piece of iron; the boy went to school till his arm got well; his father and mother thought it a good opportunity to give him some schooling." (Ibid., Evidence, No. 331.)

But the class of children in this district the most abused and oppressed are the apprentices, and particularly those who are bound to the small masters among the locksmiths, key and bolt makers, screw makers, &c. Even among these smaller masters, there are respectable and humane men, who do not suffer any degree of poverty to render them brutal; but many of these men treat their apprentices not so much with neglect and harshness, as with ferocious violence, the result of unbridled passions, excited often by ardent spirits, acting on bodies exhausted by over-work, and on minds which have never received the slightest moral or religious culture, and which, therefore, never exercise the smallest moral or religious restraint.—Ibid.

Evidence from all classes, masters, journeymen, residents, magistrates, clergymen, constables, and, above all, from the mouths of the poor oppressed sufferers themselves, is adduced to a heart-breaking extent. The public has been excited to pity by Dickens's picture of Smike—in Willenhall, there are many Smikes.

* * *, aged sixteen:—"His master stints him from six in the morning till ten and sometimes eleven at night, as much as ever he can do; and if he don't do it, his master gives him no supper, and gives him a good hiding, sometimes with a big strap, sometimes with a big stick. His master has cut his head open five times—once with a key and twice with a lock; knocked the corner of a lock into his head twice—once with an iron bolt, and once with an iron shut—a thing that runs into the staple. His master's name is —— ——, of Little London. There is another apprentice besides him, who is treated just as bad."—(Ibid., p. 32, l. 4).—* * *, aged fifteen:—"Works at knob-locks with —— ——. Is a fellow-apprentice with ——. Lives in the house of his master. Is beaten by his master, who hits him sometimes with his fists, and sometimes with the file-haft, and sometimes with a stick—it's no matter what when he's a bit cross; sometimes hits him with the locks; has cut his head open four or five times; so he has his fellow apprentice's head. Once, when he cut his head open with a key, thinks half a pint of blood run off him." (Ibid., p. 32, l. 19.)—* * *, aged fourteen:—"Has been an in-door apprentice three years. Has no wages; nobody gets any wages for him. Has to serve till he is twenty-one. His master behaves very bad. His mistress behaves worst, like a devil; she beats him; knocks his head against the wall. His master goes out a-drinking, and when he comes back, if anything's gone wrong that he (the boy) knows nothing about, he is beat all the same." (Ibid., p. 32, l. 36.)—* * *, aged sixteen:—"His master sometimes hits him with his fist, sometimes kicks him; gave him the black eye he has got; beat him in bed while he was asleep, at five in the morning, because he was not up to work. He came upstairs and set about him—set about him with his fist. Has been over to the public office, Brummagem, to complain; took a note with him, which was written for him; his brother gave it to the public office there, but they would not attend to it; they said they could do no good, and gave the note back. He had been beaten at that time with a whip-handle—it made wales all down his arms and back and all; everybody he showed it to said it was scandalous. Wishes he could be released from his master, "who's never easy but when he's a-beating of me. Never has enough to eat at no time; ax him for more, he won't gie it me." (Ibid., p. 30, l. 5.)

* * *, aged seventeen:—"Has no father or mother to take his part. His master once cut his head open with a flat file-haft, and used to pull his ears nearly off; they bled so he was obliged to go into the house to wipe them with a cloth." (Ibid., p. 37, l. 7.)—* * *, aged fifteen:—"The neighbours who live agen the shop will say how his master beats him; beats him with a strap, and sometimes a nut-stick; sometimes the wales remain upon him for a week; his master once cut his eyelid open, cut a hole in it, and it bled all over his files that he was working with." (Ibid., p. 37, l. 47.)—* * *, aged 18:—"His master once ran at him with a hammer, and drove the iron-head of the hammer into his side—he felt it for weeks; his master often knocks him down on the shop-floor; he can't tell what it's all for, no more than you can; don't know what it can be for unless it's this, his master thinks he don't do enough work for him. When he is beaten, his master does not lay it on very heavy, as some masters do, only beats him for about five minutes at a time; should think that was enough, though." (Horne, Evidence; p. 37, l. 57.)

These instances of ferocious treatment are taken from a long list of witnessess, and worse things are left untold, but may be found in the Evidence. The names of these witnesses have been suppressed, with a view to protect the individuals, but were communicated privately to the Central Board, and are carefully registered.

It does not appear that any girls are employed at Willenhall, but there are great numbers of female workers of all ages in the Wolverhampton district. In japanning, in the nail and tip manufactories, in the fire-brick and fire-clay works, this is particularly the case; while the female blacksmiths of Sedgley, and in the neighbourhood of Dudley and Stourbridge, equal the male operatives in numbers as to those branches of manufacture. But some account of these, together with the milliners, lace makers, and others, must be reserved for a second paper.

It is admissible that in the process of these investigations my sympathies were chiefly attracted by those who most needed legislative interference and help, and, consequently, my Reports have displayed more consideration towards the poorest classes of operatives than many of their employers have been pleased to approve. I have been angrily accused by some of the latter, or their friends, of writing one-sided Reports, and the letters of complaint against me have, no doubt, been well intended. It was not the express business of this Commission to be complimentary, or I could have found various things to enlarge upon with admiration; nor have I *ever* failed to make all due and honourable exceptions. These exceptions are the light side of the picture, and would also be one-sided, *i. e.*, one of the true sides;—the dark side is equally true, and only seems exaggerated because most dwelt upon, with a view to the amelioration of those who are suffering in the shade.

BY THE EDITOR.

STATE BRASS.—Life would be little worth without its trumpets. This philosophy seems inherent in the breasts of statesmen, whether the said breasts beat with pulses Whig or Tory. Hence, the clothing of the state-trumpeters costs the country, whose heart is gladdened with their music, £1921! To be sure, when—as Sir George Clerk informs us—every trumpeter gets new trappings only once a year, the gold-decked garments of the musicians scarcely cost the nation six hundred guineas per annum. This is little enough, considering the high, moral, and ceremonious functions of the men of brass; for what would much of the pomp and state of the world be without that sounding metal? There is an old fable, that Amphion built Thebes by the twiddling of the strings of a lyre. This is a blunder; the instrument was a trumpet—the material that brought stocks and stones and men together was brass, nothing but brass; and great and sounding has been the potency of that metal from the olden day to the present time of the present income-tax. Indeed, government could not go on without it. A little consideration must convince a sceptic. Look at the opening of Parliament. Could it be done without the aid of brass? Do not the long and winding flourishes of the trumpets, sounding from the palace gate to the doors of the Parliament, indicate—ninety-nine times out of the hundred—the character of the royal speech about to be uttered?

"A blast of trumpets blows like voice of fate!"

Again they are sounded;

"——————and the harsh bray
The sneering trumpet sends across the fray,"

declares the sort of speech to be made by the prime minister—brings to the imagination all the hard and hollow and "sneering" advocacy of poor laws, in all their rank and flourishing wickedness—of loud-voiced defiance, arrogant in its sense of majorities—of party bluster and mere party noise! We are convinced of the sympathies of human nature are mysteriously touched by the sounds of a trumpet—brass is the greatest essential to human civilization. For instance; consider the entry of the judges into town or city. Is not their advent proclaimed by trumpets? Does not the brazen voice prepare us for counsel "on both sides?" Are we not made to feel most deeply the watchful presence of the law, by the peculiar metal which heralds it? Turn we to the booth at a fair. Do we not still acknowledge an attempt to recommend the show, by the brass that is braying around it? The trumpet is at once the voice of pomp and of imposture. It cries forth the glory of a crown and publishes the whereabout of a fire-eater. It is, in its excellence, the music that keeps the civilized world together. It has a voice that calls unto all hearts, whether the thing to be seen is a royal procession or a wax-work. What—we put it to the philosophic reader—what would be a monarchy without its trumpets? Verily, a dumb peacock. Therefore, are the state-trumpeters habited only with seemly propriety. When we think of the pensions of poets, who, as the phrase goes, for striking a lyre—a paltry lyre—obtain one, two, nay, three hundred a year, we think the state trumpeters, considering the necessary noise they make in the world, are somewhat sordidly dealt with. Can we not induce Mr. Hume to make some liberal amendment? It is true, the £1921 is voted; the trumpeters are clothed for the next three years. But why, as a bit of supplementary splendour, should there not be diamond-drops for the noses of the black cymbal-players?

THE BISHOP OF JERUSALEM.—This reverend person has, during the last month, supplied a topic to members of Parliament and newspaper correspondents. On the debate on the estimates, Mr. Hume objected to the travelling expenses (£603) of the bishop to his see; they were, however, championed by the Ministry as very moderate for—a bishop. Lord Palmerston joined in the debate. "The present question," he said, "was whether the appointment having been made, it was right to send the bishop out in *a ship of war:* and he certainly thought, considering *the motives* which had led to the appointment, that it was a fitting exercise to give the bishop that passage." We presume, "the motives" were those of Christian love towards the benighted souls dwelling in the darkness of Jerusalem. Now what have they in common with the terrible majesty of a man-of-war? Was it necessary to the sweetness of the lawn that it should smell of gunpowder? Does the odour of sanctity inevitably hang about the muzzles of forty-two pounders? Is Christianity more Christian under the pennant? Carrying out the "motives" indicated by Lord Palmerston in the selection of a frigate for the new bishop, the prelate himself should have made his entry into Jerusalem with pike in hand, and cutlass at his side. Until it be proved that the bible can only be preached by "the adamantine lips" of bow-chasers, and other ordnance, we shall fail to acknowledge the moral or religious affinities between a bishop of Jerusalem and a man-of-war. There *was* a certain ship once "in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves, for the wind was contrary;" and this ship had the apostles for its passengers. Will Lord Palmerston allow us one question? How many guns did *she* carry?

RAILWAY *versus* CANNON.—We have always been of the opinion that a cwt. of iron expended on a railroad was worth a hundred times the value of the same metal used up in forty pounders. The railway from Rouen to Paris will be something better for the world than all the artillery cast for Napoleon. Young France will make surer triumphs by her steam-engine than by her armies of Africa;—than by all the military prowess "slumbering in the arm" of her every would-be soldier—bristling from the lip and chin of her tens of thousands of youths, who would seem to rate their valour in proportion to their beards, and who believe that the fundamental principle of true heroism is—never to shave!

This reflection has been produced in us by the speech of the Count St. AULAIRE—French Ambassador—at the Lord Mayor's banquet on Easter Monday. His excellency would not address the company in English —"*craignant de la défigurer par sa prononciation barbare.*" He, however, spoke in far better language than either English or French; for he spoke in the universal tongue of philanthropy—of true wisdom. It was his belief that the more France and England knew of each other, the sooner would disappear the ignorant prejudices that still embittered their mutual intercourse. "Gentlemen," said his excellency, "in a few days a railway will be in operation from Paris to Rouen; and thus, by Southampton and Havre, the traveller reaches Paris from London in four-and-twenty hours. In a few years—thanks to the energy of a French and English company—the journey from London to Paris will be accomplished in fifteen hours. Thus, between the rising and setting of the same sun, the citizen of Paris, having arranged his business at his own hearth, will be seated at the table of his host and friend in London."

Sonorous and heart-stirring are the sounds of the trumpet, but how much sweeter to the ears of true humanity the scream of the railway whistle! Mighty, too, is the drum, raising, as it does, a lust of glory in the Christian's heart, stirring him to slaughter, and making bloodshed beautiful—sending him forth a terrible reaper in the fields of carnage, and smearing him with human gore as earth's best painting! And yet, the drum—though beat by a destroying angel—sounds not so musical to us as the panting and snorting of the engine. The piston is a more noble weapon than the sword—the whirl, and rush, and thunder of the train grander, more truly sublime, more suggestive of all that ennobles man in his purest thoughts and deepest sympathies towards his fellow—than the tramp and measured steps of glistening thousands, shaking the earth they too soon are about to defile with fire and sword, and all the vast iniquities of war. The engineer is in our eyes something more humanizing than the soldier: borne onward by the sublime energy of the thing of his creation—harnessing, so to speak, the very elements to his use, and checking and controlling them as might some magician of a fairy tale, he sweeps from place to place, distributing in his way all the gentler influences of civilization, and knitting more closely together the family of man by teaching them the strength, the value, and what is more than all, the abounding peacefulness of a wise union. Surely, private SMITH of the heavy dragoons—even with the hoofs of his war-horse deep in the bowels of prostrate enemies—is a creature scarcely as glorious! In the ignorance of our philosophy, we prefer even the uses of the mere stoker, to the torch of the mercenary, firing cities for the blaze of conquest.

Our sword has worked victories sufficient in France; yet greater still will be the victories worked by English engineers on French railways. The entry of a Sir ISAMBERT BRUNEL into Paris by railway from Calais or Rouen, will be a greater triumph to humanity than the entry of HENRY VI. into the conquered capital of France, to be therein anointed king. Nay, we can figure to ourselves a much finer pageant at the London terminus of the Dover railway, than even that recorded by the chroniclers of the return of Henry V. from the bloodshed and glory of Agincourt.

"And in a contiguous house behind the tower (writes an anonymous chronicler, quoted by Sir HARRIS NICOLAS) were innumerable boys *representing the angelic host*, arrayed in white, and with countenances shining with gold, and glittering wings, and virgin locks, set with precious sprigs of laurel, who, at the king's approach, sang with melodious voices, and with organs, this English anthem." We give the burthen:

"Deo gratias:
Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria."

And then the chronicler tells us of crimson tents in Cornhill—and of "a company of prophets in venerable hoariness, dressed in golden coats and mantles, with their heads covered and wrapped in gold and crimson" —and of small birds let loose in token of freedom—of wine running out of the conduits—and of round loaves of silver mixed with wafers, that they "might receive the king with bread and wine, as Melchisedeck received Abraham, returning with victory from the slaughter of the four kings!"

All this is glorious! Most delightful this pomp and splendour of a victorious king travelled from Calais *via* Dover! And yet to our prosaic, utilitarian mind, Messrs. GRESHAM and Co., merchants, London, arriving with their carpet-bags from Paris, which city, by the rail, they quitted only fifteen hours before—yes, even GRESHAM and his partner, so journeying and so appointed—are a far more pleasant sight, pleasant from the assurance of its humanizing effect, than the conqueror of Agincourt in the midst of his "prophets." Sweet were the voices of the "innumerable boys" with "countenances shining with gold;" yet, scarcely less pleasant the sight—scarcely less melodious the note of the driver waiting at the terminus, challenging, with uplifted finger, the travelled new-comer, and significantly crying, "Cab?"

Good comes out of mayoralty dinners. Excellent as no doubt were the things eaten by the French ambassador, they were by no means so valuable as the words he uttered. It is quite true—a truth, now happily past contention—that railways are the great arteries of civilization, propelling from town to town, and land to land, a flood of strengthening goodness. We have had enough of the sword between us and France—enough of blood; may we melt our cannon-balls into rail-iron; and for blood, try boiling water!

"LOCAL" POOR-LAWS.—A PAUPER!—(What a concentration of all human infamy is in the word!—what an object for English respectabilty to shun, to flee, to pluck its purple robe from, to look warily at its fine linen ruffle, lest the leper should have jostled against it, and left some mortal abomination there!)

A pauper named Jones, enjoying the large-hearted hospitality of Marylebone workhouse, begged permission of the guardians to be allowed to see his wife expire. The bold request was sternly refused. Why should the husband disturb the dying moments of his wife? Was it not enough for him to know that she *was* dying—that in a brief time the parish of Marylebone would be burthened with one pauper less—that the parish deals would be duly provided—that "dust to dust" would be duly uttered—the benevolence of the parish relieving the husband of all responsibility in the matter? He would be troubled by no undertaker's account—would not have the sacredness of his sorrow distracted by questions as to number of coaches and display of feathers. The woman would die; would be buried; and, in the name of Plutus (a name certainly not to be taken in vain when the theme is pauperism), what could the most unreasonable husband require more? But Jones was very eccentric; for *a pauper*, outrageously presumptuous; inasmuch as he insisted upon admission to the death-chamber of his wife. The guardians would not give up their prerogative. The sufferer was not yet dead; but whilst even the death-rattle was in her throat, she was still a pauper, and though *upon their own creed*—(a creed which, on the next Sunday—in their soft-cushioned pews, and out of gold-edged books—they would in all the fervour of Christianity, subscribe to)—though upon their own creed, the woman, repenting of her sins, was upon the threshold of heaven; though immortal wings were hovering around that most wretched piece of human offal, an English pauper—she was nevertheless the property of the parish; its goods, its chattels, until the spirit had departed. Even death must respect the rules of a board of Marylebone guardians.

This matter is heard in Parliament; whereupon Sir James Graham, the special pleader for the slandered humanities of all parish functionaries, rose—promptly rose—to answer. There are people whose morbid sympathies expend themselves upon strange, noisome things. Folks have had pet snakes, pet rats, for what we know, pet polecats. Now Sir James Graham's special pet is a poor-law officer; a worthy who holds the coin of the parish as "the instrumental parts of his religion;" a man who can nose a pauper as a blood-hound snuffs a runaway African. Such a man is sure to find favour with the Home Secretary, who lavishes upon him his daintiest phrases: no pet spaniel fed from the mouth of a duchess is more delicately treated. Make Nero himself a poor-law officer, and Sir James Graham would excuse any conflagration he might originate by the extreme beauty of his fiddling.

Thus, when the case of Jones was brought before the majority of Parliament, Sir James pleaded for the Marylebone functionaries the authority of a "local act." Dainty devices of wrong and tyranny are these said local acts; in too many cases utterly subversive of the spirit of the constitution. Thus, the broad statute says—"No man shall be a slave in England;" when, with a knowing wink, the guardian or overseer whips out a "local act," which reduces the poor man within its influence to little better than a serf. The statutes are too often the beautiful fictions—local acts, the wicked realities—of English government. The law of the land is a fine, gracious, humanizing presence; but, unfortunately, there is a swart, shrivelled, malign-eyed imp, hight Local Act, active and most potent in all sorts of mischief.

Stage Reform.—Mr. Thomas Duncombe has brought a bill into the House of Commons not, as is generally supposed, to remedy the abuses of the stage, but merely to relieve two or three London actors of penalties which they knowingly incurred, by acting in an unlicensed theatre at Liverpool. We have no sympathy for these people; they set themselves in defiance of the law, and now piteously whimper when the law strikes them. If Mr. Duncombe, with his characteristic energy, will apply himself to a comprehensive remedy of the iniquities and injustice that now beset and paralyze the true interests of the stage, he will effect a great national good. The author, the manager, the actor—all are sacrificed to the mere legend of patent rights, conferring no benefit even upon the monopolists, and degrading a noble art to the gambling of a race-course. If the manager be honest, he is ruined; if not, he cheats all who have dealings with him. *The system is only to be supported by a victim or a robber.* And then, how beautiful, how consistent is the paternal care of government towards its subjects as play-goers! If Wiggins visit a theatre in Westminster, his loyalty is safe; his cheek burns with no blush at the pruriency of the author. No: the Chamberlain's deputy has read the manuscript; has weeded it of all noxious plants and flowers (poppies, perhaps, excepted); it is, in a word, a piece of licensed morality. Let the same Wiggins step across the bridge, the Chamberlain has no longer any care for him. In the belief of the government there is no recording-angel out of—Westminster. As the Chamberlain is so paternally affectionate in his licensing what appears on the stage of certain theatres, it is a pity his powers are not enlarged. We would it were his duty to license the saloons. We are convinced that it must, now and then (say now and then,) weigh heavily on the breast of a manager to feel, that whilst he is acting a very pattern part of morality on the stage, he is—and cannot help it—receiving the profits of a *Mistress Overdone* from the boxes! (The name of Macready is, however, a brilliant exception. He has proved, despite the ridicule of the foolish and the obloquy of the base, that a theatre need not necessarily contain in itself the worse than loathsomeness of a female slave-market. All honour to him for that proof!) With respect to any legislative interference for the benefit of the stage, we have no hope whatever in Parliament. It is, as we have said, too contemptible a theme for the majesty of its thoughts. A petition was last year presented; was really decently received by Sir James Graham, who professed his complete ignorance of all things theatrical—members of Parliament wearing such ignorance as the very longest peacock's feather in their caps,—but thought that something might be done this session. There is, we believe, a bill somewhere. We are not certain, but we think Lord Mahon has it in his keeping. We have no doubt that it will be brought into the House; this session, too—yes, at least a week before the prorogation, and then be laid by till 1844. We have also heard that the bill has been packed up in camphor since last session, and will be duly passed through hot vinegar before it is brought into the House again; therefore, honourable members need not run away—the document is not infectious.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

JOURNAL OF THE DISASTERS IN AFFGHANISTAN, 1841-2.

By Lady Sale.

This work is most interesting, not only from the important events narrated in it, but from the simplicity, the truthfulness of its style. There is not a line of book-making in it. The terrors of the day are chronicled with graphic brevity. The earnestness and self-sustaining courage of the soldier's wife are apparent in every page. There is no striving for effect, no attempt at fine writing; and waving, as we do, all consideration of the policy or justice of the circumstances in which our disasters in Affghanistan originated, we submit to the reader the subjoined "beauties" of the war of extermination, from the outbreak of the contest to the deliverance of the captives :—

CAPTAIN STURT (LADY SALE'S SON-IN-LAW) WOUNDED.

The Shah resides in the Bala Hissar, and his guns from that fortress were constantly firing; the Affghans in the city were doing the same from six in the morning. Capt. Sturt, hearing that Capt. Johnson's (paymaster to the Shah's force) house and treasury in the city were attacked, as also Sir Alexander Burnes's, went to Gen. Elphinstone, who sent him, with an important message, first to Brig. Shelton, at Siah Sung, and afterwards to the King, to concert with him measures for the defence of that fortress. Just as he entered the precincts of the palace he was stabbed in three places, by a young man, well-dressed, who escaped into a building close by, where he was protected by the gates being shut. Fortunately for my son-in-law, Capt. Lawrence had been sent to the King by the Envoy, and he kindly procured a palkee, and sent Sturt home with a strong guard of fifty lancers, but they were obliged to make a long detour by Siah Sung. In the mean time Lawrence came to tell me all that had passed, and to break the bad news to my daughter, Mrs. Sturt.

Lawrence (military secretary to the Envoy) had had a very narrow escape himself. An Affghan, grinding his teeth, and grinning with rage and hatred of the Feringhees, aimed a blow at him with a sword, which Lawrence parried, and putting spurs to his horse he escaped: one of his suwars received a cut in the leg, which was revenged by another horseman shooting the fellow.

It was Lawrence who came to tell me of Sale's wound; he is always kind and friendly, though he has now been twice the herald of ill news. It struck me as probable that the suwars would take Sturt to his own house; and, as he and my daughter were staying with me, there would not even be a bed to place him on there. I therefore determined not to lose time by waiting till the bearers could get my palkee ready, but took my chuttah and walked off as fast as I could towards Sturt's house. I fortunately met Major Thain (aide-de-camp to Gen. Elphinstone), for I soon saw a crowd of about fifty suwars in his compound. Thain ran on, and told the bearers to bring him on to my house. I cannot describe how shocked I felt when I saw poor Sturt; for Lawrence, fearing to alarm us, had said he was only slightly wounded. He had been stabbed deeply in the shoulder and side, and on the face (the latter wound, striking on the bone, just missed the temple): he was covered with blood, issuing from his mouth, and was unable to articulate. From the wounds in the face and shoulder, the nerves were affected; the mouth would not open, the tongue was swollen and paralysed, and he was ghastly and faint from loss of blood. He could not lie down, from the blood choking him; and had to sit up in the palkee as best he might, without a pillow to lean against. With some difficulty and great pain he was supported up stairs, and laid on his bed, when Dr. Harcourt dressed his wounds, which, having been inflicted about ten o'clock, now at one were cold and stiff with clotted blood. The tongue was paralysed, and the nerves of the throat affected, so that he could neither swallow nor articulate; and the choking sensation of the blood in his throat was most painful to witness. He was better towards evening; and, by his wife's unremitting attention in assisting him to get rid of the clotted blood from his mouth by incessant applications of warm wet cloths, he was by eleven at night able to utter a tolerably articulate sound. With what joy did we hear him faintly utter *bet-ter;* and he really seemed to enjoy a tea-spoonful of water, which we got into his mouth by a drop or two at a time, painful as it was to him to swallow it.

PRICE OF PROVISIONS AT CABUL.

This day Sturt was fortunate in purchasing a bag of otta (pollard), sent in to him by Taj Mahommed; whose man brought another, which our servants were purchasing. In a moment there was a cry of otta! and the garden was filled with camp-followers and Sipahees. I never saw such a scene: the joy of those who got a handful for a rupee, the sorrow evinced by those who were unsuccessful, and the struggles of all to get close to the man! The gentlemen had to stand with thick sticks to keep the people off. There was no weighing; at first the man gave two handsful for a rupee, but the quantity soon diminished in consequence of the great demand for it. To prove our good faith and belief in that of the chiefs, we are to-day placed entirely in their power. They know that we are starving; that our horses and cattle have neither grain, bhoosa, nor grass. They have pretty well eaten up the bark of the trees and the tender branches; the horses gnaw the tent pegs. I was gravely told that the artillery horses had eaten the trunnion of a gun! This is difficult of belief; but I have seen my own riding-horse gnaw voraciously at a cart-wheel. Nothing is *satisfied* with food except the Pariah dogs, who are gorged with eating dead camels and horses.

MURDER OF SIR W. MACNAGHTEN AND CAPT. TREVOR.

I received a note from Lawrence, enclosing one from Conolly (Sir William's nephew) to Lady Macnaghten, and had the sad office imposed on me of informing both her and Mrs. Trevor of their husbands' assassination: over such scenes I draw a veil. It was a most painful meeting to us all. Numerous reports are current. That of to-day is, that Sir William was taken to the city and arraigned before a tribunal there for want of faith, and that Trevor suffered from the assiduity with which he executed the Envoy's orders. All reports agree that both the Envoy's and Trevor's bodies are hanging in the public chouk: the Envoy's decapitated and a mere trunk; the limbs having been carried in triumph about the city.

A fallen man meets but little justice; and reports are rife that the Envoy was guilty of double-dealing, treating with Akbar Khan and Amenoollah Khan at the same time. In justice to a dead man it should be remembered that the only person supposed to know the object of the Envoy's going out on the 23rd was Skinner, who is now in the city. Sultan Khan was, I believe, the name of the person who came in with him, with a letter from Akbar Khan, on the night of the 22nd. In that letter, which was read by a friend of mine, Akbar proposed that he should be made wuzeer to Shah Soojah; he was to receive thirty lakhs of rupees down, and four lakhs per annum; our troops to remain eight months, and then only to go if the King wished them to do so. He urgently requested the Envoy to come and talk it over with him. We must hold in mind that, although we had performed all promises made on our part, given up our waggons, ammunition, forts, &c., the treaty had never been signed by the chiefs; nor had they fulfilled a single condition which had been specified verbally, beyond giving us grain in small quantities. The sequitur is, that the Envoy was perfectly justified, as far as keeping good faith went, in entering into any arrangement by which the condition of the troops could be ameliorated, and the honour of our country be insured. He only erred in supposing it possible that Akbar Khan, proverbially the most treacherous of all his country-

men, could be sincere. It was a part of Akbar Khan's plan to have Amenoollah Khan seized, and brought to cantonments as a hostage. It was a most decided piece of treachery on the part of Akbar. They were seated on a bank together: Lawrence, a very spunky active man, felt as if something was wrong, and, when urged to sit, only knelt on one knee, that he might start up on occasion; but his pistol and sword were seized, and his arms secured instantaneously, which rendered him powerless, and he was hurried away behind a chief on horseback; as was Mackenzie. At that time Mahommed Akbar Khan had seized the Envoy by the left wrist, and Sultan Jan held him by the right; they dragged him down the bank, he exclaiming, "Az burai Kodar!" (For the love of God!) At the moment he was laid hands on, Mackenzie, Trevor, and Lawrence were disarmed, and forced away *en croup* behind different chiefs. They saw no more of the Envoy alive. Sultan Jan, uttering an opprobrious epithet, calling him a dog, cut poor Trevor down, as did also Moollah Momind. Mackenzie would have shared the same fate, had not Mahommed Shah Khan, behind whom he rode, received the cut on his own arm, which went through his postheen. Lawrence's life was saved by hard galloping; but he received some blows. This account I had from the surviving principals in the tragedy, so it may be depended on as the true account. The body we saw from the rear gate was that of the Envoy.

THE RETREAT FROM CABUL.

The troops had been on half rations during the whole of the siege: they consisted of half a seer of wheat per diem, with melted ghee or dhal, for fighting men; and for camp-followers, for some time, of a quarter of a seer of wheat or barley. Our cattle, public and private, had long subsisted on the twigs and bark of the trees. From the commencement of negotiations with the chiefs, otta, barley, and bhoosa were brought in in considerable quantities; the former selling at from two to four seers per rupee, and the latter from seven to ten; but neither ourselves nor our servants benefited by this arrangement—it came to the commissariat for the troops. The poorer camp followers had latterly subsisted on such animals (camels, ponies, &c.) as had died from starvation. The men had suffered much from over work and bad feeding, also from want of firing; for, when all the wood in store was expended, the chiefs objected to our cutting down any more of the fruit-trees, and their wishes were complied with. Wood, both public and private, was stolen. When ours was gone, we broke up boxes, chests of drawers, &c.; and our last dinner and breakfast at Cabul were cooked with the wood of a mahogany dining table. When the advance had proceeded about a mile, an order was brought for a return to cantonments, as Mahommed Zeman Shah Khan had written to say the chiefs were not ready; but shortly afterwards a counter-order arrived to proceed without loss of time. When the rear guard left cantonments, they were fired upon from the cantonment, then filled with Affghans. The servants, who were not concerned in the plunder, all threw away their loads, and ran off. Private baggage, commissiariat, and ammunition were nearly annihilated at one fell swoop. The whole road was covered with men, women, and children, lying down in the snow to die. The only baggage we saved was Mrs. Sturt's bedding, on which the ayah rode; and keeping her close to us, it was saved. The Mission Compound was first vacated; and, when the force from thence came into cantonments, in order to pass through them, it was immediately filled with Affghans; who, in like manner, occupied the cantonments as our troops went out.

It was the General's original intention to halt at Begramee, close to the Loghur river, and about five miles from Cabul (reiterated was the advice of our Affghan friends—alas, how little heeded!—to push on at all risks through the Khoord Cabul the first day): but the whole country being a swamp incrusted with ice, we went on about a mile further, and halted at about 4 P.M. There were no tents, save two or three small palls that arrived. All scraped away the snow as best they might, to make a place to lie down on. The evening and night were intensely cold: no food for man or beast procurable, except a few handfuls of bhoosa, for which we paid from five to ten rupees. Captain Johnson, in our great distress, kindly pitched a small pall over us: but it was dark, and we had few pegs; the wind blew in under the sides, and I felt myself gradually stiffening. I left the bedding, which was occupied by Mrs. Sturt and her husband and doubled up my legs in a straw chair of Johnson's, covering myself with my poshteen. Mr. Mein and the ayah fully occupied the remainder of the space. We only went in all six miles, and had to abandon two H. A. guns on the road: we were also much delayed by the bullocks that dragged the planks, in case the Loghur bridge should have been destroyed. We had, however, positive information that it was all right; and so it proved.

Previous to leaving cantonments, as we must abandon most of our property, Sturt was anxious to save a few of his most valuable books, and to try the experiment of sending them to a friend in the city. Whilst he selected these, I found, amongst the ones thrown aside, Campbell's Poems, which opened at Hohenlinden; and, strange to say, one verse actually haunted me day and night:—

> "Few, few shall part where many meet,
> The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
> And every turf beneath their feet
> Shall be a soldier's sepulchre."

I am far from being a believer in presentiments; but this verse is never absent from my thoughts. Heaven forbid that our fears should be realized! but we have commenced our retreat so badly, that we may reasonably have our doubts regarding the finale. Nearly all Hopkins's corps, the Shah's 6th, deserted from this place; as also the Shah's sappers and miners, 250 in number. Snow still lies a foot deep on the ground. No food for man or beast; and even water from the river close at hand difficult to obtain, as our people were fired on in fetching it.

Numbers of unfortunates have dropped, benumbed with cold, to be massacred by the enemy: yet, so bigoted are our rulers, that we are still told that the Sirdars are faithful, that Mahommed Akbar Khan is our friend!!! &c. &c. &c.; and the reason they wish us to delay is, that they may send their troops to clear the passes for us! That they will send them there can be no doubt; for every thing is occurring just as was foretold to us before we set out. Between Begramee and Bhoodkhak, a body of the enemy's horse charged down into the column (immediately after the 5th and 37th had passed); and succeeded in carrying off an immense quantity of baggage and a number of camels, without experiencing the least resistance. *8th.*—At sunrise no order had been issued for the march, and the confusion was fearful. The force was perfectly disorganized, nearly every man paralysed with cold, so as to be scarcely able to hold his musket or move. Many frozen corpses lay on the ground. The Sipahees burnt their caps, accoutrements, and clothes to keep themselves warm. Some of the enemy appearing in rear of our position, the whole of the camp-followers rushed to the front; every man, woman, and child, seizing all the cattle that fell in their way, whether public or private. The ground was strewn with boxes of ammunition, plate, and property of various kinds. A cask of spirits on the ground was broached by the artillerymen, and, no doubt, by other Europeans. Had the whole been distributed fairly to the men, it would have done them good: as it was, they became too much excited. The enemy soon assembled in great numbers. Had they made a dash at us, we could have offered no resistance, and all would have been massacred. After very great exertions on the part of commanding officers, portions of their corps were got together. The 44th, headed by Major Thain, drove the enemy off to a short distance, and took up a position on a commanding height. The cavalry were also employed. Bullets kept whizzing by us, as we sat on our horses, for hours. The artillerymen were now fully *primed*, by having had some brandy given them from the 54th's mess stores, which were being distributed to any one who would take them. They mounted their horses; and, with the best feeling in the world, declared that they were ashamed at our inactivity, and vowed they would charge the enemy. Capt. Nicholl, their immediate commandant, came up; abused them as drunkards, and talked of punishment: not the way, under such circumstances, to quiet tipsy men. They turned to Sturt shortly after their own officer had left them, having showered curses and abuse on them, which had irritated them dreadfully. Sturt told them they were fine fellows, and had ever proved themselves such during the seige; but that their lives were too valuable to be risked at such a moment: but, if need were, and their services were required, he would himself go with them. This, in a certain degree, restrained their ardour; yet still they kept on talking valiantly. These men listened the more readily to Sturt because they knew him well: he was daily and hourly in the

batteries with them, encouraging them by being ever foremost in the post of danger; and on those dreadfully cold nights during the siege, whilst there was a bottle of brandy to be had at any price, after his own small store was expended, he gave those men on duty each one glass to warm and cheer them—a comfort they fully appreciated, as they had long been without what was now become necessary, though it is in general the soldier's bane. For myself, whilst I sat for hours on my horse in the cold, I felt very grateful for a tumbler of sherry, which at any other time would have made me very unlady-like, but now merely warmed me, and appeared to have no more strength in it than water. Cups full of sherry were given to young children three and four years old without in the least affecting their heads. After passing through some very sharp firing we came upon Major Thain's horse, which had been shot through the loins. When we were supposed to be in comparative safety, poor Sturt rode back (to see after Thain, I believe): his horse was shot under him, and, before he could rise from the ground, he received a severe wound in the abdomen. It was with great difficulty he was held upon a pony by two people, and brought into camp at Khoord Cabul. The pony Mrs. Sturt rode was wounded in the ear and neck. I had, fortunately, only *one* ball *in* my arm; three others passed through my poshteen near the shoulder without doing me any injury. The party that fired on us were not above fifty yards from us, and we owed our escape to urging our horses on as fast as they could go over a road where, at any other time, we should have walked our horses very carefully. The main attack of the enemy was on the column, baggage, and rear-guard; and fortunate it was for Mrs. Sturt and myself that we kept with the chiefs. Would to God that Sturt had done so likewise, and not gone back.

The ladies were mostly travelling in kajavas (camel panniers), and were mixed up with the baggage and column in the pass: here they were heavily fired on. Many camels were killed. On one camel were, in one kajava, Mrs. Boyd and her youngest boy Hugh; and in the other Mrs. Mainwaring and her infant, scarcely three months old, and Mrs. Anderson's eldest child. This camel was shot. Mrs. Boyd got a horse to ride; and her child was put on another behind a man, who, being shortly after unfortunately killed, the child was carried off by the Affghans. Mrs. Mainwaring, less fortunate, took her own baby in her arms. Mary Anderson was carried off in the confusion. Meeting with a pony laden with treasure, Mrs. M. endeavoured to mount and sit on the boxes, but they upset; and in the hurry pony and treasure were left behind; and the unfortunate lady pursued her way on foot, until after a time an Affghan asked her if she was wounded, and told her to mount behind him. This apparently kind offer she declined, being fearful of treachery; alleging as an excuse that she could not sit behind him on account of the difficulty of holding her child when so mounted. This man shortly after snatched her shawl off her shoulders, and left her to her fate. Mrs. M.'s sufferings were very great; and she deserves much credit for having preserved her child through these dreadful scenes. She not only had to walk a considerable distance with her child in her arms through the deep snow, but had also to pick her way over the bodies of the dead, dying, and wounded, both men and cattle, and constantly to cross the streams of water, wet up to the knees, pushed and shoved about by men and animals, the enemy keeping up a sharp fire, and several persons being killed close to her. She, however, got safe to camp with her child, but had no opportunity to change her clothes; and I know from experience that it was many days ere my wet habit became thawed, and can fully appreciate her discomforts. * * * * Half of a Sipahee's pall had been pitched, in which the ladies and their husbands took refuge. We had no one to scrape the snow off the ground in it. Capt. Johnson and Mr. Mein first assisted poor Sturt over to it, and then carried Mrs. Sturt and myself through the deep snow. Mrs. Sturt's bedding (saved by the ayah riding on it, whom we kept up close with ourselves) was now a comfort for my poor wounded son. He suffered dreadful agony all night, and intolerable thirst; and most grateful did we feel to Mr. Mein for going out constantly to the stream to procure water: we had only a small vessel to fetch it in, which contained but a few mouthfuls. To sleep in such anxiety of mind and intense cold was impossible. There were nearly thirty of us packed together without room to turn. The Sipahees and camp-followers, half-frozen, tried to force their way, not only into the tent, but actually into our beds, if such resting-places can be so called—a poshteen (or pelisse of sheep-skin) half spread on the snow, and the other half wrapped over one. Many poor wretches died round the tent in the night. The The light company of the 54th N.I., which left Cabul, thirty-six hours previously, eighty-strong, was reduced to eighteen files. This is only one instance, which may fairly be taken as a general average of the destruction of our force. Mrs. Trevor kindly rode a pony, and gave up her place in the kajava to Sturt, who must otherwise have been left to die on the ground. The rough motion increased his suffering and accelerated his death: but he was still conscious that his wife and I were with him; and we had the sorrowful satisfaction of giving him Christian burial.

DESTRUCTION OF THE ARMY.

The small remnant of the army consisted of about seventy files of the 44th, fifty of the 5th cavalry, and 1 six-pounder gun. Observing a body of cavalry in their rear, they determined to bring their solitary gun into position, and make a last effort for existence. Finding it was again Mahommed Akbar Khan, Capt. Skinner (Assist.-Com.-Gen.) by direction of the General, went over, under escort, to him; to remonstrate on the attack made on our troops after a treaty had been entered into for our protection. He replied, he regretted it, he could not control the Ghilzyes (the inhabitants of this part of the country) with his small body of horse, about 300; but that as the remnant of our troops was merely a few Europeans, he would guarantee their safety, and that of all the European officers, to Jellalabad, if the General would conduct them all disarmed, whilst the Affghans were to have the use of their weapons. He said his motives for this were, that should they bring their arms with them, his own followers would be afraid of treachery. To this proposition the General would not assent. Mackay returned with Skinner from the Sirdar, as the road to Jellalabad was said to be unsafe.

The troops continued their fearful march: the remnant of the camp-followers, with several wounded officers, went ahead: for five miles they saw no enemy: all who could not walk were necessarily left behind. They descended a long steep descent to the bed of the Tézeen Nullah. At this dip the scene was horrible: the ground was covered with dead and dying, amongst whom were several officers: they had been suddenly attacked and overpowered. The enemy here crowded from the tops of the hills in all directions down the bed of the Nullah, through which the route lay for three miles; and our men continued their progress through an incessant fire from the heights on both sides, until their arrival in the Tézeen valley, at about half-past four P.M. The descent from the Huft Kohtul was about 2000 feet; and here they lost the snow. About 12,000 persons have perished!

THE CAPTIVITY.

Six rooms, forming two sides of an inner square or citadel, are appropriated to us; and a tykhana to the soldiers. This fort is the largest in the valley, and is quite new; it belongs to Mahommed Shah Khan: it has a deep ditch and a fausse-braye all round. The walls of mud are not very thick, and are built up with planks in tiers on the inside. The buildings we occupy are those intended for the chief and his favourite wife; those for three other wives are in the outer court, and have not yet been roofed in. We number 9 ladies, 20 gentlemen, and 14 children. In the tykhana are 17 European soldiers, 2 European women, and 1 child (Mrs. Wade, Mrs. Burnes, and little Stoker). Mahommed Akbar Khan, to our horror, has informed us that only one man of our force has succeeded in reaching Jellalabad (Dr. Brydon of the Shah's force: he was wounded in two places). Thus is verified what we were told before leaving Cabul; "that Mahommed Akbar would annihilate the whole army, except one man, who should reach Jellalabad to tell the tale." Dost Mahommed Khan (the brother of Mahommed Shah Khan) is to have charge of us. Our parties were divided into the different rooms. Lady Macnaghten, Capt. and Mrs. Anderson and 2 children, Capt. and Mrs. Boyd and 2 children, Mrs. Mainwaring and 1 child, with Lieut. and Mrs. Eyre and 1 child, and a European girl, Hester Macdonald, were in one room; that adjoining was appropriated for their servants and baggage, Capt. Mackenzie and his Madras Christian servant Jacob, Mr. and Mrs. Ryley and 2 children, and Mr. Fallon, a writer in Capt. Johnson's office, occupied another. Mrs. Trevor and her 7 children and European servant, Mrs.

Smith, Lieut. and Mrs. Waller and child, Mrs. Sturt, Mr. Mein, and I had another. In two others all the rest of the gentlemen were crammed.

It did not take us much time to arrange our property; consisting of one mattress and resai between us, and no clothes except those we had on, and in which we left Cabul. Mahommed Akbar Khan, Sultan Jan, and Ghoolam Moyen-oo-deen visited us. The Sirdar assured me we were none of us prisoners; requested that we would make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit of; and told us that as soon as the roads were safe we should be safely escorted to Jellalabad. He further informed me that I might write to Sale; and that any letters I sent he would forward. Of this permission I gladly took advantage to write a few guarded lines to say that we were well and safe.

19*th*.—We luxuriated in dressing, although we had no clothes but those on our backs; but we enjoyed washing our faces very much, having had but one opportunity of doing so before, since we left Cabul. It was rather a painful process, as the cold and glare of the sun on the snow had three times peeled my face, from which the skin came off in strips. We had a grand breakfast, dhall and radishes; the latter large hot ones that had gone to seed, the former is a common pulse eaten by the natives: but any change was good, as we find our chupatties made of the coarse otta anything but nice. Otta is what in England is called pollard; and has to be twice sifted ere it becomes flour. The chupatties are cakes formed of this otta mixed with water, and dried by standing by the fire set up on edge. Eating these cakes of dough is a capital recipe to obtain the heartburn. We parch rice and barley, and make from them a substitute for coffee. Two sheep (alias lambs) are killed daily; and a regular portion of rice and otta given for all. The Affghans cook; and well may we exclaim with Goldsmith, "God sends meat, but the devil sends cooks;" for we only get some greasy skin and bones served out as they are cooked, boiled in the same pot with the rice, all in a lump. Capt. Lawrence divides it; and portions our food as justly as he can. The chupatty is at once the plate and bread: few possess other dinner-table implements than their fingers. The rice even is rendered nauseous by having quantities of rancid ghee poured over it, such as in India we should have disdained to use for our lamps.

24*th*.—A day or two ago the Sirdar sent some chintz to be divided amongst us. A second quantity was to-day given out; and we are working hard that we may enjoy the luxury of getting on a clean suit of clothes. There are very few of us that are not covered with crawlers; and, although my daughter and I have as yet escaped, we are in fear and trembling.

AN EARTHQUAKE.

19*th*.—I heard from Sale. A friend writes me that there will be no relief before April. At noon I was on the top of the house, when an awful earthquake took place. I had gone up stairs to see after my clothes, for, servants being scarce, we get a sweeper, who also acts as saces, to wash for us; and I hang them up to dry on the flat roof: we dispense with starch and ironing; and in our present situation we must learn to do everything that is useful. But to return to the earthquake. For some time I balanced myself as well as I could, till I felt the roof was giving way. I fortunately succeeded in removing from my position before the roof of our room fell in with a dreadful crash. The roof of the stairs fell in as I descended them, but did me no injury. All my anxiety was for Mrs. Sturt, but I could only see a heap of rubbish. I was nearly bewildered, when I heard the joyful sound, "Lady Sale, come here, all are safe;" and I found the whole party uninjured in the court-yard. When the earthquake first commenced in the hills, in the upper part of the valley, its progress was clearly defined, coming down the valley, and throwing up dust, like the action of exploding a mine. I hope a soldier's wife may use a soldier's simile, for I know of nothing else to liken it to. Our walls, and gateways, and corner towers, are all much shaken, or actually thrown down. We had at least twenty-five shocks before dark, and about fifteen more during the night, which we spent in the court-yard. The end wall of the room Lady Macnaghten and party were in has sunk about two feet, and all the beams have started.

MEETING OF LADY SALE AND HER HUSBAND.

General Nott was near Urghundee, and consequently close to us, and General Pollock requested he would send a brigade to our assistance. This he refused, much to the disgust of his officers, alleging that his troops were fatigued. On this General Pollock sent Sale with a brigade, at a few hours' notice. He left Siah Sung, two miles east of Cabul, and made a forced march on the 19th (his sixtieth birthday) to Urghundee; he halted there that night, and on the following morning left his camp standing and marched to meet us. At the pass near Kote Ashruffee he left his infantry to hold the position, and proceeded at the head of the 3rd Dragoons. A party of Sultan Jan's men were in this neighbourhood, and some Kokhes in the immediate vicinity were driven off by the Juzailchees. Had we not received assistance our recapture was certain; but, as it was, they dared not attack the force they saw. It is impossible to express our feelings on Sale's approach. To my daughter and myself, happiness so long delayed, as to be almost unexpected, was actually painful, and accompanied by a choking sensation, which could not obtain the relief of tears. When we arrived where the infantry were posted, they cheered all the captives as they passed them, and the men of the 13th pressed forward to welcome us individually. Most of the men had a little word of hearty congratulation to offer, each in his own style, on the restoration of his colonel's wife and daughter, and then my highly-wrought feelings found the desired relief, and I could scarcely speak to thank the soldiers for their sympathy, whilst the long-withheld tears now found their course. On arriving at the camp, Captain Backhouse fired a royal salute from his mountain-train guns; and not only our old friends but all the officers in the party came to offer congratulations and welcome our return from captivity.

We may, in our next, return to this volume.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications are left with the publisher for "Nemus," "Henricus Latronus," and other correspondents.

Will the writer of "Village Sketches" favour us with his address?

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Several contributions intended for insertion in the present number have been omitted in consequence of the unexpected space required by the engravings. They will appear in our next.

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☞ *Several Advertisements came too late for insertion.*

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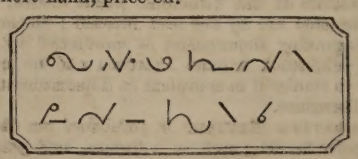

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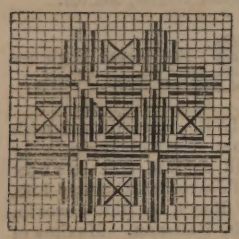

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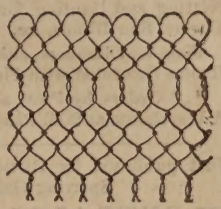

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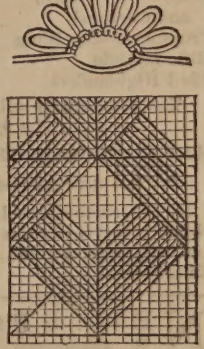

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	Page
The Sisters of Berne—a true Story ..... Illustrated by SARGENT.	67
Characteristics of Aden, with the Passage of the Red Sea. By Mrs. POSTANS..... From an Original Drawing.	75
The Boys of London—The Jew Boy. By MARK LEMON ..... Illustrated by KENNY MEADOWS.	80
Hopes	83
The Two Tomkinses—an Equivoque. By R. B. PEAKE..... Illustrated by LEECH.	84
"We"	90
Arthur Evelyn—the Decayed Gentleman	91
Jupiter's Junket ..... Illustrated by LEECH.	93
Sonnet. By CHARLES PEMBROKE	96
Death and the Drawing-room. By a Lady Illustrated by KENNY MEADOWS.	97
Passages in the Life of Theophilus Smudge Illustrated by LEECH.	101
The Demon Bird. By F. P. PALMER..... Illustrated by KENNY MEADOWS.	105
The Old Man at the Gate. By the EDITOR Illustrated by KENNY MEADOWS.	108
Song for June	110
Light and Shadow. By CATHARINE PARR	110
The Modern Crusoe. By ROBERT POSTANS With an Original Drawing.	111
Bateman' s Orchidaceæ of Mexico and Guatemala. By Dr. RALEIGH BAXTER... Illustrated by HARVEY.	115
FINE ARTS—The Royal Academy—The New Water-Colour Gallery	116
REVIEW:—Titmarsh's Sketch Book of Ireland—Orion, a Poem—Gabrielle—Perils of the Nation—Life of Wilkie...	118
Notices to Correspondents..... Illustrated by KENNY MEADOWS.	125

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In the month of June, in the year 1829, there appeared the following paragraph in the *Examiner*, quoted from the daily papers:—

Singular Suicide.—On Tuesday three ladies took a boat near Greenwich Hospital, and when William Jackson, the boatman, had rowed up to Limehouse Reach, they all started up at the same time, and jumped overboard, one over the stern, and the others from the sides. The boatman immediately stopped the boat; with his right hand he grasped one of them, with his left held the oar out to another, who supported herself with it, and by his activity and presence of mind he succeeded in getting them alive into the boat again; but the third sunk, and disappeared.—It appears that these unfortunate ladies are Hanoverians, who had been in this country some time in poverty, and had conducted themselves in a very eccentric manner. Their names are Both (Charlotte, Hermandine, and Adolphine)—Hermandine, the youngest of the three, is the one drowned. They lodged at Mrs. Wells's, in Sloane-street. It is said, that, before leaving Germany, they had attempted to destroy themselves in a similar manner, and that two other of their sisters did actually drown themselves on that occasion. They have an impression, it is reported, that an English officer has seduced their youngest sister, and that this self-immolation would wipe out the stain upon their family. Their father was fencing-master to the Court of Hanover, and they assert that they have claims upon the British Government. Count Munster, it is said, offered to pay their expenses back to Hanover; but they refused to return when they learnt that they were to travel in the stage-coach, and not in a private carriage. His Majesty sent them £50 some time back. The magistrates at Lambeth-street Police-office directed that attention should be afforded to the unfortunate ladies, who were at Millwall indisposed, and several of their friends have come forward on this melancholy occasion.

The dreadful catastrophe thus announced excited, as may naturally be supposed, an overpowering interest in the public mind. A single suicide, when the party is known to be a foreigner and friendless, produces a painful influence in the breast of every one not utterly absorbed in selfishness, but the despondency which could excite three young girls to simultaneous self-destruction was naturally supposed to arise from some more than ordinary calamity. In the case of a single person of that sex, the mind immediately suggests the ideas of seduction, abandonment, or hopeless love; but how deep must have been the despair which could induce three young and unprotected creatures to commit this act of desperation.

As one of the very few persons who are acquainted with the facts, I readily acquiesce in the request to draw up a narrative of their extraordinary and unprecedented misfortunes—misfortunes arising from no criminality, but from the confusion of mind produced by agitations which they were unable to support. I only vouch for the circumstances which were actually known to me, and leave the rest to produce whatever effect an unverified narrative may be capable of; but as the assertions, which there were means of testing, proved true, I am inclined to attach credit to the others which were related to me by the sufferers, making due allowance for the colouring given by their excited imaginations and bewildered minds. At this distance of time there are no means of ascertaining the truth, but the whole tissue of events is so consistent and so probable (under the extraordinary agitations and distresses to which they were subjected) that I am not prepared to believe that any part whatever of the strange and affecting narrative of vicissitude and suffering is without foundation; they gave, at least, dreadful proof of their sincerity.

In the year 1827, I was living at Lausanne in Switzerland, and it was in the evening of a dreary day, towards the end of the month of October, that the servant announced a person, whose name was familiar to me as the Lady Bountiful of the district. I was much surprised at a visit, at such an hour, from a stranger, for I had not had the good fortune to have had any introduction to the lady, although it had long been my wish to make her acquaintance. Mademoiselle C—— was one of those beings whom the Almighty sends on earth from time to time to let us see the degree of excellence to which the female character can attain. She spent a noble fortune in acts of beneficence, guided by sagacity and discretion. Her countenance and manner were so exceedingly gentle and prepossessing as to make one wonder that she could have been suffered to remain, till past the middle age, unmarried. She made many

apologies for obtruding at that unseasonable hour, but hoped the urgent circumstances would excuse it. She told me that three young females, of modest appearance, had been set upon by the boys in the street, and chased round the town and pelted with mud, and had taken refuge in a bookseller's shop; that, whether they were girls of character or not, she had, at any rate, rescued them from the hands of their tormentors, and secured them an asylum for the night in the house of a gardener in the vicinity; that their haggard appearance, their intense distress, the wildness of their manner, their overpowering terror and confusion of mind, made it impossible to judge if they were really in their senses; but that there was, at any rate, something so awful in their desolation and despair, that, whether virtuous or profligate, common humanity made it imperative to afford them shelter till they were able to tell their tale consistently, and means could be found for testing its truth.

In compliance with her wishes, I hastened to the place, and saw three well-bred and elegant young women, the eldest about three or four and twenty and the youngest eighteen. They were still under the influence of such ungovernable terror, that, talking all at once, it was impossible to make out their story, and all I could do at the moment was to recommend quiet, and direct such medical means as might alleviate their agitation, and diminish its effects on their health. Their continued exclamation was, "We are innocent"—"We are not bad women"—"We are ladies"—"Shall we be put in prison?" I passed some hours in the endeavour to sooth their fears, assured them that they should be taken care of, and that they should not be abandoned till means had been found to place them in a proper situation. They spoke French and Italian with great fluency, but always conversed together in German, which was their native language. After long-continued efforts, I succeeded in producing comparative composure, and left them to repose.

The following day I visited them again at an early hour, and learnt from the woman of the house that they had been walking about during a great part of the night; that she had heard, from time to time, paroxysms of sobbing and lamentation, with occasional exclamations, which her husband, who had been a courier, and understood German, said were, "What will become of us?—it is better to die," and so forth, and that it had been impossible to induce them to take any other food than some coffee and dry bread.

It would be tedious to follow the events from day to day, or to give their narrative piecemeal, as it was reluctantly extracted from them; suffice it that I soon learnt quite enough to satisfy me that they were girls of good character, and of honest intentions; but they became all so excited when telling their extraordinary story, that I was often obliged to impose silence, for their hysterical agitation soon passed into almost the delirium of insanity.

At the expiration of a week I had succeeded in interesting a great number of people in their behalf, and, with the aid of Mademoiselle C——'s powerful friends, had raised such a sum of money as ensured the means of giving effectual relief. Comparative tranquillity being established, I obtained something like a connected narrative of their past life, which I will endeavour to condense as the sum of what they told me. How far it may be minutely true there are no means of judging, but I state it exactly as I heard it, although much has necessarily faded away from my memory after an interval of fifteen years.

The eldest was generally the speaker: she made use of French in her narrative, with an occasional and apparently involuntary transition into Italian, both languages seeming as familiar as her own, but of English she knew nothing.

"My father," said she, "was a colonel on half-pay, in the Hanoverian service. Being a remarkably fine swordsman, he was employed to teach fencing to the royal family, and was much in their confidence. My mother was a woman of high breeding and great imagination; she always looked forward to splendid alliances for her children, should we ever marry, and taught us to despise all others. We had the means of obtaining all sorts of accomplishments, as music, drawing, dancing, languages, &c., almost without expense. My father's position made all teachers anxious to obtain his patronage, and, in the hope of his recommendations, they were but too glad to give him their own services. This may account for the children of a poor man possessing acquirements which he never could have afforded to pay for, and which have, perhaps, been to us the sources of more evil than good."

But I will not attempt to give her narrative in her own words. She went on to describe the mode in which they had been brought up, to the following effect:—There were six girls, but no son; the mother was a woman who had been a coquette, a beauty, and a "bel esprit," and she had educated her children accordingly. Having herself no substantial learning, and being devoted to the frivolous sentimental literature of Germany, which was, at that time, in all its extravagance and absurdity, she allowed her children to follow their own inclinations entirely in the selection of their reading. Being herself a sceptic in religion, she had never implanted in their minds the consoling and sustaining principles of Christianity. It may be supposed that, in the abundant supply of trash which then abounded, they naturally selected that which fed their own tastes and aggravated the romantic extravagance of their ill-regulated minds. Thus they grew up, untutored, unrestrained, with no fixed principles of any kind; virtuous, for they had no opportunity of becoming otherwise, being rigidly excluded from all society. Their father's

narrow circumstances forbad their mixing with the world, or receiving visitors. He was always occupied with the royal family and the high personages attached to the court, and he abandoned all domestic control to a wife completely unfitted for the task. Six young girls, thus living together without other society, naturally excited and aggravated each other's romantic temperament. They made, in fact, an artificial world for themselves. When they saw their father, which was but for a small part of the day, and sometimes not at all, there was a rivalry among them who should most gratify him by the display of her accomplishments; and he, looking only to the pleasure of passing his short intervals of leisure among them, took pains to encourage their emulation by praises and rewards.

There was, however, another circumstance which still further added to their romantic hallucinations, and gave the intense interest of mystery to their domestic intercourse. They had, by some means, become acquainted with the fact that they were not *all* daughters of Colonel B——; that two of them had been placed with him, as they believed, by persons of the very highest rank in Europe, as children who could not yet be acknowledged, and with the instructions to bring them up as his own. The colonel always denied this, but in a manner that did not produce conviction; but the mother was less guarded—she acknowledged that two of them were not her children, although she so far kept to the solemn promise she had made on taking charge of them as never to allow them to know exactly which of them were her own, and which the strangers'. No entreaties, no stratagems, could extort a confession from either father or mother, and this undiscoverable secret weighed on the minds of all, each believing that she herself was one of those who, at some future period, was to leave her chrysalis life of sordid obscurity, and become one of the butterflies of fashion.

It may be easily conceived that young creatures thus brought up were ill fitted to buffet with misfortunes, should they arise; and that, whenever it should be their lot to sustain the loss of either or of both parents, they would be totally unfitted for self-guidance.

The calamity was not long in arriving. The mother was seized with brain fever, and soon fell a victim to the disease, aided in its intensity by one of those theoretic philosophical physicians who then abounded in Germany, and were occasionally to be found even in England. The daughters were all dreadfully afflicted at the loss of one of the kindest and most indulgent of mothers; and some words which she had let drop in her delirium had the sad effect of still further adding to the mystery of their position. The father was so entirely overwhelmed at her loss, that he seemed to sink into utter apathy, and to shrink within himself in torpid despair. It was in vain that his friends attempted to rouse him from his lethargy: his house fell into confusion—he found that debts which had been incurred by the wife pressed upon him, and that he was no longer able to retain his social position. He determined, therefore, to collect the remnant of his little property, and retire to some distant spot, where he might just procure the means of subsistence, away from those who had known him in a better situation.

The place he selected for his residence was the town of Berne, in Switzerland, and he hired a small house on the terrace which hangs over the river Aar, directly opposite to the great hill called the Altenberg.

In this place he lived with his six daughters in the most absolute seclusion and retirement; the youngest child was then between thirteen and fourteen, and the eldest might be two or three and twenty. They kept no company, and resisted every attempt made by others to establish an acquaintance with them. Walking out every day for some hours all together, they formed necessarily a remarkable group, and attracted much notice; but the colonel kept so watchful an eye upon his flock, that no one could succeed in speaking to them. They were all indeed so exceedingly timid, that this was not a very difficult task to accomplish. Thus they passed their time —known to nobody, knowing nobody—their origin, station, history, and even name not ascertained. All that could be inferred was, that, as they were evidently ladies of a certain class, and whose appearance at once stamped them as of respectable station in life, some overwhelming misfortune or crime on the part of their father had been the cause of their expatriation; and, as political troubles in France, Italy, and Germany had been so rife and so recent, it was naturally enough supposed that he was a political refugee. He never took the trouble to rectify this impression—his health was extremely delicate, and he seemed only anxious for quiet and oblivion. Many were the persons who strove to break through this icy barrier; some from compassionate interest, some from admiration of the young ladies, two at least of whom were exceedingly beautiful, and all interesting from their carriage and manners, from their youth and apparent amiability, and from the mystery of their strange position.

The town of Berne is situated on a high and steep hill, or rather rock, almost surrounded by the river Aar, which takes the shape of a horseshoe, and thus makes it a sort of peninsula. This rock is at the bottom of a valley, formed by mountains of considerable height, most exquisitely wooded. The government, whose revenues are entirely derived from lands which have never been appropriated to individuals, and from the right of pasturage on the slopes of the lesser spurs of the great chain of the Alps—the government, thus enabled to dispense entirely with

taxation, lays out a portion of its superfluous wealth in ornamenting and improving the country. The most beautiful roads in the world render every part of the canton accessible—footpaths through the woods, with commodious seats for pedestrian ramblers wherever a fine view is to be obtained—conveniences of every kind—a good police—noble streams of the most brilliant water in stone channels down the centre of every street, and many other marks of comfort and refinement, give the whole district more the air of a gentleman's highly-ornamented park in England, than a remote canton of Switzerland. All is in harmony but the barbarous jargon of bastard German which forms the medium of communication among the poor. The higher classes speak pure German and French.

In this place did the colonel and his family pass several months in quiet. To all the salutations made to him by travellers or natives he returned a civil but distant acknowledgment, and no one succeeded in drawing him into conversation even on the subject of the weather. The daughters never left the house a moment without their father; and the servants, from discretion or from ignorance, could make no disclosures.

Among the many whose pride and curiosity were piqued by this exclusion was a young Englishman of fortune, named ——. He took care to encounter the strangers daily in their walks, and always in the least-frequented spots; but such was the vigilance of the father, that after repeated attempts he found it impossible to pass further than "Good morning," which never obtained any other reply than a "Good morning" in return. The young ladies, if he approached them, always took care to place their father between themselves and the intruder, and, by keeping at the distance of a few yards, effectually prevented his salutations from extending beyond the attention of the colonel.

Time and stratagem, however, accomplished his object in spite of all such precautions. He one day contrived to meet them in a narrow part of the road through the forest, and, without exciting suspicion, brought about a quarrel between his own dog and the powerful animal belonging to the colonel. During the alarm of the ladies he exerted himself with so much apparent sincerity to separate the dogs, and with (what appeared to them) such personal risk, that it was impossible to avoid the interchange of a few words of acknowledgment and thanks. He accompanied them back to their house, and at the door was cordially thanked by the colonel. This was, however, all; he was not invited into the house, and the whole affair terminated in an interchange of cards of address.

Still the compulsory interview and conversation had some effect—their meetings in their walks were more full and free. Politics gradually interested the colonel, and, as the Englishman took care always so to frame his arguments as to ensure his own defeat, the old gentleman began gradually to find pleasure in *so candid an antagonist,* and one (so rare in political discussions) *open to reason.*

The Englishman, though now become intimate, was not yet admitted into the house, when one day he made his appearance at the door at the moment they were setting out for a walk, with a beautiful English curricle—a carriage so much more graceful and elegant than all others, that it is a matter of surpise it should ever have become obsolete.

The colonel had never seen a carriage of this description, and was exceedingly delighted with it. The gentleman at last induced him to get into it, and the ease and comfort struck him with still more admiration. When they had driven backwards and forwards on the terrace in front of the house a few times, the colonel quitted his seat, and readily accepted the offer to let the young ladies enjoy the treat in succession. All were charmed with the graceful easy motion, and no doubt envied the possessor. At last it came to the turn of the youngest, who, it may naturally be supposed, was still more enchanted than her sisters, and proclaimed her gratification loudly. The gentleman drove, as he had done before, to the extremity of the terrace; but, instead of returning, passed round the corner, and, putting his horses to their mettle, drove at the most rapid rate out of the town. The poor child, conceiving it to be a joke, was divided between her merriment at the trick and her fear of the anger of her father, who she naturally thought would be offended at the liberty. In spite of her entreaties to turn back, and ultimately her screams for liberation, the gentleman continued to urge his horses to their utmost speed, and was soon out of sight.

The first impulse of the colonel was anger and indignation at the presumption and audacity of the stranger. He became red and pale by turns—tottered to his seat, and covered his face with his hands; but, when he heard that they had driven entirely away, this feeling gave way to horror, at what he considered (naturally enough) to be a planned elopement. He burst out into exclamations at the premature depravity of so mere a child; and, after vain attempts to express his feelings, fell down senseless in a fit of apoplexy.

Consider the situation of the five helpless beings thus deprived of counsel and guidance when they most needed it. Their father's safety was precarious, and they knew not what to resolve. At night, in solemn conclave, they decided on the steps to be taken. "Believing," said they, "that we were utterly disgraced and degraded, we decided that if not successful in recovering our sister, whom we all believed to be innocent, we would not survive the calamity." They accordingly deputed the second sister (who seemed to have more vigorous health and greater courage than the rest) to seek out the fugitives; but as the sum which they were enabled to raise, on the spur of the oc-

casion, was too small to admit of a lengthened pursuit, they arranged that, if unsuccessful by a certain day, they would all throw themselves into the river from the precipice. The sister who was sent in chase also agreed to the same mode of terminating their sufferings, and the day, and hour, and even the moment, were fixed on.

At the end of three days the fugitives were overtaken, and, by the aid of the police, the poor child was rescued from the hands of her ravisher. The time rapidly approached for the contemplated suicide, and a messenger was sent off with all speed to stop the execution of the fatal resolve. He, however, got drunk, and lost much time on the road, and when he arrived at Berne it was too late! All four had precipitated themselves into the river; two only were taken out alive, and were with great difficulty restored. Happily the father was still insensible, and knew not the aggravation of his misery.

The fugitives were brought back to Berne; and it was clearly proved that there had been no concert whatever between the parties; but that the case was one of the most atrocious violation, for which the culprit's life was justly forfeited.

The remains of the old feudal laws, which still exist in the Canton of Berne, allowed, however, to the criminal the alternative of marrying the object of his atrocity; and between marriage and hanging it is not to be supposed that the choice was long in making. They were married, although the unhappy child made every effort to resist her fate; and the ceremony had no sooner taken place than the demon determined to bear her away where her sisters should never hear of her again. "To this day," said the eldest to me, "we have never been able to obtain intelligence of her fate."

Slowly and imperfectly the colonel recovered partial possession of his faculties; and, as soon as he was capable of resuming the management of his affairs, gave orders for their departure. Occasional glimpses of intellect enabled him to direct the sale of his property, and lay down some plan for the future; but he was entirely incapable of continuous thought, and passed his time resting his elbows on his knees, his face covered by his hands, and his body swaying from side to side, with the regularity of a pendulum. To all the inquiries as to their destination his invariable reply was, "Far away—far away—Italy—far away!"

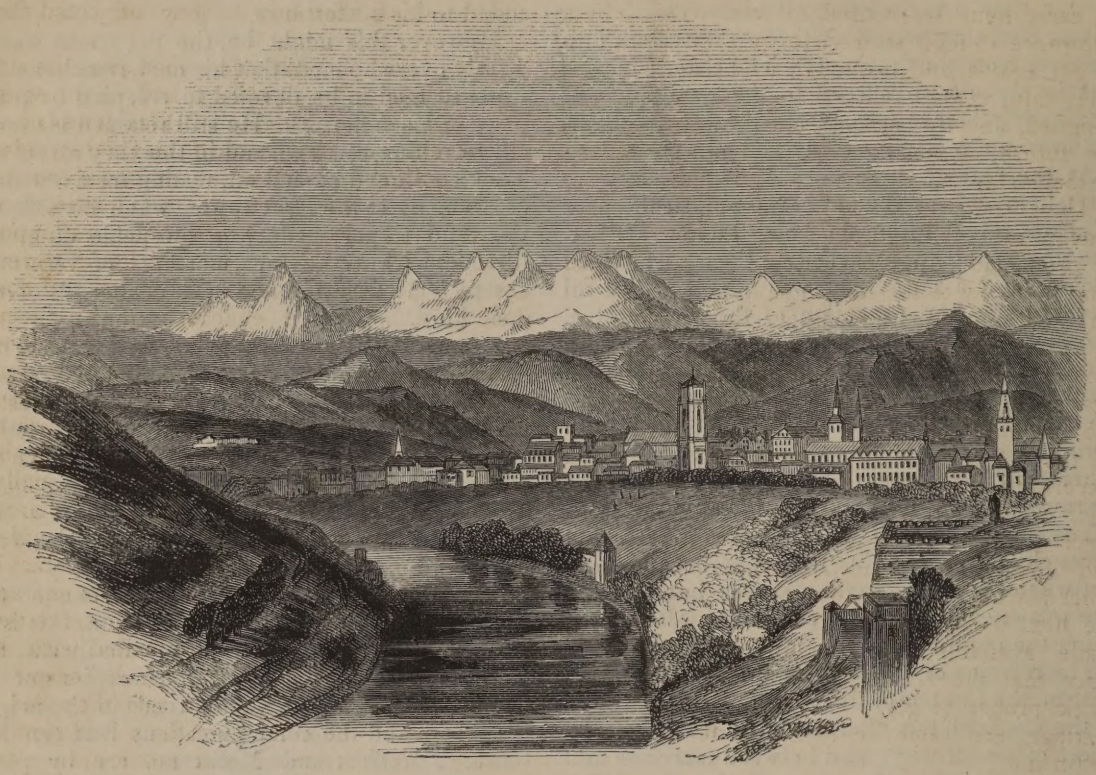
I cannot remember how far they told me that he was made acquainted with the details of his calamity, but, from the subsequent circumstances, conclude that his intellect had received too violent a shock to enable him to conceive the full extent of it. It was the opinion of the daughter who was my principal informant, that one of the sufferers by the suicide in the Aar, and perhaps also the young girl who was married, were those who had been entrusted to his care, and, if this were the case, it is probable that loss of income was added to his misfortunes.

However this might be, the poor man was so utterly overwhelmed, that his only remaining instinct seemed to be devoted to escaping from the place of his sufferings. He still retained his large old travelling carriage, and in this they all set off. They continued on and on, resting for a few days occasionally at the large towns, when his exhaustion and torpor made him incapable of giving directions; but the first moments of returning energy were used to issue fresh commands of the same kind.

"In this mode," said they, "did we make our way through Lombardy and Piedmont, the Roman States, and down to Naples, passing on almost to the heel of the boot at Otranto. How far our father had intended to go we know not, but when we arrived in the neighbourhood of Potenza we found it impossible to proceed, and we hired a few rooms in an old dilapidated castle—the only shelter we could obtain."

This romantic country is perhaps one of the most wild and sublime of the peninsula. It is in the very peculiar province called Basilicata, the most primitive of the mountainous regions of the South. There are no public roads in the neighbourhood, and the communications between Potenza, Tricarico, and Moliterno, are by paths across steep mountains and sterile rocks. The inhabitants are as rude and ignorant as the savages of New Zealand, and the arrival of a family in a place so entirely out of the beaten track was a thing to excite as much wonder as a comet. It is not surprising that, in the absence of all positive intelligence, the most strange and extravagant tales were reported of the new comers, and that, as there were no servants to give a clue to their history, the spirit of scandal was employed to invent circumstances which should explain appearances.

The effect of such a position on the minds of the three daughters was necessarily injurious, and increased still further their already morbid delusions. In this romantic situation did they remain, brooding over their calamities—with no associates—no communication with the world—in a state of mental excitement almost amounting to insanity. They had no servant, but the people of the little hamlet at the foot of the rock on which stood the castle came daily in the forenoon to clean the house and prepare the dinner, and then left them to themselves. The daughters took it by turns to sit up all night with the father, whose increasing infirmities made them unable to leave him for a moment. His intellect seemed entirely gone, and his perception of external objects nearly annihilated. He usually sat up in his bed, which he never quitted—his knees drawn up, and his elbows resting on them—his face covered with his hands—and the swaying of his body from side to side was become a necessity of his nature. If



BERNE, SWITZERLAND.

interrupted, but for a moment, he expressed his anger and impatience by indistinct imprecations, and even when eating continued the movement. He was indeed never quiet but when asleep, which was generally in the same position.

Week after week and month after month passed on in this dreary and dismal solitude, when one morning the daughter, as usual, offering him a cup of coffee, found it impossible to rouse his attention —he was insensible to the call, and she attempted to wake him by pushing his shoulders—the body fell over on the other side—it was a corpse! He had died in the night, and stiffened in his usual position.

The alarm and confusion which prevailed among his children may be conceived, and, in the midst of horrors which scarcely seemed to admit of increase, the villagers arrived to perform their daily duty. The ignorant and simple peasantry had had vague suspicions of the whole family, from their secluded and unnatural life, and the strange and equivocal expressions made use of by the young ladies during their paroxysms of excitement still further increased the feeling that there was "something wrong." From suspicion to conviction is a very short process in the uneducated mind, and they jumped at once to the conclusion that the father was murdered by his daughters!

Imagine the horror of the poor girls at such an accusation! Once made, however, there was no escape: the officers of justice were immediately made acquainted with the circumstances, and the poor creatures were committed to prison.

To those who are aware of the slowness of legal proceedings throughout the Italian States, it will seem strange that a few weeks only were required to establish the utter groundlessness of the charge, and liberate the sufferers. But for the interference, however, of a benevolent ecclesiastic, slighter circumstances than these, and even the most manifest contradiction in terms, would not have required less than six or eight months to elucidate. As soon as they were liberated and allowed to depart, the three survivors set off from the spot, and directed their course to Vienna. A great quantity of valuable trinkets and jewellery remained to them, but scarcely any money. They believed, however, that they had valid claims on the Austrian or some other government, and thought only of the means of existing till these claims should be established. They determined to live with the most rigid economy and wait for events.

"For several months," said they, "we existed on nine kreutzers a day"—less than threepence sterling. I said it was impossible, but they gave me the following statement of the mode in which they accomplished it:—"We bought in the morning four kreutzers'-worth of coffee, and a loaf with the remainder. The loaf and the coffee we made into two equal portions. We divided one of these portions amongst the three for breakfast, but we

had neither milk, sugar, nor butter; the remainder gave us another meal at six in the evening, and at an early hour we retired to rest. This scanty allowance of food seemed to be even favourable to our health, and, although we became exceedingly thin, yet our minds were more tranquil and resigned, and we began seriously to lay plans for the future, should our claims meet with still further delay."

Their tranquillity was, however, soon after broken up. Taking their usual walk on the public promenade, they heard some Italian boys behind them say to the bystanders, "Those are the girls that murdered their father at Potenza."

Taking counsel only from their fears, and looking with terror to the possibility of being again incarcerated and charged with crime, they thought only of escape. They left Vienna with all the valuables which remained to them, and (according to their report) seem to have pursued their course without any distinct destination or object. They thus wandered through Germany and the Swiss Oberland, Zug, Zurich, and various other places, selling at one town a snuff-box, at the next a brooch, a ring, or whatever could be made available, and obtaining for them any price that the landlord or a friendly Jew might think proper to give. At last they sold their carriage, and came on to Lausanne by a return vetturino.

In this rambling and motiveless journey of three young and unprotected women, it is not to be wondered at that they should generally be set down as women of light character, and treated accordingly. All their valuables had melted away, and they were now entirely without the means of paying for food. They still had good and even very expensive clothes; and this incongruity seemed a still further presumption against the respectability of their personal character.

The landlord of the inn where they had first placed themselves, acting on this conviction, recommended them to take up their abode at a well-known house just outside the town; to which proposition they without hesitation acceded—intending, if, indeed, in the bewildered state of their minds, they could be said to have any *intentions* whatever—intending to wait there till they should hear the result of the application they had made to the English and the Hanoverian governments.

They had scarcely taken up their abode in their new habitation, when they were made acquainted with its infamous character. Horror-struck at what they had done, they all ran screaming into the streets. The boys, seeing them come out of a house of that description, did not doubt that they were women of light character, and, from their manner, concluding they were inebriated, pelted them with mud.

The rest of their story I have told up to the time when first desired to see them. Their minds were entirely overthrown by the violence of their emotions, by the bodily sufferings they had undergone, and probably by the extreme privation of food to which they had so long subjected themselves.

Such, then, as I have described, was the situation of these unhappy beings; and, in the equivocal state of their reasoning faculties, it was no easy matter to know what to decide on for their advantage and for the satisfaction of one's own conscience. Having taken up their cause, it was quite impossible to lay down the self-imposed task, and we waited, with more or less of patience, for their perfect restoration to mental and bodily health. This would enable us to fix them in some mode of earning a living for themselves, if we should not succeed in establishing their claims.

These claims they always spoke of as a mystery which was not to be divulged. It was in vain that I urged them to let me know the facts without reserve, as the only means of acting effectually in their favour. I have already stated the circumstances of the two girls who were the daughters of strangers; but, up to this time, *that* fact had not been communicated to me. Again and again did I determine to cease all efforts to serve them, so much was I piqued and offended with their obstinate reserve—a reserve which became absurd, when it was considered that they had not the means of obtaining their daily food from any source. All argument and remonstrance were in vain; and my efforts only succeeded in establishing in their minds a fixed determination to starve themselves to death, as a means of terminating their embarrassments! This determination could not be long concealed from me. The woman of the house came to inform me that she had discovered that not only was the portion of food ostensibly consumed by them too little to support life, but that they were in the habit of destroying a great part, if not the whole.

I desired a serious conversation with them; and, first calling their attention in a solemn manner to what I was about to say, proceeded to argue the heinousness of the sin of suicide: pointed out to them that, after their dreadful attempt at self-destruction at Berne, they could only consider their subsequent misery as permitted by the Almighty, to bring them to a sense of their past sins, and afford them time to atone for them. They argued with much perverse ingenuity that they had no intention to destroy themselves, but that abstaining from food was merely *letting themselves die*, and could not, therefore, be considered a crime. It was in vain to attempt to remove this delusion by argument, but I produced, at last, a serious effect on them by stating my determination to have them all confined as lunatics, unless I should learn on the morrow that they had resumed their regular meals. This threat was sufficient, and I had no more trouble on that score.

About this time the gardener's wife informed me that she must insist on the removal of the in-

mates; for the incessant agitation on their account had an injurious effect on her health, and that the numerous visitors and inquirers were too large a tax on her time, and that the responsibility was more than she could bear.

It was no easy task to find *any* place to receive them, and to find a *proper* place was impossible. With much difficulty we at last prevailed on the housekeeper of the Russian Princess D——, who had charge of a noble old château, looking over the lake, to undertake the care of the invalids—for such they really were, in body as well as mind. The princess would be absent for a year, and her representative ventured on this step more to oblige Mademoiselle C——, and to relieve us from our great embarrassment, than from any feeling that she had authority to make such use of the château. They were accordingly removed; but we could not have selected a place less adapted to their peculiar situation, or more unhappily calculated to increase their morbid sensibility and romance.

The château was one of those imposing structures which still remain in this country of democracy as samples of the old feudal government. It had been, I believe, a residence of the Bailli (or what we may call the Lord Lieutenant), who, when the Canton de Vaud was yet the Pays de Vaud, and under the dominion of its neighbour the Canton of Berne, had here to exercise his most distasteful authority. The rooms were large and lofty, and the whole had that aspect of dignity and splendour which tended to foster the delusion of these unfortunate victims of erroneous education.

Although I had some misgivings as to the truth of certain parts of their story, I had none at all of their sincerity, but felt the most entire conviction that they were acting in perfect good faith, however great might be their own delusion. They told me, about this time, that, if it were possible to get a letter into the hands of the king of England, they felt quite certain that their claims would be recognised, and that they should at once be placed above want; that all their attempts hitherto had failed from their letters being intercepted by persons interested in opposing their claims. This did not seem to me very probable, but, at any rate, it was in my power to remove the obstacle, if it existed. I knew a favourite domestic of his Majesty, and knew, too, that he could take liberties which a person of higher station would not dare to attempt. I had, therefore, no hesitation in assuring them that I had the power of placing their letter in the king's hands in a mode which would ensure his attention.

Several days elapsed in the preparation of an epistle which was to decide their future fate; during which period the composure and tranquillity which seemed to take complete possession of their minds gave a cheering hope of their perfect re-establishment. Their conversation was rational and calm; they conversed on subjects of literature and art with a degree of talent of which I had not previously supposed them to be possessed, and seemed to feel acutely their past misconduct, and to resolve upon an entire submission to the advice of kind and disinterested friends for the future. I reported the improvement to my co-subscribers, and we congratulated ourselves on the effects of our patient forbearance.

At last the important letter was ready, and was given to me with a deliberateness of manner which showed how much they were impressed with a sense of its influence on their fate. "But," said I, "the letter is sealed." "Why, surely," said the eldest, "you did not imagine we could send such a letter open?" "How, then, do I know that it is a proper letter to be presented?" It was in vain that I stated the necessity, for my own sake, and for the safety of the man who was to undertake the task, that I should know the contents of the missive before I could venture on the step. To all my arguments and remonstrances they made no other reply than that they could not communicate the contents to any human being, and that, if that were the sole condition on which I could aid them, they must decline my assistance.

The preposterous folly and perverseness of this conduct convinced me that any further attempt to serve them was useless. I gave them two days to consider the effects of their obstinacy; and, finding them still in the same mind, took a final leave of them—paid over the sum I had collected among my countrymen to the lady who had first interested herself in their behalf, and took my departure for England—not sorry to escape from the fatigue, anxiety, and embarrassment I had been led into by a species of knight-errant interest of which I was now become almost ashamed.

Time passed on, and after the lapse of another year I fixed my residence at Brighton, where I had remained a few months without hearing any further news of the wanderers, than that they had left Lausanne, after giving a great deal of trouble to all the parties who had interested themselves in their behalf.

One morning I received a letter from London, in an unknown hand, and found, on opening it, that it came from the eldest of my unfortunate clients. The purport of it was to state, that they were arrived in England, and to request that I would immediately come to town and assist them in the prosecution of their claims, which were now they believed in a train for speedy decision.

It may be supposed I was in no hurry again to engage in their service, and accordingly returned no answer to the letter. A week passed on, when the paragraph quoted at the head of this paper attracted my attention; and, although I could not blame myself, it was no slight source of regret to me that the dreadful catastrophe could be in any way connected with my neglect of the application.

W.

CHARACTERISTICS OF ADEN, WITH THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

THE position of Aden must render it a spot of continual and increasing importance to the civilized world; and lying, as it does, in the road of the Eastern voyage, there are few persons who do not desire to know something of its general characteristics. It has been my fate to admire its beauties and to grumble over its stony roads more than once; yet it is impossible to remember it without pleasure, or to consider it without interest.

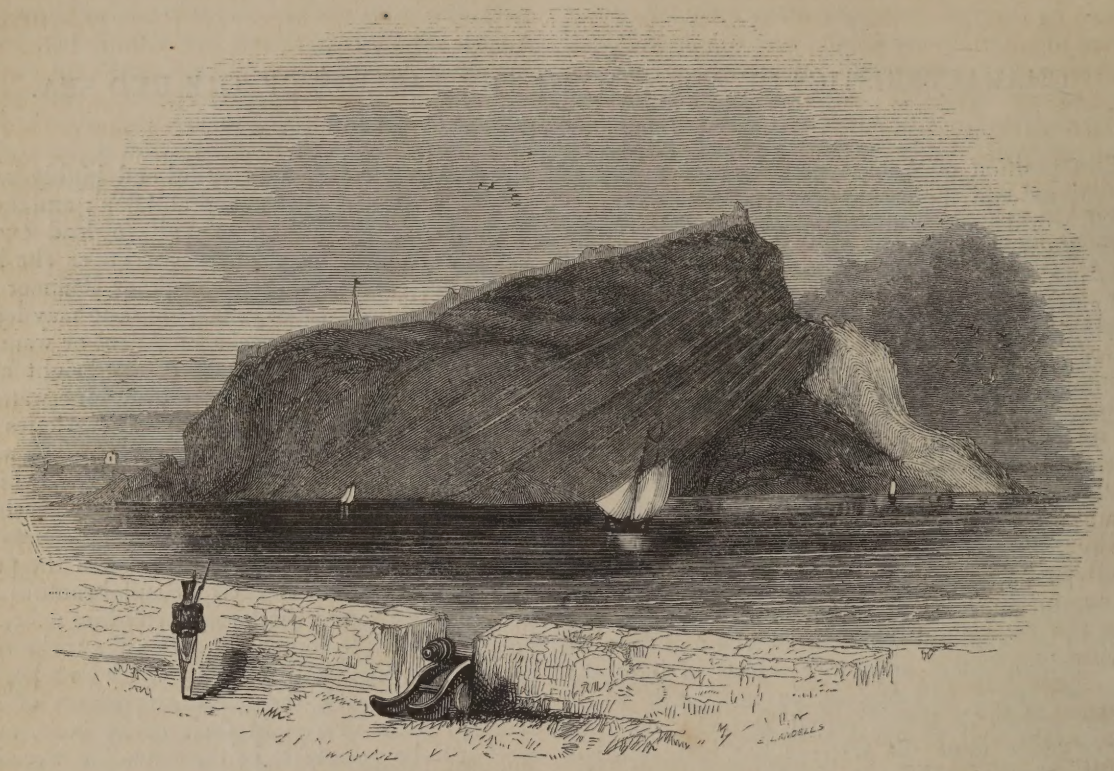
My last visit to Aden was made in returning from India a few months since; and, as it is a point of occupation continually progressing, the latest news of it must ever be the best.

It is agreeable to arrive at Aden by daylight; for the entrance of the harbour is particularly beautiful and picturesque, while pleasant glimpses are to be caught of the adjacent island of Syra, of the British Camp, and other objects of interest; yet we were unfortunate, in making it when evening had darkened round its rocks, and the stars shone upon the waters; but, although we were thus tantalized by remaining hours in anxious expectation of the dawn, which would set us actively at work, our good steam-ship, the Cleopatra, was not so to play the idler, but, being at anchor soon after midnight, was joined immediately by the coal-charger, and began making herself useful and disagreeable.

Aden, since I had seen it in 1839, was much improved, and this I at once discovered, as soon as it was light enough to drink a cup of coffee, blackened with coal-dust, or to peer from out the film gathered on one's eyelashes during the early morning hours. The Political Agent's house, near Steamer Point, had been newly built, and a commodious-looking travellers' bungalow was in process of erection, as a matter of speculation, by an energetic Parsee—one of a class who, having no religious tenets to oppose them, are the great innkeepers all over India, rendering themselves famous for producing good dinners and high charges, matters that are too often synonymous, whether one's host wears a turban or a hat. However, this inn is a convenience particularly required; for so very unpleasant is the necessary operation of coaling on board a steamer, with the thermometer at 104, that no one who could possibly avoid it would remain a moment on deck after the ceremony had commenced; but hitherto, unless persons brought introductions to the Camp, or possessed acquaintances there, on hospitable thoughts intent, they were condemned, for four-and-twenty hours, to eat, drink, breathe, and be attired in, coal-dust; for decks, faces, garments, and edibles, all take the universal hue. There is also a great deal of a beautiful and highly-interesting nature to be observed at Aden; and these inducements should be enough to lead every voyager to quit the steamer as soon as she has anchored, and with sketch-book or hammer in hand, as his artistical or geological taste may lead, prepare to climb the rocks of Aden, or wander admiringly along the sands of its bright and beautiful bays, where the peculiarly blue waters, the dark towering rocks, the lovely varieties of shells, and marine esculents of every kind, will afford hours of delight and gratification, of which the voyager should immediately avail himself; for the scenery of Aden is by no means common. Nor, during the rest of his voyage, will the passage of the Red Sea, interesting and beautiful as the coast is, present similar opportunities; for, in keeping a middle course, the shells, the rocks, the coral reefs, eulogized so highly by those who, in native crafts, seek the great emporiums of its shores, remain unseen in their ocean beds, and are but to be guessed at by the snow-like wreaths which the telescope reveals, as flung upon the distant shore.

The Island of Aden is entirely volcanic, and remarkable for the great beauty of its bay and harbour. It is about thirteen miles in circumference, and the greatest breadth perhaps four. The appearance of Aden is that of a group of black, calcined, ashy-looking hills, most varied in their forms, and rising to the height of one thousand or twelve hundred feet. Few features in scenery can be more remarkable than these Aden hills; thrown up originally by some great volcanic force, they have taken and retained forms the most peculiar and picturesque. The summits of one group have shot up in a hundred tapered spires—their fine needle-like points contrasted and thrown out in bold relief by the fine azure of the sky; while others present the perfect effect of crumbling ruins, castellated remains, half-broken walls, and the most wild and jagged outlines, which the imagination may class as among the relics of a people whose influence and power have long passed from Aden.

The Camp, situated about five miles from the anchorage of Aden, is always a point of curiosity and interest, while, in addition to this, the coast scenery, with the rugged hills, stony gorges, and waterless beds of rivers, which form the chief characteristics of the interior, are all abundantly worth the trouble of an excursion thence, which is easily effected by means of some of the numerous donkeys, ponies, and camels, which are brought down to Steamer Point, on the arrival of every steamer, and let for hire by Arab boys, who



ADEN.

have learnt a little English and a great deal of suspicion and cunning during our occupation of Aden; one rupee, or two shillings, is the charge of a camel or donkey's journey to and from the British Camp; and it is commonly insisted that this sum shall be paid in advance; but, if accorded, the visitor is quite sure to find that as soon as practicable after he dismounts, at his destination, his means of return are to be sought afresh, the donkey or camel boy having flitted with his half-earned gains.

The road from Steamer Point to the Camp at Aden is good, and the traveller finds no obstacle to his advance, although appearances at starting would bring with them a contrary conclusion. About one mile and a quarter from Steamer Point a black precipitous promontory juts out into the sea, but is fortunately cut through by a chasm which the road traverses, and which requires cautious riding. Descending by a steep way, the road skirts along a fine open bay, bright and intensely blue, with smooth hard sands, and rocks perforated with numerous caves filled with white foam dashing amongst the rugged stones scattered at their mouths. From the appearance of the plain, this bay would seem to have traversed much farther than the present boundary of its waters, even to the base of the lofty hills which here rise to about eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. At the end of this road a tremendous barrier seems to cut off future progress. On advance, however, it is found pierced through with a tolerable road, which, winding upwards by a steep ascent, leads to a fortified wall and gate, sentinelled by British troops. Passing through what is in fact but a mere crack or cleft in the gigantic rock, a steep descent, crossed apparently by great numbers of dykes and watercourses, ends abruptly on a wide and barren plain—a basin, amid rocky hills, where stands, with its array of batteries, tents, and old stone houses, the looked-for Aden. Altogether, this is the most sterile place imaginable; not a blade of grass, not a spray or shrub, is to be seen; and one poor, half-withered, forlorn mimosa-tree, which is talked of as existing in a rocky ravine, I believe, myself, to have no being but in legendary lore.

The native town of Aden is composed of small stone houses, the materials of which are piled together without any pretence of cement, and they are wretched in the extreme. The population is estimated at four thousand, being composed of Simalees, Arabs, and Jews. The former, who are fishermen, are said to be still attached to the Sabean worship; and the latter possess a synagogue in the town, with some copies of the Old Testament in detached parts. During my previous visit to Aden, Mr. Samuels, the missionary, was engaged in an ostensible endeavour to ameliorate the condition of the Jews of Aden, and of Arabia generally; but I am not acquainted with the results of his labours. They are at present a

very miserable race, but useful to us notwithstanding; as, of all the classes at Aden, the Jews were found the only people who would work for government, or exchange their labour for an equivalent. Possibly, the fact of the poverty which marks the condition of the native population of Aden may account for the toleration which prevails among people so essentially opposed to each other in their religious tenets, and commonly so virulent in mutual hatred; but here, Jews, Mahomedans, and Pagans, meet together in the coffee-shops, and discuss the interests of the time in perfect amity. The wants of an Eastern people are always few, and commonly restricted to the mere necessaries of an animal existence, with the simplest clothing. Much labour is not required to command these; consequently the Jew of Aden lives well on the hire of the labour he may perform at intervals for his British employer; the Simalee on the produce of his fishing-net; and the indolent Arab, who will do nothing but bask in the sun, exists as he may, on a cup of coffee given in charity, or fish cast aside by the Simalee, with oysters broken from the rocks.

Three hundred years ago Aden was a possession of the Turks: from them it was seized by the Arabs, and, previous to its occupation by the British, both powers enjoyed at intervals its command. The valuable position of Aden rendered it always an object of feud and warfare; the fiercest tribes shed their blood freely for its possession. Mohamed Ali eagerly desired it, and the British have found it difficult to hold, but they have done so bravely; and the Sultan of Yemen and the Fouthelee tribe are growing weary and dispirited. It is a strange warfare that of the Arabs; and, if time is allowed, the visitor at Aden would do well to climb one of the hills opposite the Camp, and so command a perfect view of the isthmus, which at low water connects it with the main land of the Turkish wall, and of the numerous and wildly-situated look-out posts sentinelled by our troops. From this point may be seen the rocks, the sands, the jutting rugged angles, along which, in twos and threes at intervals, the Arabs made their way, now climbing scarps apparently impracticable even for the footing of a chamois, then wading through swampy sands, now crouching behind rocky promontories to avoid the watchman's eye; and then, their swords between their teeth, swimming strongly against a current. Thus came on, despite of guards and sentinels, our Arab enemies, collecting by degrees, favoured by habit, by courage, by the natural features of the country they knew so well, a force collected by degrees, lying perdue in small parties, until, at the appointed time, with wild and savage yells, they fearlessly burst down upon our breastworks, and tried the strength of British steel.

Estimates have been sent in to government, stating that twenty-eight thousand pounds are necessary, to meet the expense of properly fortifying Aden. The reason of this expenditure being required is said to be the fact of all the lime used in building coming from Mocha; but, to judge from the tanks and towers which now remain of ancient erection, the Turks seem to have found that a species of red chalk, with the volcanic matter of the hills, or a fine gravel found in the watercourses, made a very perfect cement. The walls of Aden are connected at very short intervals by numerous towers of Turkish erection, which are built of large flat stones, and loop-holed, a style of architecture quite unknown at present amongst the people of the country.

The productions of Aden are principally gums, spices, senna, and coffee; but the exports are very inconsiderable, in consequence of the trade being retained by Mocha, as a result of the yet unsettled character of the Aden government. Fish is procurable in immense quantities, but it is usually of an inferior kind, and neither fruit nor vegetables are procurable. In the interior, however, game of various and fine kinds attract the sportsmen; and great praise was bestowed on grapes, for which we were too late, but which in August and September are said to be procurable in abundance. A stroll among the sands is among one of the most delightful recreations at Aden; and at every step the eye is attracted by beautiful shells shrouding the living fish, bright-coloured sponges, singular groups of coral, the huge hermit crabs prosecuting their long journeys, and shining pebbles of the most brilliant hues, while the smaller rocks are crusted with oysters, found in masses close to the shore, connected by the labours of the coral species. The fish is small but well-flavoured, and the interior of the shell is ridged with a lovely purple tint, softening to the faintest rose colour. Nor does the interest of this beautiful bay end with the close of evening, for then are its shores covered with glowworms, and the sea becomes radiant with phosphoric matter. The variety of dolphins and sharks at Aden are said to be greater than elsewhere, yet the latter are never found dangerous to bathers. The climate of Aden may be considered good, for although the heat is very considerable, from the absence of rain and the volcanic character of the soil, yet disease is rare and little complained of, except occasional rheumatism, incurred by exposure to night air and heavy dew. As a proof of the healthiness of Aden, it is worthy remark, that in October, the most trying month in India, we found the head-quarters of H. M. 17th and the whole of the 10th N. I. stationed there, and of the former, consisting of five hundred men, only ten were in hospital.

The process of coaling is as tedious as it is disagreeable, but fortunately we had the poop of the charger, the old weather-beaten Semiramis, to sit on during the day, and I found considerable amusement in watching the strange grotesque

dancing of the Simalees, who are employed in the work. These dusky importations from the eastern coast of Africa are a merry, fat, curly-headed race, who are employed for this particular work at twenty shillings a month each, but are only enabled to put forth their strength when excited by music and their national dance. In consequence of this peculiarity, tamborines are incessantly beaten on the deck of the vessel, which the Simalees accompany by clapping their hands and treading a grotesque measure, in most perfect time. A group of Simalees being assembled on the deck of the steamer, near the open hold in which are deposited the bags of coal, with a crane and pulley above it, the rope attached is lowered, and the hook fastened to a bag. Meanwhile the Simalees, with a loud song, chanted to the tune of the tamborines, run towards the forecastle, and return dancing in line in the most grotesque way that can be imagined, clapping their hands, raising one to the ear, and then with a kind of curtseying movement turning slowly round, with one leg bent and raised from the ground, changing the foot at intervals: the movements completed, they with one accord seize the rope, and rush merrily back, raising the coal-bag as they go. Such is the wild excitement of this labour, so conducted, that the captain of the charger assured me that they commonly lost four men after each coaling, *and calculated that in putting on board every hundred ton of coals the sacrifice was of one man.* The labour effected is immense, and this solely without any stimulant but that of music and the wild dance of their native shores. We were also amused by the feats of the divers. Several lads, who had been left in charge of small private boats, by gentlemen who were visiting friends on board our steamer, seemed to consider themselves particularly fulfilling their duties by springing into the water, gamboling about in all sorts of strange attitudes, and suddenly disappearing altogether. They clambered on board every native craft that passed them, and then, throwing a summerset, plunged again into the water, laughing and shouting with delight. These lads were Simalees also, and had dyed their curly hair a bright red with a mixture of chunam, a favourite piece of coxcombry among the Simalee dandies, who frequently shave their heads, and place on them red wigs, formed of the long wool of the Abyssinian sheep. Nothing can be imagined more ludicrous than the effect of this hanging round the black, merry, but hideously featured wearer.

On the evening following our arrival we sailed from Aden, almost choked with coal-dust, surrounded by indescribable confusion, and with faces fit only for the Tartarean regions, yet bearing with us the impression that Aden was in a state of rapid progression, socially and politically. We had seen Parsee shops, having goods little advanced in price to those in Bombay, open in the bazaar. We had seen an inn in process of erection. We had heard Arab boys speak English, and had been cheated by them. We had purchased ginger beer on Steamer Point; and nothing, therefore, seemed wanting to complete the civilization of Aden, according to the rule for discerning it given by some travellers, except a gibbet and a turnpike; but Arabs avoid the first, by perpetrating only state offences, and no one is yet misanthropical enough to keep the second.

On the noon of the day following that of our leaving Aden we made the Straits of Bab-el-mandeb, passing between the main land on our right and the Island of Perim on our left. The wind always freshens at this point, blowing strongly down through the Gate of Tears, and rendering it difficult for the eighteen chickens which appear at dinner to be retained in their respective dishes. The whole of this shore and its islands are of the same volcanic character as Aden, and of the latter none can be inhabited, from a total want of fresh water. Fishermen sometimes cross to them from the main land, and their bays and rocks are very beautiful, but all are bare, sterile, and of the same unvarying ashy hue. Our next interesting point was Mocha, the great emporium of Eastern trade. As seen through a telescope, the town appears to be built of fine white stone, with square houses and flat roofs, relieved by numerous minarets. It is erected close to the sea, and, from its geographical position, is eminently fitted for the purposes of commerce. The best houses in Mocha are built of the coral rock which abounds along the coast of the Red Sea, and others, like the Sindhian and Central Asian houses, of unburnt brick, washed with chunam or lime cement, which gives to them a white, shining, marble-like effect.

The character of the coast renders it impracticable for the approach of large vessels, and the commerce is entirely carried on by means of the strong native craft, the Arab dows, and buggalows. As may be easily supposed in a place characterised by an extensive trade, the natives of many lands may be met in the bazaar of Mocha, where the Turk, with his keen sword and tasselled fez; the Bedouin, with bright eye and cloak of goat's hair; the swarthy Abyssinian, the Jew, Hindoo, and Arab, mix amicably for the purposes of trade or of convenience, forgetting, for self-interest, the motives and the tenets which elsewhere render hostility so mutual. Mocha has long been the principal port of Arabia Felix. It is under the chief of Sennaar, and its exports are valuable, including, in addition to the articles of commerce usual in the East, grapes of a remarkably fine kind, equal in quality to its tobacco and coffee. The shining white town of Mocha is relieved by a mountain range, which extends along the whole of the Red Sea, bounding an arid plain intervening between it and the town. The wall of Mocha has bastions, and loopholes for defence, which from a distance gives it rather a formidable appearance,

but, like the towns of India, a nearer view induces the visitor to change his opinion, and become satisfied of their extreme frailty, or, as some one says, that six warriors, armed with thick shoes, could at once make a breach in its battlements.

Those who desired to follow the steps of Crusoe or Selkirk in rendering themselves independent of the conveniences of civilized life, or the aid of their fellow-men, might have made their selection of a residence easily at this point; for a few hours' steaming from Mocha brought us abreast of Harnish and Zibbel Zoogun, with the clustered Isles of Zibayer; and soon after with the single elevation of Zibbel Teer. All are equally bare and volcanic, but the latter, about five years since, at the period of the survey made by Capts. Moresby and Carless, had a burning crater, which still occasionally smokes.

On the 19th we were off Jidda, and the heat considerable, the thermometer standing at 92° of Fahrenheit in the cuddy. The glare of the sun, too, had been painfully felt on deck for the last three days, and a consequent transportation of children, nurses, and Surat toys took place, by no means tending to render the saloon more agreeable to the student. But all this, and much worse, must be endured in the homeward trip, which the return passenger is wholly free from. For myself, I could not have imagined a contrast so great as that presented by the circumstances of my present voyage, and that which I had made from Suez three years since; but the reasons of the difference were as obvious as the facts were disagreeable.

Jidda is very superior to Mocha in appearance, but is particularly interesting as the point of the pilgrims' debarkation on their way to Mecca. Caravans generally leave Cairo for Jidda in December, when crowds of believers may be seen travelling together for mutual protection. When I was last at Suez, the sands for miles were covered with gay tents of green and crimson cloth, surmounted with the ensign of the Crescent, belonging to rich Moslems, on their way to the Holy City of the Prophet; but it is said that this journey is less popular than of old, and that rich men now frequently employ hired servants to perform for them the Haj—a very Catholic notion this of purchasing eternal benefits, and the spirit of the thing a good deal resembling that which must have governed Monsieur Chateaubriand's notion of a pilgrimage, when he begged a friend to go from Paris to Alexandria to inscribe his name for him on Diocletian's Column (*vulgo* Pompey's Pillar). The trade with Jidda is enormous, being calculated at £1,000,000 per annum. From Egypt to Jidda the export is principally in grain, from which Mohamed Ali derives a large revenue.

From this point little is seen of interest, until the Straits of Jubal are gained, for the Emerald Mountains, which intervene on the right of the course, can scarcely be considered so, long since rifled, as they have been, and exhausted of their treasures. The Pasha incurred some expense in the endeavour to prove it otherwise, but the failure was complete.

On either side of the Straits the scenery is of the most interesting and beautiful character, and a day's onward voyage brings Mount Sinai, with all its sublime and stirring associations, in view. On the right of the course it towers, a distinct and separate peak, rising from the second of mountain ranges extending along the Gulf of Suez. Nothing is seen of it beyond the summit; but whether Mount Sinai is, or is not, the particular spot from whence the great law was delivered to the sons and daughters of Israel, we know it to be one of the chain sacred to the memory of every believer in the Jewish dispensation; to have been, from the earliest ages, the object of veneration to the pious, and the point of pilgrimage to the religious traveller in the East; that, in every age, men believing implicitly in its historical truth have laboriously reached its summit, and, gazing around upon the neighbouring mountains and upon the plains beneath, have felt, with all the humility of full belief, and with all the enthusiasm of pure excitement, that here, indeed, did Jehovah appear, to reveal his will to the multitudes he had chosen to serve him; that here man was brought face to face with his Maker, and that the cloud which rested on the Mount, the voice which was borne upon the wings of the air to the thronging multitudes of Israel's hosts, the tablets of stone, and the inscriptions written thereon, were things as true, as much to be felt, and heard, and seen, in those days of wonder and of awe, as the eternal hill, and the murmuring of the distant sea, are to the traveller of the present. And, surely, these memories are enough to invest the towering peak of Sinai with all the sublime grandeur of the past—to know it as the spot which, for successive ages, has called forth the deepest veneration of Jew, and Monk, and Christian, of the man of piety and of the man of learning—is surely enough to make us cling to the belief that this was, indeed, the Mount of God, the chosen spot for the revelation of His will. The peak of Sinai towers majestically bare above its companions of the neighbouring range; the beams of the rising sun tinge its summit; the sandy gorges of the hills beneath are untrodden even by the mountain goat, and, but for the curling foam upon the pebbly shore, all is silent, calm, and still: yet little imagination is enough to people these vast solitudes with the wondrous features of the past, with the thousands of the chosen released from the house of bondage, with their wives and their little ones, all laden with the spoil of their Egyptian masters, and following their great high priest with faith and strong purpose. The gold and silver ornaments seem to glitter in the sun, even the ornaments which were made the occasion of sin by an impatient and excited people; the gorges

and ravines seem crowded by a wearied train, and the camels bow beneath their burdens; but a few hours more and they will rest; and soon, like these, the favoured of Israel's sons, we may, by fancy's aid, imagine the great scene which to them was a reality of the time, when all the people lifted up their eyes, and "saw the thunderings and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpets, and the mountain smoking," and even "the thick darkness where God was." There is something in all this so awe-inspiring and so exciting, that we cling fondly to the belief that this very peak was indeed the spot so hallowed, and, as the ship hurries on her course, we turn again and again, that our eyes may rest on Sinai, the great natural monument identified with the governing principles of every Christian's daily life.

Sinai is about fifteen camel-days' journey from Suez, and the road, although sandy, is good. The Convent of St. Katherine affords rest to the traveller, and the monks are gratified by the visits of strangers. Nothing can be more lovely than the mountain ranges above Sinai: we passed them about sunrise, and never wearied of admiring their curious forms, the lights and shadows cast upon them, and the lovely colourings which, sometimes darkly blue, were again toned down to the softest lilacs, bordered by vivid yellows. Here and there a sand-bank stretched out, which seemed in the distance covered with bright verdure, round which coral reefs flung up the dancing foam in sparkling wreaths beneath the sunbeams. And thus continued the character of the scene until we made Suez, and ended our passage of the Red Sea, which, on paper, proves not, I trust, more tedious than were its experiences to the recording voyager.

THE BOYS OF LONDON.

Reader, we are now in the far East, in the modern Judea, better known to thee, perhaps, as the Minories and Whitechapel. What say'st thou? Wilt thou accept of us for a guide, and pass this golden May-day among these tattered remnants of the twelve tribes of Israel—these shadows of the patriarchs?

Dost mark what evidences of patient toil, what garnering of fragments, are around us? There is a romance upon that stall-board told by old iron,

rags, and bones. Those tiny shoes, now patched and broken, may have trod the marble halls of kings' houses, or the rotten floor of the pauper's hovel—those rusty screws may have bound together the banquet board of a Sardanapalus, or the coffin (the vampire Gain would care not!) of a road-side beggar—those rags may have been a glory to young Mistress Vanity when "capering nimbly"

To the lascivious pleasing of a lute,

or standing, heart-whole, before the altar, bartering her youth and beauty for the promises of gold—how her fair flesh would creep at the sight of these filthy shreds, and yet time was when every plait and fold there formed was worshipped for its cunning; or perchance these fragments have been the holiday gear of some gentle maiden (goodness is gentle), and aided the blameless art of a guileless love.

How charily that vendor of patchwork handles the tatters, and yet they may have been pressed to some doating bosom as the covering of a casket that contained the hopes and happiness of a young life.

That bone—ah! there was a goodly company when that reeked upon the board of Dives: it is too massy to have blessed the table of Lazarus. Perchance the Burgundian grape, which had fed on sunshine till its purple blood grew warm and bright as the sun itself, flowed freely when Dives made the feast. Languid Luxury smiled like a painted lady at her leman's gifts, and unruly Riot filled his bursting veins and reeled with plenty.

How comes the relique of such a banquet here? Hast thou forgotten Lazarus? How his hunger may have searched over this yellow bone—with what a haggard face may he have laid it down, and sickened at his visionary feast!

What could have been the want that picked up the leavings of Lazarus? Yet it was done.

No!

Yea; yonder is the trader who collects his merchandise from the filth of the gutter. That moving heap of foulness is a human sentient being, that has drank the living fountains of a mother's breast, and hath gamboled through a childhood; yet he crawls about amid the piled-up wealth of London, rubbing against robes of purple and fine linen, without one hand to succour, nay, without the hope of sympathy. His only glorification is in the churchyard, for then the minister of God will own his equality in the family of man.

What death does for the body the Jew clothesman does for the apparel. Here's a humbling of velvet and broadcloth! My lord's coat button and button-hole with a costermonger's jacket! Who knows but this tumbler's vest,—it is of *very* faded velvet,—may have swelled the pomp of a royal bridal? And here—it is enough to make one weep!—is a shirt embroidered with a coronet, and yet to be sold for a groat.

Have you a nose for dainties? There's an odour! Yonder's the *cuisine* of Ruth Jacobs, where collops of plaice fried in—why should we be uncharitable?—fried in olive oil, are to be sold for a penny. With what longing eyes doth that beautiful but dirty girl contemplate the luscious viand. Ruth dares not look at her, for Ruth has a kindly heart, and she knows that the little Rebecca is too poor to purchase even her cheapest of dainties.

We knew that we were right. Ruth hath glanced at the longing child, whose lustrous eyes are now eloquent with thanks for the bounty of the poor Jewess.

How strangely goodness gleans its harvest! That urchin, with his tin tray of cone-shaped cates, hath caught the "sweet-smelling savour" of Rebecca's prize as she bounds homeward, and the Jew Boy purchases his day's provender of Ruth Jacobs.

Little Simeon Isaacs is an old acquaintance—he is, *par excellence*,

THE JEW BOY OF LONDON.

We remember him rolling upon the dirty floor of his father's shop, amidst the indescribable rubbish which constituted the stock in trade of Isaac Isaacs. He had a little Christian playfellow of the name of Botts—Billy Botts; and it was curious to note how the genius of barter even then favoured the Hebrew. If Billy Botts selected any article for a plaything, Simeon was sure to find one of less value, and, by wheedling and whining, eventually effect a bargain.

Simeon was about eight years old when he found a penny, and that waif will assuredly be the making of him. He rushed into the dim and dingy room at the back of his father's "store," and, with similar feelings to those of Columbus when the first faint outline of America broke upon his view, displayed to his wondering progenitor the treasure he had acquired.

"And what's you're to do wid it, Simeon?" said the paternal Isaac.

The little Jew Boy paused—he had heard of the lusciousness of "Bonaparte's ribs," the grateful pungency of "peppermint drops," and the epicurean zest of "Spanish liquorice," and oh! how he longed to taste them.

"Speak, mine angel, what's you're to do wid it?" said his mother.

Simeon saw, in the eager looks of his parent, that he was expected to give an answer worthy of his ancient race; for there was a tradition in his tribe, that, when the Israelites despoiled the Egyptians, an Isaacs borrowed the soup-ladle of Potiphar.

"I'll buy," said Simeon, the consciousness of performing a filial duty suffusing his dusky cheeks with something like a blush, "I'll buy a pen'orth—of something to sell."

Great was the rejoicing in the back room of the house of Isaacs at this mercantile development, and the paternal Jew promised his boy that he should "go to *Dury* Lane the very next coronation as ever was, when the theatre would be open for nothing."

Simeon kept his word, and he soon had the happiness to learn that he had made a profit, and the chance penny grew by little and little into the made shilling. This, again, bore fruit, and at the end of twelve months the JEW BOY was worth two shillings and sixpence, invested in three flat irons, half a dozen wine bottles, a white hat turned up with green, and a tin teapot.

The 30th of April was the JEW BOY'S birthday, and the heart of Miriam Isaacs was glad, and she felt what it was to be a mother in Israel. For a week or so preceding this anniversary of the birth of her first-born, Miriam had toiled late and early to complete a present for her beloved Simeon. The black doll was taken in, the shop closed an hour earlier than usual, and the family of Isaac Isaacs gathered round their one sputtering candle. Isaac was indulging in the unwonted luxury of a short pipe, whilst little Simeon was carefully picking the leaden shots out of an old bootjack, that some thoughtless prodigal had formerly converted into a target.

"Simeon, my tear, do you see this?" said Miriam, displaying a very large cabbage-net. "It's the work of your mother's fingers, my child."

Simeon just raised his eyes, and then proceeded in his praiseworthy endeavour to earn the moiety of a farthing.

"Your fader and me think, Simeon, that, wid your capital, it is time you begin to better yourself." (Simeon laid down the bootjack.) "Ichabod Levy hath a lot of very cheap lemons—large lemons, and only specked on one side. You must begin marchant, my tear, and there's a net for the business." Here Miriam held up her handiwork in triumph. "Here's one end wid the large meshes—that's for the show lemons—here's the other wid the small meshes for the selling lemons, so, when you've tempted a customer into a bargain by the show lemons, you've only to fling your net round and serve him with the selling lemons."

["Fraud, gross fraud!" cries the owner of bales, hogsheads, and granaries. Fie, alderman, did you never "speculate on a rise"—never keep back the coffee-berry and the bread-seed until a lucky turn of the market—or the net—swelled the profit for which you first bargained? Fie!]

On the night of the 30th of April, Simeon crept into his bed under his father's counter, as happy as Mr. Rothschild. He called his flock bolster Ichabod Levy, and chaffered with it for the specked lemons—the golden fruit of the Minories Hesperides. The night was a long but a happy one, and before the morning was eight hours old the little JEW BOY had begun what is commercially called "*Life* on his own account."

From their shop door Isaac and Miriam watched their first-born down the street, and thought they had never heard any song so sweet as their little Simeon's cry of "Lemons, fine lemons!"

The JEW BOY realized the fondest expectations of his parents; and many a long winter's evening was wiled away by the production of faded hats, cracked boots, and very equivocal smallclothes, for which Simeon had bartered the contents of his net during the day's traffic.

"There's a hat, fader," Simeon would say. "What's it worth?"

The paternal Isaacs would examine the inside and the out; compress the body, to determine its elasticity; hold it from him, to catch the general effect; and then, with the solemnity of a Chancellor, pronounce judgment—

"A shilling. What did you give?"

"Four big 'uns and two small, ha! ha!—Did 'em wid an old lady, as drinks rum and water, in Wells-street, ha! ha! Them's decent shoes, fader?"

"Yes, Sim—them's sixpence."

"Ha! ha! Only two specked 'uns, and I begged a drink of table beer."

Ah!—There was not a happier Jew in the Minories than Isaac Isaacs, until a circumstance occurred which materially altered his position.

An inquisitive policeman discovered, somehow or the other, that a quantity of stolen copper had been converted by Isaac into a mattrass; and though it was actually sworn that somebody had told somebody that somebody else had come honestly by it, twelve obstinate men, at the Old Bailey, found Isaac guilty of "receiving the property, well knowing it to be stolen;" and a sleepy old gentleman, in a full-bottomed whig, without a moment's hesitation, sent him to study Botany for seven years on the east coast of Holland.

This was a sad blow to Miriam and her son; for Isaac had ever been a kind and careful man, and education or habit had made his trading delinquencies appear very like commercial virtues.

Isaac had been abroad about four years when Miriam fell sick. She recovered very slowly, and required the assistance of a generous and nourishing diet; but the love of money is sometimes stronger than the love of life, and Miriam at last obstinately refused to purchase the necessary restoratives.

The Jew boys of London are proverbial for their partiality to theatrical performances, and Simeon had often listened to the glowing description of the wonders to be witnessed at "Common Garden and Dury Lane," until his curiosity almost overcame his prudence. One night, as he was mentally reckoning the gains of the day, his eye caught the *affiche* of one of the minor theatres. Simeon had begun *life* too early, and been too busily engaged in the pursuit of profit, to have

devoted much time to study. The fact is, he could not read, but he judged from the bold lines in black and red that the bill of fare was a rich one.

"There seems a good deal to see," he thought; "eighteen large lines, without the little ones—and only thixpence. Thixpence is a dozen of lemons. I never did see a theatre, and I never shall get a order. Thixpence!" As he walked and mused, he came to the door of the ——— Theatre. The half-price people were crowding, and laughing, and breaking rude jests with each other. The heart of the little JEW BOY caught the contagion, and, taking his net from his shoulder, he thrust it into the crown of his hat, and joined the throng. Presently there was an onward movement of the crowd—the pressure increased, and Simeon felt that he was upon the threshold of Elysium.

"Bill Jones! Bi-i-ll Jo-on-es," shouted one of the foremost boys. "Here I am, Ned," replied a rearward juvenile. "Where's our Mary?" "I'm here," answered a female voice. "Where's mother?" "Can't come, 'cos she's got the rheumatiz agin."

Simeon's heart smote him—where was his mother? Ill, very ill, sitting in her cheerless room, lonely and suffering. He forced his way back into the street, and turned homeward, speculating upon the dainty that he should purchase for Miriam. Now that he had brought himself to *think* of parting with his idol—money—he wondered that he had never considered his mother's wants before; and the gain of his first sixpence was not productive of such pleasure as the expenditure of his first shilling.

Day by day did Simeon offer up his little sacrifice on the altar of filial love, until Miriam's health was restored. True, he was obliged at last to purchase a less expensive stock than lemons—you see he is now vending cakes twelve a-penny—but every day finds him more and more prosperous.

We have no fear for Simeon. A JEW BOY always seems to us like a chrysalis, that may contain a dull moth or a painted butterfly—an old-clothesman or a *millionaire*—a bum-bailiff or a sheriff of Middlesex.

We have endeavoured to show the JEW BOY as we have known him. If we have touched lightly on his cunning and avarice, our pen has been stayed by the reflection, that centuries of insult and injustice could not have endowed him with much admiration of honesty and benevolence.

HOPES.

"O boy! why seek'st thou with such care
Those bubbles of the sea?
Thy touch but frees the prison'd air."—
"I'm gathering hopes!" saith he.

"Old man, why in that shatter'd bark
Dost tempt this troubled sea,
Without a compass, rudder, mark?"—
"I'm following hope!" saith he.

L.

THE TWO TOMKINSES.

An Equivoque.

BY R. B. PEAKE.

How many a droll error has occurred by the incident of two different persons, bearing the same name, happening to reside in the same street! And yet, in many streets of London, there may be three or four Smiths, or half-a-dozen Joneses, or Browns. Letters and parcels are constantly delivered at the wrong houses, and great confusion created; sometimes important and disagreeable secrets are divulged. The gist of our story will rest on the fact, that n a Crescent not a hundred miles from the Commercial Road, there lived two persons of the name of Tomkins: we shall call the crescent "Commercial Crescent:" at No. 20, dwelt Mr. Jonas Tomkins; and, at No. 30, resided Mr. Josiah Tomkins. They were both professionally occupied in the mercantile way; but in their manners and habits were very distinct persons. Jonas Tomkins was a quiet, primitive man, who, absorbed in his business, had mixed very little in the world, though he was not without an inclination to partake of the good things of it. Mrs. Jonas Tomkins, his *cara sposa*, had of latter years been tinged with the methodistical persuasion that the sins of mankind are so enormous, that it is quite impossible that any one can be saved; therefore, it is indispensable that all human beings should remain depressed, miserable, without hope, and without enjoyment. These principles were strongly inculcated by the pastor of a neighbouring Ebenezer Chapel, who contrived to make a very good living out of the weakness of the nerves of his flock, which consisted principally of females.

MR. WOLFE GHOULE.

This minister's name was Ghoule.

Now, as for Mr. Josiah Tomkins, he was a portly, sleek fellow, with a profusion of whisker, quite a contrast to Jonas Tomkins; very much attached to cigars and port wine, rowing on the Thames, shilling promenade concerts, tripe suppers, and whisky punch.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Tomkins were seated at breakfast one morning, the lady busied with the teapot, the gentleman with the *Times*, from which he was culling the "ship news."

He read, "ARRIVED, the Illustrious, from Batavia," and began to wonder if there was any consignment for him, for he had endeavoured to extend his connexions to all parts of the habitable globe.

"Ah, my dear," said Mrs. Tomkins, "I wish you could avoid an annoyance, where we really have no connexion. Here we live at No. 20, Commercial Crescent, and, unluckily for us, there is another Tomkins resides at No. 30, and the mistakes that continually occur between the two houses are perfectly unbearable. You, my love, are generally a well-behaved person, but, as for the other, he is little better than a bear."

Jonas Tomkins acknowledged that there had been some odd coincidences occasioned by the same names in the same crescent.

Mrs. Tomkins sighed, and said, "I know that our Christmas Norfolk turkey, and the sausages, went by the 'Parcels Delivery Company' to the Tomkins at 30, in the crescent, for we never saw any of them."

To which Jonas replied, with a smile, "But you know, my dear, we were even with him, for we took in an immense cod-fish, and a barrel of oysters, here, from somebody unknown; it was directed '*J. Tomkins, Esq., Commercial Crescent,*' and uncommonly good it was."

Mrs. Tomkins sighed more deeply than before; she pondered whether, or not, unpremeditated or accidental sin would be eventually visited by condign punishment.

The postman knocked at the door, always an interesting occurrence to a merchant.

The first letter opened by Mr. Jonas Tomkins was one that had undergone fumigation; and Mrs. Tomkins regarded it with some alarm, for she remarked that it looked as if it had the yellow fever. But Jonas pacified her by stating that it

came from his Batavian correspondents, Messrs. Murgatroyd, Crombie, and Crossline, and that it was perfectly safe from infection.

The letter was addressed to "Mr. Tomkins."

"Sir,

"Per Illustrious, we beg to introduce to your notice the Rev. T. Faraway, who has been for some time a zealous missionary at this and the neighbouring settlements; he is a man of unexceptionable merit, and has been at incredible pains in educating the natives. He is accompanied to England by a young prince of Bantam, who, from the best of motives, a desire to increase his knowledge, has voluntarily taken the long voyage. The prince is of a most amiable disposition, agreeable in his manners, and mild in his deportment; any attentions that you can bestow on him will be thankfully acknowledged by,

"Your most obedient servants,"
&c. &c. &c.

Now Mr. Jonas Tomkins had every reason to show civility to the firm of Murgatroyd, Crombie, and Crossline, and Mrs. Tomkins was rather pleased with the notion of an introduction to the learned missionary.

Benjamin, Mr. Tomkins's footboy, brought in a note, which he stated had been left at the door by one of the Dock porters.

Tomkins glanced his spectacled eye over it; it was worded as follows:—

"Mr. Faraway, Asiatic missionary, begs to inform Mr. J. Tomkins, that he is at the Dock Hotel with his protegé, the Prince of Bantam."

Mr. Tomkins could not conveniently leave the house himself, expecting persons to call on important business, so he determined to send one of his clerks, a young conceited puppy, named Bright; so he told Benjamin to go into the counting-house and tell Mr. Bright he was wanted.

This Mr. Bright was a character, a downright cockney, but who imagined that he overflowed with talent, though in reality there never was a greater oaf.

Mrs. Tomkins said, "If I were you, dear, I would not send Mr. Bright."

"Why not, my love," replied Tomkins, "Bright is a clever fellow?"

"Too clever," continued the lady; "so accomplished, he is always making some absurd mistake."

"My dear," said Tomkins, "Mr. Bright marches with the march of intellect; and notwithstanding that he clips his English a little, he can deliver a lecture on any subject, from mesmerism to meteorology."

"I grant," replied Mrs. Tomkins, "that Mr. Bright knows quite as much about one as the other; he has lately been reading the articles under letter M, in the 'Penny Cyclopædia.'"

Benjamin now came in with a slip of paper; Mr. Bright had just stepped out, but had left this notice on his desk:—

"Gone down to the *singeing*-class; back in ten minites."

In ten minutes Bright returned, when Jonas Tomkins gave him a slight reprimand for selecting a time of day for his singing-lesson, when his presence was necessary in the counting-house.

"Here, Sir, read these two letters," said Tomkins, handing them to Bright; "you must run down to the Dock Hotel, and meet the persons mentioned in this letter, a Mr. Faraway, a missionary, and a young Prince of Bantam, who have just landed from a vessel in the river. Behave with all possible respect to them; don't stare in that way, nor get into one of your theories, as you call them; don't make any mistake, and be back as soon as you can."

Bright set off, smiling with contempt at the bare idea that *he* could possibly make a mistake; he, who was a sort of minister for foreign affairs for the whole house—who went and tasted cheese for Mr. Tomkins; bought balls of cotton, peppermint lozenges, and all the new tracts for Mrs. Tomkins. He had been latterly employing his thoughts on the varieties of the human race, and it much gratified him to find that he had to make the acquaintance of a real Bantam.

Bright had a great notion of becoming a scientific lecturer, but in what branch, he had not precisely made up his mind.

The same day that the missionary and his pupil arrived, an American ship came into the port of London, the George Washington; she had some passengers on board, amongst whom was a Mr. Charles Langford, rather a dandy Englishman, who had journeyed over the United States, and a Yankee wine and spirit merchant, by name Ichabod P. Buggins, who was accompanied, in the shape of "help," or servant, by a free negro, who was known at Boston by the elegant cognomen of Apollo Hyacinth. These three persons took up their quarters, on landing, at the Dock Hotel; to which house of entertainment we will now change our scene.

Mr. Faraway, the missionary, had sent to an emporium for ready-made clothes, that the young prince under his charge might not suffer from the change of climate, in the slight vestments he had brought from his own country. As the prince had a very slender, flexible figure, like most Asiatics, there was a great difficulty in fitting him, and ready-made clothes rarely fit well at first; one of those small-waisted surtouts that are strained tightly over a sort of block at the tailor's door to attract the admiration of exquisites, however, was tried on, and succeeded; but the waistcoat and trousers, poor things, had to be deceived into the notion that they would fit, and they were very much "*taken in*."

When the missionary had got his prince disguised as a gentleman, he rang the bell for the waiter, who, on making his appearance, was asked if he had sent a porter with the letter to

Mr. Tomkins; the waiter replied in the affirmative. Mr. Faraway then inquired if the waiter knew Mr. Tomkins. The waiter said smartly, "Yes, Sir; lives at No. 30, Commercial Crescent: often comes here, Sir, to sup and smoke his cigar." "Will you show us the way to Commercial Crescent?"—"Yes, Sir; certainly, Sir; not far to walk, Sir. Go now, Sir, please." And the waiter preceded the missionary and the prince towards the premises of Josiah Tomkins.

Josiah had also finished his breakfast, red herrings and toast, eggs and hung beef, water-cresses and a small glass of brandy, and had lighted a cheroot to digest everything. He then opened his letters, one from a New York correspondent was thus indited:—

"Dear Tomkins,

"I beg to introduce to you Mr. Ichabod P. Buggins, an eminent wine and spirit merchant of Boston, who is proceeding to the port of London: you will find him a fellow after your own heart, and of a very jovial turn.

"If you can induce him to tell you some of his crack stories, he will make you split your sides with laughter: ask him to relate to you the comical history of the Mulatto girl. Mr. Buggins is accompanied to England by a free black, who is a great character in his way, but he is so confounded sly, that it is not easy to set his tongue in motion."

"Ay, ay," said Josiah; "I suppose they will call, and I must give Mr. I. P. Buggins a bit of dinner, and a bottle of port."

We will now return to the Dock Hotel, where Mr. Charles Langford was inquiring of the waiter where his companion was who had come on shore with him from the George Washington. The waiter replied that Mr. I. P. Buggins had gone to the Carolina Coffee House, but had left word that he would soon be back, and that his black servant was warming himself in No. 5.

Mr. Charles Langford now proceeded to state that, if it had not been for the intrepidity of that black man, he should have been drowned that very morning; for as the ship was being towed by a steam-tug past Blackwall, Mr. Langford perceived some beautiful ladies, and such a time had elapsed since he had seen an English lady (the most comely in the world), he was anxious to peep at them; but, overbalancing himself with the weight of his telescope, he slipped over the side of the vessel into the Thames, where he decidedly would have become food for white-bait, if Blacky had not jumped after him like a large Newfoundland dog, and positively saved Mr. Langford from a watery grave.

"The brave fellow," continued Langford, "as well as myself, was completely sopped through; I had my change of clothes at hand on board; but as I was apprehensive that Apollo might take cold after so devoted an action, I immediately made him strip, and dress himself in my silk dressing-gown, cap, trousers, and slippers, in which he came ashore. Ask him to walk in here."

The waiter went to call Apollo, and when he entered, an extraordinary looking being he was. He had a shining black face, like a new iron stewpan; a beautiful set of grinders, perfect masters of their business; and an expression of rich humour was spread over the ebony countenance. He was attired in a showy silk dressing-gown, tied round the waist by a Bandana handkerchief; he wore over his black woolly head an embroidered Greek smoking-cap; had white worsted stockings, and yellow morocco slippers. These habiliments were all the property of Mr. Langford, whose taste, as we have before hinted, was somewhat of the splendid order. When Apollo Hyacinth came in, Langford exclaimed with emotion, "My brave benefactor! how can I ever repay my debt of gratitude to you?" To which the negro replied, "Telly how, Massa Langfud, if we shipmate agen: spose I fall overboard; well! den you jump and dive for me."—"I will, I will, my generous fellow," said Langford; "that is, if they ever catch me at sea again." Apollo grinned, and showing all the white ivory keys of his piano-forte, replied, "Hi, hi, Massa Langfud, de salt water no agree wid you: you not brought up to de sea; though you brought up ebery ting else;—werry bad derangement, dat."

Here Mr. Bright had walked into the Dock Hotel, to make his own observations.

Charles Langford continued his expressions of gratitude; "You, for your glorious and gallant conduct, deserve to be a prince."

Bright instantly thought to himself, "That is the Prince of Bantam—what a picturesque costume!"

Langford said; "But for your arms, I should decidedly have perished."

Bright's ideas quickened, "Saved him from the savages, I suppose."

"But I do not think I shall ever venture on the ocean again," remarked Langford.

To which Apollo replied, "Anoder time, come oberland—dat my 'wice."

"Long overland journey from Bantam," thought Mr. Bright.

"After your praiseworthy exertions," said Langford, "you would probably like some refreshment?"

The eyes of Apollo glistened, and he answered, "No dejection to 'ittle rum, Sar."

Bright, who was a Temperance Society person, reflected on the barbarous acquired taste of royalty.

Langford rang the bell for some rum, and carelessly inquired of Apollo, where was the companion of their voyage.

"O! he is far away," replied Apollo.

Bright glanced at his letters, and muttered, "Faraway, the missionary's name;" and now he was convinced that it was all correct.

The waiter re-entered with the rum in a decanter, and glass; Langford, pouring out, said, "Now, my noble heart, will you have it mixed with some water?"

"Tank you, no," rejoined Apollo; "me took de water dis mornin'. Try de rum, now, all by 'umsef."

"It is not that I would grudge it you," said Langford, but rum is a powerfully acting spirit: so, in regard to your precious health, do not take too much."

"Neber fear," answered Apollo, "my 'pinion is, too much rum is *just enuff!*"

"Mercy on us!" ejaculated Bright, "his friend the missionary has not inculcated the principles of temperance in his pupil;" and he was not a little astonished at beholding the prince swallow down, with great apparent zest, several more glasses.

Here a plain-looking man, in a dark suit of clothes, and with a very shrewd eye, and a broad-brimmed hat, entered the room. He had the appearance of foreign travel about him.

"Oh! you are both here, I guess," said Mr. Ichabod P. Buggins (for it was the worthy spirit-merchant).

"That's the missionary," conjectured Bright; and he determined to have his ears open, as to the mode in which he would address the prince, his pupil.

"What an eternal confounded smell of New England rum," remarked the venerable missionary.

Apollo was uneasy. The Prince of Bantam whispered to the waiter, "Take 'um dam bottle away."

"What, you've been at it, have you?" said Ichabod, in a peremptory tone.

Mr. Bright saw that his reverence was about to rebuke his highness.

Ichabod continued. "I calculate that rum will set you chattering; now, what's the use of all my preaching to you?"

At the word "preaching," Bright was positively assured that he was correct in his suppositions.

Mr. Buggins fixed his eye on his highness, and said sharply, "Do you happen to know the reason why monkeys are no good? Because they chatter all day long. How many years, you dingy rascal, have you been under my paternal care? How many larrupings have I been compelled to give you, to keep you under proper control?"

Bright could not avoid thinking that the missionary was very severe on the young prince, and he recollected the treatment of the poor South American Indians by the Spanish Jesuits. When Mr. Langford, seeing Apollo rather cast down, exclaimed loudly, "Remember, Sir, the noble daring of the person you are abusing, who possesses, I know, noble qualities of heart."

On hearing this eulogium, Bright imagined it to be just the precise time to introduce himself; so, with some very queer bows, he said, smiling, "Gentlemen, my name is Bright—Mr. Bright—I am principal clerk to Mr. Tomkins, merchant, of Commercial Crescent, and I am sent by that highly respectable individual to conduct you to his residence."

"I had a letter of recommendation to Mr. Tomkins, Commercial Crescent, though I never saw him," replied I. P. Buggins, "and I have sent my letter to him."

"We are quite aware of the letters, much revered Sir," remarked Bright. Buggins stared: but was more astonished when Bright added, pointing to Apollo, "his royal highness will of course accompany you."

Buggins whistled, thinking to himself, "This dandy clerk believes himself a wag."

Bright turned now to Apollo, who, from the effects of the rum, was holding himself steady by the back of a chair, and said, "I am quite ready, your highness."

Apollo Hyacinth was half affronted. "De man of culler, Sar, know him place in society, and behave himself 'cordingly;" (and here he hiccuped in the clerk's countenance;) "rum gone de wrong way: so when I address a gentleplum, I always (another loud hiccup) say—waiter, bring de udder glass of rum."

"Well," thought Bright, "if these are the manners of the royal family of Bantam, what brutes the lower orders of the natives must be."

Mr. I. P. Buggins now shook his fellow traveller, Langford, heartily by the hand, and told Mr. Bright that he was prepared to accompany him to Mr. Tomkins's, in Commercial Crescent. He then addressed the negro, "You keep a little distance behind, d'ye hear? for I don't fancy to be seen in the streets of a foreign and enlightened country, trampoosing about with such a scarecrow."

Here Bright offered his arm to his highness, who, when they got into the street, staggered as if he had business on both sides the way. It is but justice to say that Mr. Bright did all he could to ingratiate himself with royalty, by pointing out the steeples of Poplar and Limehouse churches, the rotunda of the Thames Tunnel, and that wonderful route through chimney-pots and beggarly bed-chambers, the Blackwall Railway.

The waiter of the Dock Hotel had left Mr. Faraway and the native of Bantam at the door of Josiah Tomkins, No. 30, Commercial Crescent, where they were admitted by a smart-looking housemaid, and introduced into the presence of the fat and florid Josiah.

"I received the letter of recommendation this morning, and I am happy to see you: are you going to make a long stay in London?"

Mr. Faraway replied that his stay entirely depended on the Colonial Missionary Society.

"Oh, do business with them, eh? Well, it is

all right, they must eat and drink too, like other people. Perhaps you would like your young black fellow to go down in the kitchen?"

Mr. Faraway appeared surprised, but stated merely that the young man was his constant companion.

Josiah now rung for the luncheon-tray, being of opinion that eating and drinking go a great way to fill up gaps not only in the stomach, but in conversation, for Mr. Ichabod P. Buggins did not appear to be very communicative, and his free negro never opened his mouth, and was particularly ill at ease in his new clothes.

The tray appeared with cold fowl, wine, &c. &c., and Josiah insisted that his visiters should partake of the fare, and he poured out some port for them. But he was rather astonished that Mr. Ichabod Buggins, the jovial companion, should arise, as did his negro, while he recited the longest "grace before meat" that he had ever heard; in fact, Josiah thought that it never would have ended. So, winking at his supposed humorous guest, he said, "Come, that was a tolerably long-winded one!" Faraway looked as if he found himself in very ungodly company, but tasted the wine.

"Will you allow me to ask you a professional question, Sir?" said Josiah Tomkins, smacking his lips, after sipping his glass.

"I am all attention, Sir," meekly replied Faraway.

"Well, now, give me your candid opinion; what do you think of our port?"

The missionary answered, "The port of London is considered the finest in the world."

"They put such a quantity of brandy in it, for the London market. Fill your glass, Sir; but you never drink that wine at New York?"

"I cannot say I ever did, Sir," said Mr. Faraway.

"Ay, you are more in the spirit way," remarked Josiah.

The missionary owned that it was the calling he had followed for some years past.

"Then," said Josiah, with a knowing wink, "you must be up to a thing or two in whiskies?"

"I do not rightly comprehend you, Mr. Tomkins."

"Why," continued Josiah, "you get through all your business so easily—you have no duties to care about."

"Pardon me, Sir," said Faraway, somewhat discomposed, "that avowal would be a grievous stain upon my professional character; my duties have ever been attended to scrupulously."

"What! you always adhere to the customs?"

"No," answered the missionary, "it is my vocation, gradually, if I find it possible, to alter or do away with the customs of the remote countries to which I am despatched."

"You are a fellow after my own heart," said Josiah, filling Mr. Faraway's glass. "D—n all customs and custom-house officers. Come, we will change the subject, as I see it is unpleasant to you."

"The oath you uttered was objectionable, Sir," remarked Mr. Faraway.

"Oh! ha! ha! you are a capital fellow—you object to a stray d—n that slipped out accidentally, but you don't mind doing the revenue. Change the subject. My correspondent informed me, in the letter you sent this morning, that both you and your free negro yonder (who don't take to his wine, perhaps he would like some grog better) were devilish funny chaps, if you could be drawn out; but you are both corked up very close indeed. Shall we have a bowl of punch? Ay—and"—(here Josiah winked wickedly)—"ha! ha! ha! I must insist on it."

"Insist on what, Sir?" asked Mr. Faraway, gravely.

Josiah Tomkins poked the missionary in the ribs, and chuckled out, "Tip us the story of the Mulatto wench."

Faraway was aghast.

"Capital face for it," continued Josiah, "you know you can be a comical old cock when you like it. Why, my dear fellow, your introductory letter says so."

The missionary was much excited, and said, "I beg to state, Sir, that I have ever endeavoured to set a straight example. This young person, who has accompanied me to Europe, and whose moral character will bear the strictest investigation, looks up to me for precept. In former days, the calling I follow was at first undertaken in a barbarous spirit."

"Peach brandy?" inquired Josiah.

"Hear me, Sir," continued Faraway. "But now, owing to the cordial co-operation of a large class of my countrymen, numerous formidable impediments have been removed; an entrance and location among strange nations have been effected; we everywhere find brethren to welcome us. We have given the heathen nearly all the useful literature we possess; we have been the introducers of the art of printing amongst them. In some places the entire fabric of idolatry is shaken, and the blessings of Christian morality have been widely diffused."

Josiah stared, but said, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Buggins, but I have been very much deceived in you."

"Buggins, Sir?" repeated the missionary.

"Yes, Buggins; Ichabod P. Buggins. Look at this letter."

And here stopped the *equivoque:* a mistake had evidently occurred, but Mr. Faraway was at a loss to account for it, until Josiah said that, "Perhaps it was the other Tomkins in Commercial Crescent, at No. 20, that you were to visit. Are you not from New York, Sir?"

"No, Sir; I arrived to day, in the Illustrious, from Batavia."

"Then," said Josiah, "where the deuce are

my guests; perhaps at Jonas Tomkins's? What a bit of fun! I had better go and knock at No. 20, and take these gentlemen with me."

We will now return to the dwelling of Mr. Jonas Tomkins, where Mrs. Tomkins was waiting with some curiosity the return of Mr. Bright. In the hope of exciting the good opinion of the expected missionary, she had spread her tracts, with the most alluring titles, on the table and sofa. At length Bright tapped at the door, and said that the Prince of Bantam and the Rev. Mr. Faraway were in the parlour. Mr. Jonas Tomkins was sent for from the counting-house.

"Well, Bright, what sort of people are they? —the prince?"

Bright replied, "Rummy!"

"Rummy?"

"Werry," said Bright.

"And Mr. Faraway, the missionary?" said Mrs. Tomkins.

"Ah!" cried Bright, "that proves what a edicated mind is over uncultiwated ignorance. Although the prince is a prince, his reverence the missionary orders him about like bricks."

"Indeed!"

"And I don't wonder at it, for his royal highness drinks rum like a fish."

"How disappointed I am," said Tomkins. "But you had better introduce them at once."

So Mr. Bright went down, and begged the parties to walk up stairs into the drawing-room. When they entered, Bright attempted a very ceremonious introduction: "Mrs. Tomkins, I have the honour. Gentlemen, that is Mrs. Tomkins, and that is Mr. Tomkins."

Jonas, advancing to Ichabod, said, "I am proud, reverend Sir, to take you by the hand, and your young friend."

I. P. Buggins interfered, and remarked that Mr. Tomkins need not exactly shake hands with the black, as it was not the custom in their part of the globe. "Besides," added Ichabod, with an odd twist of his face, "they perspire marking-ink."

So Jonas and Mrs. Tomkins saluted his highness with several bows and curtsies, but were utterly astonished when the missionary said rather petulantly,—

"Now, there's no needcessity to be bowing to that nigger."

Mrs. Tomkins could not help thinking that this was strange conduct to a prince.

"He knows how to conduct himself in his station. The critter is as cunning as Sam Slick's bear, and he always comes down a tree stern foremost: he's aware how many pounds his hams weigh, and he calculates if he carried 'em up in the air, they might be too heavy with him."

"Berry true, berry true. Hi! hi! hi!" grinned Apollo.

"Hold your black tongue," said his reverence.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Tomkins stared at each other in evident distress. Mrs. Tomkins, in an endeavour to turn the conversation, inquired if they had experienced an agreeable passage.

"By no manner of means," replied the missionary; "three parts across, the wind was enough to blow the devil's horns off."

Mrs. Tomkins started with horror, and she ejaculated, "I declare I thought that missionaries were always of a mild character?" To which Ichabod answered, "I've generally *heerd* that they are; but I see no reason why I should be so."

Jonas reflected how an absence from the society of one's native land may pervert even a missionary; the trio continued conversing; Mr. and Mrs. Tomkins quite embarrassed by the replies of Ichabod, who wondered what it all meant.

Mr. Bright finding himself, as he expressed it, "Nothing and nobody," and entirely disapproving of the missionary's doctrine, determined to exchange a few words with his royal pupil, who was seated near the door, pressing his black puddings of fingers against his forehead.

Bright approached him, bowing: "Pray, your highness, may I ask you a question?"

Apollo gazed at him with a stupidly drunken eye.

Bright continued: "It is a question on which I am anxious to be correctly informed. Do all our little Bantam cocks come from Bantam?"

"How de debble should I know," was the elegant reply of his highness.

Mr. Bright pitied the ignorance of a prince of the blood, who was not acquainted with his own commercial exports.

"What hour 'um hab dinner?" inquired the prince languidly.

"Five o'clock," said Bright.

Apollo touched his stomach, and then replaced his ball of worsted in his palm.

Mrs. Tomkins, now taking Jonas aside, whispered, "What could your Batavian correspondents mean by writing about his agreeable manners and mild deportment?"

"I suppose the torrid climate has heated all their brains," replied Jonas.

Mrs. Tomkins then whispered again, emphatically, "I shall speak to the missionary myself."

"Do, dear."

Mrs. Tomkins then approached Ichabod, and asked him if he was acquainted with the Rev. Wolfe Ghoule. She received a reply in the negative; when she stated that he was author of several of the excellent works on the table— "Tight Stays for Short-breathed Sinners," "The Luxury of Penitent Tears," "Stony Hearts Split," "The Preacher of All-work."

Mr. Buggins replied that he never read anything of the sort. At this candid reply Mrs. Tomkins was suprised, fancying that the lucubrations

of the Rev. Wolfe Ghoule had, by their merits, made their way to every foreign clime.

"Will you allow me to have a little serious conversation with you, Sir?"

"Quite ready, Marm," said Ichabod. "It's no use to have the chalks without you can keep the tallies."

Mrs. Tomkins thought this was a strange phrase for a divine, but continued: "My husband is rather of a convivial nature."

"Ay, ay," said Buggins, "then let him deal with me."

"That is just what I want him to do," replied the lady. "In truth, I am sorry to say it, but Mr. Tomkins never thinks of his end."

"That's a bad beginning," said Ichabod.

"I am aware," remarked Mrs. Tomkins, "that gentlemen of your calling are models of temperance."

Buggins nodded his head, but imagined that was not the case with wine and spirit merchants in general; in fact, he knew several who swallowed all their profits.

Mrs. Tomkins then said, "If you would be induced to quit the dinner-table, as you do not care about wine" (Ichabod grimaced), "and indulge me with some of your serious discourse over a cup of tea" (Ichabod made another wry face), "it might, Sir, satisfy my doubts."

"As to that, Marm," replied Buggins, "people doubts so now, I don't doubt but, some day or other, they will doubt whether everything ain't a doubt."

(Buggins had read this elegant aphorism in Sam Slick.)

Mrs. Tomkins said, "I confess myself quite unsettled in my mind, and I should wish to benefit by your matured opinion. Might I ask—would you favour me with a sight of your articles?"

"My articles, Marm," replied Ichabod, "by all means, with the greatest pleasure;" and he fumbled about for a well-worn pocket-book, from which he pulled out a printed paper; this he handed to Mrs. Tomkins, who was in a state of excitement of pious curiosity, but imagine her astonishment when the following list met her eye:—

"WINE AND SPIRIT STORE,

"61, COMMON STREET, BOSTON, 61.

"ICHABOD P. BUGGINS warrants all ARTICLES delivered from his store genuine as imported, at the following LOW PRICES (English currency):—

"Champagnes, from 60 to 66.
"Clarets (*first growth*) 48 to 54.
"Prime East India Madeira, 56 to 64.
"Guinnes's Dublin Stout } Quarts, 8.
"Hodson's Pale Ale . . } Pints, 4.
"Brandies, Rums, Whiskies, Gins (No. 1, Letter A).

"NOTA BENE.—Bottles, jars, and hampers to be returned."

Mrs. Tomkins dropped the articles, and she might have been knocked down with a straw.

A loud rapping at the street door, and Mr. Josiah Tomkins sent up his card; he was accompanied by Mr. Faraway and the Prince of Bantam. A long explanation of the absurd mistake took place, and, as dinner was ready, Jonas Tomkins begged that the whole party would favour him with their company, which invitation was accepted, Apollo Hyacinth being consigned to the care of Benjamin at the kitchen fire.

The result was a merry afternoon; the only really long face in company being that of poor Bright.

"WE."

O LOVE is left in days gone by;
And yet there is no broken vow!
"We" met of old, but "you and I"
'Tis sometimes meet each other now,
A quite indifferent "he" and "she,"
Tho' once enshrined in lovers' "WE!"

That time!—'tis now "Long, long ago!"
Its hopes and joys all passed away!
On life's calm tide three bubbles glow,
And Pleasure, Youth, and Love are they;
Hope paints them bright as bright can be,
Or did, when you and I were "WE!"

The distant isles of future years,
Gleam lovely thro' a golden haze;
Time's sea a reflex heaven appears,
Wherein the stars are happy days!
At least, 'twas always so with me,
When, lovers, you and I were "WE!"

I paradised some woodland cot,—
I built great castles in the air,—
And Pleasure was, and Grief was not,
And cot or castle, *Thou* wert there!
Yet they were not alone for thee,
But Fancy always whispered "WE!"

My life was all one web of gold,
Where thoughts of thee, like gems, were set!
But soon the light of love grew cold,
And gems and gilding faded!—Yet
The gilt and "paste" seemed true to me!—
But 'twas when you and I were "WE!"

Long, long ago, with life-hope shone
These faded fancies: *now* they seem
Wild fragments of a gladness gone,—
The memories of a pleasant dream!
And wonder whispers, can it be,
That ever you and I were "WE?"

C. H. W.

ARTHUR EVELYN; THE DECAYED GENTLEMAN.

JUST upon the verge of a green lane that juts abruptly out almost from the very centre of our village stands an isolated tenement, ancient in date, quaint, curious, and strange, as ever plodding brain of olden architect devised; sufficiently withdrawn to win for its indwellers the grateful peacefulness of retirement and repose; but not remote enough to weaken that sense of security which the immediate vicinity of the habitations and the daily paths of fellowmen implies. From the old great market-cross—the village's heart's core—the petted mossy stone that still serves to indicate the former station of a weekly mart, long since fallen into desuetude, and unto which still clings some fearful legend of a bloody martyrdom perpetrated upon its site;—from this you may discern the heavy roof and tortuous chimneys of that antique house, with here and there a sombre gable or a sunken window, dimly and partially revealed through the bowery zone of chesnut-trees, gorgeous with their exuberant and snowy blossom, that gird it in. Long lines of elms, majestical and old, and, at their feet, patches of green elastic turf, skirt this lane for many a mile. In the warm summer evenings young children, in mirthful companies, resort to gambol there, and nowhere is the foliage richer or the shadows deeper; nowhere does the sunshine look more gaily or more brightly in, through the green and shining leaves, speckling the ground with drops of golden light that glow the brighter from their contrast with the heavy shade that sleeps or flickers on the sward beneath, just as the changeful wind stirs the dense rustling branches overhead, or leaves them to their motionless repose, than in that shady lane. And then the old house, what a pleasant home it is! How suggestive of bachelor delights!—of an oaken library all solemnity and tranquillity;—of a warm and cosy winter-room, with heavy draperies and picture-hidden walls, and one large Gothic window, gorgeously bedight with saintly or heraldic emblazonments, admitting a "dim, religious light;"—of a vaulted cellar teeming with ample store of choice and generous wines;—of a summer-room opening upon a wilderness of flowers and shrubs, and of a spacious porch, fit sanctuary for our post-prandial naps, or idle reveries at sundown.

Now, gay lilacs are shadowing that spacious porch, and caged canaries are carolling and fluttering at the open windows, and stands of flowering geraniums are blossoming hard by; and flowers, almost as numberless as stars upon a winter's night, and quite as bright, are loading the soft, rich, sunny air with their sweet breath, and luring to their honeyed urns the bee and butterfly that flit there restlessly from early dawn till rosy sunset; and you may hear the gleeful laugh of childhood, or the still more gleeful song of youthful maiden as you saunter by. Hist! that song—"Why don't the men propose?"—How utterly destructive of all our bachelor visions of undisturbed serenity within its walls!

It is not, however, of the present inmates of this antique structure that I would speak, but of one who dwelt there years ago, and in whose life there seemed a colouring of romance—a Rembrandt tone of shadow mingling with the simpler outlines of the picture, worthy of passing note. His portrait still depends from the wall of the dining-room—an amiable yet melancholy mien, a thought sadder, perhaps, than he had looked in life, yet truthful and very like withal. Poor old Mr. Evelyn! Nothing ascetical, nor aught of misanthropy, ever mingled in *his* philosophy. Simple in manner and unobtrusive in habit, he was one among, but not *of*, the little circle in which he moved—a portion of the constellation, but with an orbit peculiarly and only his. My remembrance of his person and attire is fresh, vivid, and distinct as though he lived but yesterday—as though he still paced, day by day, slowly and musingly through our long straggling village, with downcast eyes, and tasselled cane trailed negligently behind him. His face was furrowed, not with the rough, irregular graining of the labourer's or artisan's, but clearly, delicately lined—such characters as a silver *stylus* swayed by a gentle hand might produce upon a waxen tablet. His keen grey eyes were shaded by long lashes, that still retained their youthful silkiness and hue. His thin white hair was gathered in a queue behind, and scattered a shower of aromatic dust upon the collar of his coat. His habiliments were worn and faded, but there was nothing in them that could lead you to suppose their wearer had been either a spendthrift or a reprobate; they were neat and scrupulously clean, sober in colour, and well preserved, harmonizing with all your preconceived notions of what a decayed gentleman's attire *should be*. The ample frill protruding from the vest was hardly fairer than the small and well-shaped hand that rested in its folds; nor did they need the jewelled ring or glittering shoe-buckles to tell you their owner had once been other than he was. The stately figure—the patrician profile of his features—his

lofty bearing, and the peculiarity of his gait—all seemed to

Read haughtily for glories gone.

It may be gathered, perhaps, from what is written, that Evelyn had been, in younger days, a handsome man; and so assuredly he had been, and flourishing and prosperous to boot. That he should early have wooed and won, and passionately loved, one younger than himself, and fairer even than the fairest of those we meet among the crowds accounted beautiful, may seem a happy consequence of his flourishing condition and personal accomplishments. *That* chapter of his history were well alone. One month a bridegroom and the next a widower, pity trod hard upon the heels of envy, and misery shivered the cup which joy had filled brimful, while he seemed to have it most firmly in his grasp.

I need not check the current of the tale, to note the weight of agony which bore him down, or tell how soon delirium ensued, how fierce a struggle life held with death, how long they battled, how life eventually became the victor, and how the tenour of its aftercourse was changed. But for this it would have been aimless and undistinguished. Too careless of self to seek for further personal aggrandizement, too philosophically (or indolently) content ever to be stirred by ambitious impulses, the lamp of life would have eventually become extinct, without a solitary excitement of its flame by any of the wild currents which ordinarily augment its intensity and diminish its duration.

Solitude is no antidote to sorrow, and that commerce with the busy world, which before had seemed an evil to be shunned, became an oblivious opiate to be sought. Yet, even here, one shadow unceasingly pursued him, one cloud for ever dwelt upon his path; and though wealth, influence, and the homage and respect which they conciliate, flowed in, yet *one* was not who should have shunned them all, and the gift seemed valueless, inasmuch as the void which death had made still yawned openly as ever. All else went well for years. Then one of those periodical monsoons, which sometimes sweep across the world of commerce—a panic—razed to the ground the fabric of his fortunes. He gathered up the wreck, not to commence his pilgrimage afresh, but, hoarding it with thrifty care, "to live upon a little with content" in privacy.

Perhaps the well-remembered music of a rill, welling with tremulous gush from some old woodland haunt, born in the shadow of forest trees, keeping its happy flow through dingle, brake, and glade, with young and laughing wild flowers clustering on its marge; perhaps the unforgotten tones and features of the playmates of his merry childhood, or, it may be, memories of a later time, and of a dearer being, then haunted the old man's mind; or, perchance, as the phantom (whether gold or reputation) that lately lured him on had faded from his grasp, he thought no traces of the vain pursuit should veer his mind with the disturbing thoughts they would engender, and so the din and turmoil of the great metropolis was abandoned. Howbeit, as the glare and glitter of the world had shown upon the midday of his life, he sought to spend its brief remaining twilight in the quiet and seclusion of this inland village. And it was well and wisely chosen. The wish to close your eyes upon the selfsame spot on which their earliest gaze was bent—the clinging desire that what is mortal should be laid to rest where others of our blood and name are sleeping, mingling our dust with the decaying relics of our race—may be a vain and foolish fancy, but it, at least, is natural; and, swayed by one or both of these, the old man came amongst us. Two rooms in the old house I have imperfectly described (they were the chosen sitting and sleeping apartments of one dead) were dedicated to his use, and with a melancholy pleasure he there abode. Old gossips, and a sexton still more old, but all decayed, and all belonging to a bygone generation like himself, were chosen exclusively to share his confidence, for they, some forty years ago, had known the old man's buried bride. It seemed to solace him to hear them talk of her as one so young and beautiful, and they so old and withered. It was a simple and strange delusion. Had she lived, time would have dulled the keen eye and chilled the early fervour of affection. It would have robbed the eye of its light and the lip of its bloom; it would have stolen from the cheek its softness, and from the hair its sunny gloss and flow. They never thought of this, but spoke of her as she had been in past times, as if, could she be still living at that very hour, she would still wear the freshness and the hues of youth, and not be old and faded like as they. So sped the time until—the date I have forgotten—I only know some years flew past, and then I missed the old man from his accustomed churchyard walk, and from the garden wickets, over which he used to lean to converse with these old and confidential gossips; and then I found he, too, was dead. Although he was of gentle birth, yet as he was a childless man, and such of his kindred as might survive were scattered far and wide, and did not care to own the old man in his humble circumstances, no hatchment or marble to his memory was ranged beside the long array decking the chancel where the Evelyns lie buried for centuries past. A simple green grass mound, under the waving shadow of a leafy tree, is all that indicates the last resting-place of old Arthur Evelyn.

J. S.

JUPITER'S JUNKET.

It happened one sultry day in the golden age that the gods and goddesses, having little else to do in that happy cycle of the world, had retired into various caves and ravines of Olympus, or, passing through Tartarus, had strolled into Elysium, just as their varied pleasure or inclination led them, leaving Jove sitting by himself very much disposed to sleep, yet afraid either to wink or nod, lest the mountains of the earth should follow the example, as they were wont and bound in courtesy to do. Juno was off on her annual excursion to the Argive fountain, and had taken Hebe with her to assist at her ablution.

Having for some time sat in this drowsy and indeterminate manner, Jupiter at length came to a decision, for, stretching out his brawny arms to their full extent, and causing his sublime jaws to yawn at the same moment, he brought his right fist into sudden contact with his forehead, and, rising up with awakened energy, he exclaimed, "Well, this won't do! I'll go and see what they are doing in Arcadia." Thereupon he slowly divested himself of a portion of his supernal attributes and his celestial apparel, the latter of which he carefully placed in a trunk covered with a ram's skin, having on its top the rude crest of an eagle in brass-headed nails above the initials "J. A.," which, in modern nomenclature, would have stood for Jerry Atkins simply, but in that case represented Jupiter Ammon. His thunderbolts he tied together with the bit of oakum which Mr. Vulcan, the ironmonger, had purloined from Prometheus's tether, and with which fastening he had presented them, the Cyclops being at the time they were finished entirely out of strong brown packing paper. Jupiter, as we have said, having again confined his bolts in a bundle, in a clumsy enough manner for a god it must be owned, bit off the ends of the slow fuses that they might not explode in his absence, and stowed them away behind the dressing-glass, well knowing that Juno was always too much occupied in front ever to think of looking behind. Having succeeded thus far, he hired a domino at the wardrobe of Proteus and Co., and, slipping a hood over his eagle, took up his knobby stick and proceeded at once to the foot of Olympus.

When Jupiter had gone so far on his holiday, a thought struck him that he would go to Dodona, as it was a festival there, and amuse himself by putting a few questions to his own oracle; indeed, he had a particular desire to ask it whether Jupiter's mother knew he was out of doors. He had actually taken some steps in this pursuit when his first intent returned upon him strongly, so he considered it a duty, god as he was, to submit himself to the direction of Fate. With this pious resolution he took a copper out of his breeches pocket, saying, as he did so, "I'll have a toss to see which it shall be; if I win I'll go to Thessaly, but if I lose I'll go to the temple;" and,

spitting on the coin for luck, he twirled it up and cried "Polly!" but it came a head, and, as is usual on such occasions, having lost, he pleased himself, turned back, and went to Thessaly.

Nor had he any reason to repent his decision, for it was harvest-home among the mountains, and the nymphs and swains were full of primitive fun and gambols, more particularly the groups which he descried about a little hovel with a bush hung over the door. To this cabin he determined at once to proceed, and take a bout at single-stick or hunt the slipper, as the case might be. Now Jupiter, at that period of his life, was a dashing young fellow, for the bloom of his immortality had not begun to wither. His hair was golden, though the pitiful Greeks called it sandy; his eyes were of a remarkably dark blue, and his complexion was correspondingly fair and ruddy. His beard and moustache were unexceptionable, and his whiskers were absolutely fascinating. There was a gracefulness in his figure dashed with a dignified port, a *bonhommie* in his manner, and an elasticity in his step which made him rather a formidable rival to an Arcadian shepherd, besides which his knobby stick was decidedly large and of the most recent fashion. It was no wonder that he immediately attracted the eyes of the nymphs and the regards of the swains; it was no wonder that the buxom young Norah Semele came out of the shebeen with her best bottle of whiskey, and, pouring out a noggin for the stranger, bade him heartily welcome. It was so, and it was no wonder.

The great Jove took the proffered noggin from the delicate hand of Semele, filled, as he considered, with the bright waters of Helicon, and tossed the liquor down his throat with a sly wink at the terrestrial Hebe. No sooner was it gone than he gasped for breath, while the water in his constitution, abashed in the presence of such good company, began to withdraw. The god's left eye was moist, but speak he could not, so he smacked his lips and his eyes flashed lightning.

"Sure you'll wet the other eye, my darling?" said Norah, seeing its effect, and she again filled up the noggin for the god.

Jupiter seized it with avidity, looked curiously into it, sipped a little, and exclaimed, "By the depth of Acheron, but this is better than my own"—— Nectar he was about to add, but, recollecting himself, he swallowed the contents of the mug to conceal his confusion.

"Better than your own good manners was it?" asked Semele, piqued a little that her guest had not toasted her.

"My peerless beauty, I beg your pardon," quoth the god; "permit me to retrieve the omission." And, with a penitent but fascinating glance, he held out the noggin to be replenished.

"Get along wid yer flattery," exclaimed the nymph, as she refilled the vessel to the brim, and blushed like an apricot.—(See Illustration, p. 93.)

By this time they were encircled by the nymphs and swains, and while the latter were scrutinizing him from head to heel, seemingly to take the measure of his prowess from his stature, he caught many a wicked glance from eyes as bright as morning stars. Semele, of course, was immediately jealous, and, to prevent his making closer acquaintance with the owners of those liquid orbs, she invited him into the shebeen with the hope of having him all to herself. The stratagem might have succeeded had not the ladies declared they were tired, and that the last set of the Pyhrric quadrilles always required a rest before they were attempted; therefore they followed the stranger in.

There was a situation for a god without a stiver in his pocket! Albeit relishing the whisky amazingly, he felt the policy of paying court only to Semele, whose generosity was unbounded on the occasion, and the hilarity of her guests became correspondingly joyous. Many an amorous trick and song beguiled the time, each in turn diverting the others, till all added something to the general stock of mirth, excepting Jupiter, who was now sorely besieged for his contribution. Feeling himself bound to oblige in the character he had assumed, yet desirous to preserve his dignity in case the frolic should ever get wind, he intimated that he had studied the art of necromancy among the Chaldeans, and, since he had never been able to sing in his life, he would exercise his most potent art, and give them a glimpse of the world and its inhabitants in three thousand years from thence, not doubting but they would be highly interested by the exhibition.

Thereupon the god waved his hands before those dwellers in Arcady, and they passed into a prescient existence; the flocks of the valley, the corn-fields, and the wine-press were to them as if they were not: for the time they had no memory of such familiar things—they were entranced. Then there came before them a great city, temples and palaces, and dungeons and despair. Here were her ships freighted with riches for the universe, and there were shadows of her people devouring the brackish weed and vomit of the sea. Here passed a rich fool, attended by a hundred lacqueys dressed in purple and in gold; and there sat Knowledge in a ragged garb by the wayside, scoffed at and pushed by the great man's lictors; and while they feasted he wanted bread. Here rose the bacchanalia of the wealthy; splendour and the thrill of song were there to minister bad influences, while the voices of flute and flageolet, and all harmonious instruments, were not wanting at this scene.

"Most admirable people!" muttered the magician through his clenched teeth as this scene passed before them, but the sight-seers were so intent upon the passing pageant that they heard him not.

It was the Sanhedrim; and the chief priests and scribes, and the rulers of the people were assembled there, employed in blowing bubbles, which, while one party puffed with all their might to raise, another party would beat down. And that was Statesmanship. Then, after many hours of conflict, when the bubbles broke successively, one party brayed most naturally, and one crowed "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" And that was Legislation. Sometimes they varied their amusement by straining Liberty upon the rack and mocking her exhausted senses with the bubbles which they blew; or, by a game of numerals, they extracted her decaying teeth, humorously calling the pleasant operation "counting out." Meanwhile, the devil danced within the coffers of the state; great rats devoured the public granaries; the huge machine of industry stood still; labourers decayed, and everything went wrong. But they depised the leakage of the common weal; the bubbles rose and burst; and still the leist chanticleers cried "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" And that was Government.

The Areopagus opened next — the place of oracles; of which, it was believed, there were ten thousand, though they never spoke. Over and about were statues of a blind woman, happily emblematic of the Law, the blindness indicating its inability to see right from wrong, and the sex furnishing an assurance that it decided by caprice. The ears of the figure were stopped with gold, and both its hands were occupied, which, beside arguing that the Law could not hold out a helping hand to anybody, signified by the sword of one that the order there was like the highwayman's "Stand and deliver;" and, by the nicely-balanced scales of the other, that in law Justice weighed nothing against chicanery. Round about the courts were barricades of books, each bound in peculiar calf—plain calf—emblematic again!—variously embossed with the sentences — "The Babel of *Meum* and *Tuum*, 10,000,000 vols." "Black proved to be White, and Blue no colour at all: the work not yet finished." "Statutes to prevent the intrusion of Common Sense into the Courts: multifarious editions." "How to Fleece: many volumes, number unknown." "Fudge upon Bubbleum: a standard work of reference, containing all the Processes and original Notes of Chief Baron Blunderboggle," &c. &c. &c. The simple people of the valley read these titles with evident astonishment, which was greatly increased when they observed the little stacks of them which were placed about the benches, marking the supposed issues of the divine afflatus, each covered down with an effectual contrivance denominated a wig, warranted, as far as the sacred mystery of wisdom was concerned, hermetical, and, in reality, it seldom escaped from them. Yet, to these shrines people flocked continually—fathers and mothers, and wives and children, and friends—all praying to have their heads turned, and their pockets emptied, and their peace destroyed; at every visit giving a fee-*simple* of their estates, and a brick towards a new lunatic asylum. Chance was the common name of the great arena, and yet the people thronged to its devouring maze, notwithstanding every successively sensible litigant fell into a premature decay from its mephitic atmosphere.

Anon, the populace rushed by again in all its motley characteristics. There strutted an exquisite, a mere animated tailor's block, decked out in jewellery and fine apparel redolent and rank with civet, while his vacant stomach roared aloud for what it might devour; and there crawled a martyr to his appetite, who, though yellow with his surfeit and trembling with dyspepsia, sought some new relish every hour. Philanthropists they were, trying experiments in the world at number one. There hurried one in breathless haste to save a penny, who had worked hard and made a fortune; and there another stood and shivered with great kites upon his naked shins rather than work at all. Philosophers they were, of different schools, an utilitarian and a stoic. A mountebank next attracted notice by his lusty chant of "muffins for the million, all filled with tadpoles to digest care and destroy discord," and the monster million gaped and gobbled down the dear puff-paste and the delusion, making most harmonious intestines, but abating no misery and communicating no strength. A little beyond was a worthy student. He had discovered many things for the benefit of that great city, but the established charlatans gossipped him down, coolly taking quiet possesion of his discoveries for their own advantage, even accepting public thanks and dedications for their use, while the good student remained almost unknown. Such was the truth, and justice, and magnanimity of that people, the principal might be seen running through a thousand channels to their homes.

Next came the rendezvous of hordes of cannibals, who fled enormous kites and beat great drums for lures, some sinking mines, some making roads, and others forming banks, each and all of which were traps to catch unwary men, that they might live upon the marrow of their bones. They had a name, these cannibals, which called them "clever men of business."

"A holy city, and a righteous time!" exclaimed the god, growing sardonic in his reflections.

Still the vision held, and marts and markets passed, each having deities, Untruth and Fraud, upon whose brazen altars every chapman sacrificed his customers.

Then came upon the scene great wordy books and colleges, which taught ingenuous youth the wisdom that the mummies knew, with couplets from Balaam's ass, and all the geometric lines of

Noah's pocket-handkerchief, to fit them for their aged world. For learned chancellors they set up gold-nobbed sticks and images, which, with much pains, were taught how many beans make five! New truths these institutions banned for heresies, and turned them from their doors with solicitude most anxious, still saturating students with the murmurings of antiquity, and, by such means, sending forth accomplished senators—insufferable, it must be owned, at cock-a-doodle-doo! but exquisite at eh haw! eh haw! eh haw!

And so the fatuous stream of things and people went, each cankered with conventional prejudice in the interests of their order and the leprosy of self. And the toil and turmoil of existence digged their trench in every brow; they lived, as it appeared, an artificial life, for, though the sun shone brightly on them, care was ever in their shadow. Peace was but an occasional visitor to their homesteads with Content; they never abided there as guests where Pleasure was the herald of Regret. The Thunderer almost pitied their forlorn estate, toiling, toiling ever; warring to the knife with circumstance in competition and anxiety, dropping at last into their graves just as their dreams were opening to success. Even the swains who looked on relaxed their smiling features and were grave, for they, in their simplicity, saw what unreal splendour, folly unmatched, fictitious wealth, and constant misery there was, and thanked their gods they would not live in that phase of the strange world's history.

But the great Jove rising from his mortal coil into the resumed dignity of the god, he raised his arm to strike the impious age from the unfolded annals of the future, when a sudden burst of thunder went bellowing through the valley to the distant mountain peaks, which reverberated with the roar. The pageant faded at the sound, and these entranced guests returned at once into their mortal consciousness. Jove stood for a moment aghast at the temerity of whom should use his thunderbolts, when another flash, more vivid than the first, followed by a volley which made the hills tremble, broke over them again, making Semele, who was enervated by the habitual use of potheen, spring into his arms with terror, always an available feminine excuse; but the celestial touch was fatal, for the buxom dame was consumed in an instant by her contact with immortality. At the same moment the empyrean eagle, who, being awoke by the elemental uproar, had torn off his hood, swooped into the Arcadian valley and bore his sublime master to Olympus.

It appeared afterwards, from the report of Mercury, that Juno, having returned to the family mansion, blooming with the effects of her cosmetic bath, sought the presence of her husband, and was greatly chagrined to find him absent. Inquiries being made, it was soon noised about heaven that the father of the gods was gone out somewhere for a jollity, and certain scandals were originated concerning the birth of Bacchus, as nods and winks passed from one to another; and whispers went about that Jupiter would certainly come home fuddled. Venus, overhearing this, had a wanton thought come into her head, and, seeing that Diana had her face muffled up that night for the toothache, she slyly slipped out of the celestial abode. As soon as Juno heard of her departure, she was in a fine fume and determined to go to bed in the sulks. Now, when she went to look for her night-cap, and found it, she exclaimed, "Well, I never! If that brute of mine hasn't been putting it over his nasty eagle!" whereupon she flung it down upon her toilet in a rage, and, by so doing, upset the chamber candlestick and the mirror, and somehow or other the thunderbolts which Jove had stowed behind became ignited, and were going off like one o'clock when the god himself appeared.

The fusion of poor Norah Semele left a residuum something like the famous Bank Bill Cinder, but crystallized, and that, being carefully preserved by the Arcadians, was fixed to the jamb of the shebeen as a memento, and so gave rise to the celebrated sign of the Chequers.

J. A. O.

SONNET,

ON CLIMBING A HILL IN THE VICINITY OF CASTLE COOMBE, WILTS.

While toiling up this steep hill's craggy side,
How rich a prospect opens! Every tree
Mantled in verdure—'tis a leafy sea,
That undulates around me far and wide.—
Hark! echoes to the gale its billowy tide:—
Here, an old church; and, by a grassy lea,
An ivied mansion;—that must surely be
The spot where happiness and worth reside.
Sunlit the river flows like molten gold.
Across a firmament of purest blue—
To the base eye too dazzling to behold—
Float lazy clouds of a rich purple hue.
Author of mercy! thy works grow not old;
Author of grace! thy works are ever new.

Charles Pembroke.

DEATH AND THE DRAWING ROOM OR THE YOUNG DRESS MAKERS OF ENGLAND

It is very certain that if our hearts were as tender as nature made them, and had not gone through a sort of macadamizing process by the hard knocks they encounter in the world, we should scarcely ever enjoy an hour's peace, far less indulge in a joyous laugh, or sleep a quiet sleep, so great is the sum of human suffering that exists at every moment of time. If we gave to misery out of our sight a tenth part of the sympathy which we give to that which comes home to ourselves, or even accidentally falls under our eyes, we should never be at rest; and it is a merciful dispensation we are so made that we can forget it. The funeral bells toll daily, while men go to wedding feasts, and the multitude hurries on regardless. "Death is common," and we are used to it. But, even when any unusual occurrence forces some new consciousness of human pain upon us, we devise all manner of expedients to drive it away. Some people have even gone so far as to turn all that misery which *will* force itself upon their sight into a source of luxury and self-complacency, on the principle of enjoying the sounds of wind, and rain, and driving sleet outside our doors, while we sit snug by our own fireside. Into this species of luxury the childish mind is initiated in such moral songs as the following:—

> "How many children in the street
> Half naked I behold,
> While *I* am cloth'd from head to foot,
> And cover'd from the cold."—WATTS.

The class who thus luxuriate will only read the description of the young dress-makers which we are about to give, to hug themselves in their own comfortable state, and to look round at their own blooming daughters and "Thank God." In this complacent feeling they will rest, let us do or say what we will; so there we leave them, and turn to those who, so far from taking any pleasure in such things, may put themselves to considerable trouble to drive them out of their memories; for, let it frankly be confessed, this paper is written with no purpose of affording mere information or the gratification of curiosity, but with an earnest wish to drive people out of their strongholds of indifference and calculating policies, and, by bringing home to their feelings the suffering which is now remote and hidden, to make them rouse themselves and say, "These things shall exist no longer."

Among the lulling expedients to which we resort to hush the cry of pain that begins to sound in our hearts, few are more successful than the plea of distance. When we hear of the hard toil

of the collieries or the iron districts we congratulate ourselves that we do not live in a coal county, or that we are not obliged to take up our abode at Wolverhampton; and we contrive to feel as if we had nothing to do with the toils and sufferings of the young labourers, because we are at a distance from them. But let us not lay the flattering unction to our souls. Not only in nearly every large town in England, but here, in this very London where we live, in its gayest and most crowded streets, and more especially at this its gayest and most crowded season, every here and there are to be found houses of business, displaying at their windows all that is most attractive in fashion, but containing within their walls the victims of the luxury to which they minister. There, in close work-rooms, for fourteen, sixteen, eighteen, twenty, even twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four, sit young girls of all ages, from fourteen to twenty and upwards, making the dresses which are to figure in the park, the ball-room, or the court of the Queen of England. Sometimes their toil extends throughout the night, and for days and nights in succession, for a period so long that nothing short of the unquestionable evidence which proves the fact could enable us to believe that the vital energies of human nature could hold out so long. There, in the very spring-time of life, in that which should be the happy season of bounding youth, young limbs are turning heavy and listless, rosy cheeks are blanched, heads are throbbing and aching, bright eyes are growing dim, and the seeds of premature death, or of a life of suffering, perhaps of blindness, are being laid. These are not exaggerations; they are melancholy truths, and are not now disclosed for the first time. They were stated with earnest distinctness by Mr. James Grant, in an article published in the "Females' Advocate," for January, 1841; but have been lately inquired into and verified by R. D. Grainger, Esq., one of the gentlemen employed by government in the "Children's Employment Commission." The evidence he has collected from medical men, from the young dress-makers themselves, but, above all, from their employers, has furnished a fund of information on the subject which can no longer be questioned. All that is most valuable in his evidence, as well as in that of the other sub-commissioners, has been for some time before the public in the Report of the Central Board of the Commissioners; a work which, for the clearness of its arrangement and the brevity into which its mass of information is condensed, is unequalled in the history of parliamentary reports. A selection from its most interesting portions, made, as it is understood, under the superintendence of Lord Ashley, has also been published in octavo.*

* "The Physical and Moral Condition of the Children and Young Persons employed in Mines and Manufactures." London, published for her Majesty's Stationery Office, by John W. Parker, West Strand. 1843.

On the subject of the dress-makers there was an excellent article in the *Times* newspaper a few weeks ago, which may be regarded as a sign of the increasing interest which their case is exciting. The following is extracted from Mr. Grainger's Report:—

It has been calculated that, besides journeywomen working at their own homes, there are in London 15,000 females who are employed by dress-makers and milliners, of whom the very great majority are between the ages of 16 and 25.

The extended evidence proves that the hours of work are inordinately long. In London there are two busy seasons: the principal one begins in April, and ends in July or the commencement of August; the second lasts from October till Christmas.

During these seasons, but especially the former, the young persons are, on the average, required to work 18 hours a-day, including the time allowed for meals. "These are the hours in all the principal houses in town." Long as these hours are, they are very often exceeded. It is not uncommon to begin at 6, and even 5, A.M., and to go on till 2 and 3 in the morning; sometimes from 4 A.M. till 12 at night. Some witnesses, who were in a position freely to state the facts, mention that they have for three months successively worked 20 hours out of the 24.

During the height of the fashionable season the time allotted to rest is not, on the average, more than five or six hours—very frequently not more than four. A medical practitioner, who has had great insight into the system, states he "has known some who have only two hours' rest, and this for a month together."

The tenour of all the evidence proves that to these long hours of sedentary toil health and life are universally sacrificed. "If," says one witness, an employer, "a constant accession of fresh hands from the country were not provided, the business could not be carried on." A fearful suggestion!

The following is the evidence of an employer, now in business for herself, who has been many years in several London houses:—

The usual age at which young girls begin to work is from 14 to 16 years. They very frequently come from the country, and are then healthy and strong. The effects upon the health are, in the first place, lassitude and debility, with loss of appetite; pain in the back, either between the shoulders or in the loins, is universal; should think there is not one in 20 who does not suffer from this affection. Indigestion is very common. Pulmonary affections, such as cough and tightness in the breath, are also frequent. Headache is very common; "you would never be in a work-room half an hour without some one complaining of that." If they become ill, unless it be dangerous, they must continue at their work; they do this for months together; the employers taking very little care of the health of the young women. If they are seriously ill they must go home; it is a very rare thing for them to remain in the house. Many go into the country in a state threatening a fatal result, and "never return." Out of all the young women known to witness, has known only one who retained her health; believes that this one began later in life than general, at twenty."—(Grainger's Ev., No. 526.)

Perhaps it would not be impossible to form some rough estimate of how many early graves are filled by each wedding order, by each drawing-room, and how many humble homes are filled with real sorrow by the conventional assumption of the trappings and suits of woe in every court mourning; for, on all these occasions, the toil of the young dress-maker is redoubled:—

During the fashionable season, that is from April till the latter end of July, it frequently happens that the ordinary hours are greatly exceeded: if there is a drawing-room or

grand fête, or mourning to be made, it often happens that the work goes on for 20 hours out of the 24, occasionally all night. Every season, in at least half the houses of business, it happens that the young persons occasionally work 20 hours out of the 24 twice or thrice a week. On special occasions, such as drawing-rooms, general mournings, and very frequently wedding orders, it is not uncommon to work all night: has herself worked 20 hours out of the 24 for three months together; at this time she was suffering from illness, and the medical attendant remonstrated against the treatment she received. He wished witness to remain in bed at least one day longer, which the employer objected to, required her to get up, and dismissed the surgeon.—(Grainger's Ev., No. 529.)

On the occasion of the general mourning for his Majesty William IV. witness worked without going to bed from 4 o'clock on Thursday morning till half-past 10 on Sunday morning; during this time witness did not sleep at all: of this she is certain. In order to keep awake she stood nearly the whole of Friday night, Saturday, and Saturday night, only sitting down for half an hour for rest. Two other young persons worked at the same house for the same time; these two dozed occasionally in a chair. Witness, who was then 19, was made very ill by this great exertion, and when on Sunday she went to bed she could not sleep. Her feet and legs were much swelled, and her feet seemed to overhang the shoes.—(Ibid, No. 525.)

The former of these statements was made by a young person who had been ten years what is called a "first hand," or superintendent of the work-room; the latter by one who is now an employer.

My opinions (says Mr. Tyrrell, surgeon to the London Ophthalmic and St. Thomas's Hospitals, in his work on the "Diseases of the Eye," vol. ii., p. 85) respecting the affections of the choroid tunic have not been formed hastily, but have resulted from careful and close observation of a very large number of cases. They were first clearly established just subsequent to the universally lamented death of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales, when I had ample opportunity of witnessing and tracing the effects of congestion and inflammation of the choroid.

At the period above alluded to, all persons were anxious to evince their feelings of sorrow by assuming, as early as possible, the conventional garb of grief; and consequently an unusual quantity of work devolved upon those engaged in dress-making. It would answer no good purpose to detail here the excessive cruelty which mercenary considerations induced many of the dress-makers, &c. &c., to exercise over their dependents and apprentices, and which led to disturbance, diminution, or destruction of vision in many of those poor and delicate beings.

Of the great number of such patients who came under my observation at the London Ophthalmic Hospital, and elsewhere, in consequence of disturbances of sight, from the cause above mentioned, the majority were affected with muscæ in various degrees, or impaired vision; in others symptoms of incipient organic change were manifest: some had marked inflammation of the choroid and iris, with much obscurity of vision; and in a few the eyes were destroyed as visual organs, by disorganization of the most delicate tunics and humours.

The same gentleman states in evidence—

A fair and delicate girl, about 17 years of age, was brought to witness in consequence of total loss of vision. She had experienced the train of symptoms which have been detailed, to the fullest extent. On examination both eyes were found disorganized, and recovery, therefore, was hopeless. She had been an apprentice as a dress-maker at the west end of the town; and some time before her vision became affected her general health had been materially deranged from too close confinement and excessive work. The immediate cause of the disease in the eye was excessive and continued applications to making mourning. She stated that she had been compelled to remain without changing her dress for nine days and nights consecutively; that during this period she had been permitted only occasionally to rest on a mattress placed on the floor for an hour or two at a time; and that her meals were placed at her side, cut up, so that as little time as possible should be spent in their consumption. Witness regrets that he did not, in this and a few other cases nearly as flagrant and distressing, induce the sufferers to appeal to a jury for compensation.—(Grainger's Ev., No. 624.)

From the testimony of eleven medical men to the pernicious effects of the protracted toil that has been described we extract the following:—

Mr. Devonald, Great Titchfield-street:—Is a medical practitioner. Has for twenty years been in the habit of attending many young persons in the dress-making and millinery business. In the busy season the time allowed for rest is generally not more than four hours, often three; has known some who have only two hours' rest, and this for a month together. At this time is attending two young women, one of whom told witness that she had not more than two hours' rest each night for a fortnight. Is fearful this patient will die. They go on with these hours till they are knocked up; if this is continued, as it frequently is, for a length of time, the constitution receives a shock from which it never recovers. Has had ample opportunity of watching many of these cases for a long time: the young persons so affected may leave off work for a period, they may go into the country to their friends, "but they never regain their health." Has known several who have married: has attended them for years, and has seen them labouring under various nervous and other affections; their health and strength are gone. The young dress-makers who are subject to these long hours suffer invariably from palpitation of the heart and indigestion; "they are completely disorganized." Has known numbers of young healthy women who in this way have been reduced to a permanent state of debility. Many of them die, especially from consumption. Many of them, after their health has been ruined, are compelled to give up the business.

In consequence of these injurious effects they lose their appetite; and at a time when they, from this cause, require good and varied diet, they are frequently provided only with coarse and therefore improper food. They are mostly fed upon cold mutton, which frequently they cannot eat: bread and cheese are often provided for supper. The only things they can take are tea, and bread and butter, and on these many of the young persons principally live.

The sleeping-rooms are frequently very insufficient; some sleep in kitchens, some in attics. They are often most crowded; has himself seen five in one bed in an attic. Has known one house where the young women worked in a perfectly dark kitchen, which was lighted night and day with gas. Attended two young persons who worked in this room.

If any of them become ill, the principals, if they find in two or three days that they are not able to work, require them to go home to their friends; if they have no friends, they are obliged to allow them to remain for a longer time.

Many of these young woman, owing to the hard treatment they receive, lose their virtue; "they could do anything rather than return to such labour." As a great number of them come from the country, and have no immediate friends in London, they are exposed in a peculiar degree to the temptations of the metropolis. Their employers, who ought to supply the place of their natural protectors, are in general indifferent to the moral evils to which they are exposed; "religion is never thought of." In the season it is not uncommon to work on some part of the Sunday; has known instances where they have worked the whole of that day. Is convinced in no trade or manufactory whatever is the labour to be compared to that of the young dress-makers; no men work so long. It would be impossible for any animal to work so continuously with so little rest.

Having closely observed the system, and taken many notes of different cases, is satisfied of the correctness of the preceding statement.

[*Note.*—The above statement is very valuable, as Mr. Devonald has had ample opportunities of observing the effects of dress-making, and of knowing the whole system.]—(Ibid, No. 625.)

All classes of witnesses are agreed that this iniquitous system is totally unnecessary. There is abundance of unemployed dress-makers who, by proper management, might be obtained at a small cost during any temporary pressure of work; and there are, also, numbers of needlewomen to whom the plainer parts of the work might at all

times be cheaply given out; but, while no restriction of hours is enforced, employers go on working their apprentices and other "hands" to the very limits of possibility, to save the additional cost. A few honourable exceptions there are who have greatly shortened their hours; and some of these distinctly state that they have found their pecuniary interest and their sense of right were identical; the amount of work done having been actually greater in the fewer hours, because the young persons were able to work with energy. Another cause of the frequent pressure of work might be lessened by the ladies for whom the work is done. The unreasonable requisitions for immediate finish of large orders for dress are sure to entail misery, and what is called a "drive" of business. There is another excuse for employers arising from the thoughtless habits of the rich and fashionable, which must induce an unwillingness to all immediate outlay that can be avoided on the part of employers, and which causes the frequent failures in their business, which they adduce as a proof that they cannot afford to employ more hands; the long credit required—the long delay in paying their bills by ladies of fashion; this, and not the poor wages given to the journeywomen, is the cause of the failure of dress-makers and milliners; and, were their difficulties for ready money lightened by prompt attention to their just remuneration, one cause of the toil and sufferings we have described would be removed.

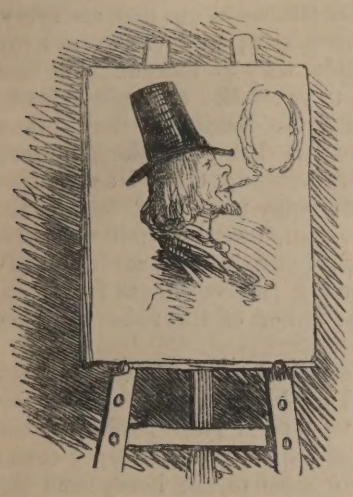
Under these convictions we have received, with great satisfaction, the notice of the formation of an "Association for the Relief and Protection of Young Persons Employed in the Dress-making and Millinery Departments in London," and rejoice to see as sanctioning the attempt the names of the following influential ladies of rank:—

The Duchesses of Norfolk, Sutherland, Hamilton, Buccleuch, Beaufort; the Marchioness of Cholmondeley; Countesses of Cawdor, Clanwilliam, and Galloway; the Dowager Countess of Essex, Lady C. Greville, Lady W. Bentinck, Lady F. Egerton, Lady G. Bathurst, Lady Louisa Finch, Lady Francis Sandon, Viscountess Jocelyn, Lady Feversham, Lady Jemima Eliot, Lady Ashley, Lady Louisa Fortescue, and an increasing list of other subscribers, among which is that of Mrs. Grainger, the lady of the sub-commissioner from whose evidence we have quoted.

This association may lead to results of great importance, but, before any effectual remedy can be applied to evils and wrongs so great as those which now exist, the legislature must be moved to interfere. The principle has now been recognised that childhood and youth are in need of, and are entitled to, legal protection; but there is, amongst the youngest class, one which claims an especial protection. This class consists of the apprentices. Apprenticeship has become in many trades a grievous slavery. Several of the reports in the Children's Employment Commission might be cited to show that slavery is not too strong a term to use. A reference may, in particular, be made to the description of the apprentices of the nailers in the east of Scotland, by R. H. Franks, Esq.; but, above all, to the startling details of the state of things in the great iron manufacturing districts round Wolverhampton, given by R. H. Horne, Esq., in his reports, supported by the evidence of upwards of four hundred witnesses selected by him from all classes. The description of the state of the dress-makers discloses the same system of oppression, differing in manner, but the same in fact. Young, helpless, and defenceless creatures are, in all these cases, made for a certain term the property of their employers, who exercise over them a power, which, so long as it stops short of the sudden or violent extinction of life, is irresponsible; that it does, in multitudes of instances, inflict death by the slower but far more cruel means of fatigue and exhaustion, cruelty and neglect of all kinds, is now proved. Mr. Grainger's details distinctly show that among the dress-makers all begin as apprentices; that while apprentices, they are entirely under the control of their employers, to whom they have paid a premium; that their hours of work being unlimited, and the interest of the employers being to get as much work out of them as they can, the consequences follow which we have described. Those whose term of apprenticeship has expired have next to go through a second term of unpaid labour, as "improvers," and, having also paid a premium for the instruction they expect to receive in this capacity, they also are in the power of their employers, and are obliged to work to the utmost limits of vital endurance or lose the sum they have staked. Against these two classes of compulsory labourers the free journeywomen have to contend; and, as there are abundance of unemployed hands, they are under the necessity of complying with the hard conditions offered, or of losing their situations. That the case would be greatly ameliorated if the apprentices and young "improvers" were protected by law is evident; and the public will look to Lord Ashley to continue the good work he has begun, and to force the consideration of their case on the attention of the legislature.

PICTORIAL PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF THEOPHILUS SMUDGE.

EDITED BY CIMABUE BRIGGS.



ONE fine afternoon, as I was leaving the Suffolk-street Gallery, I encountered an old acquaintance; one Stubbs, whom I had not seen for seven or eight years, and instead of an unpretending quiet air, both in costume and deportment, which were his characteristics (if it could be said he had any) when I last saw him, there was a jauntiness in his manner which flashed about him, and played off (like electricity) at the end of a fashionable cane; together with a profusion of hair, which he shook with the regality of a lion, from under cover of a wide-brimmed Paris nap, an amazingly broad turn-down of shirt collar, and a small patch of manhood on the nether lip, all of which more than at first half concealed him from my recognition. "Bless my eyes, Smudge, I am glad to see you!" said he, grasping me heartily by the hand, at the same time keeping the length of his arm stiffly between us (probably that I might be able to scan his whole length, which he was posing effectively); "have you anything here?"

"I am not sufficiently confident," I answered, "to attempt exhibiting my humble essays; and, though I have not seen you for so long a time, I have always looked, but in vain, for your name, not only here but at the other galleries. How is it?" I continued; "you must have had many chances of improving yourself, besides (as I have been informed) an intimacy with one or two painters of creditable character."

To these observations Stubbs replied with a series of laughs, concluding with, "Smudge, you are a perfect infant! a regular innocent! So you've look'd for my name, have you? that's capital!" "Surely," said I, in a voice one key above my general tone, "my education has not been so strangely neglected but that I can decipher the monosyllabic difficulty of your name, Mr. Stubbs? And if I"——

"Mum!" interrupted he, glancing quickly around him, "Mum, old boy. It's now five years since I made up my mind that there never could be a niche in the temple of fame for Joe Stubbs. I have, therefore, changed my name."

"Changed your name!"

"Most assuredly," he continued, "and have thus given a chance to future generations, whenever inclined to enter that said temple, to gaze at and ponder on the *vera effigies* of yours, most sincerely, Alphonso M'Intosh Montague Vernon."

At this lofty peroration he bowed, and, taking my arm, said, "How are you engaged this evening? shall I come and take a cigar with you at your lodgings? I must have a chat about old times, and let you into a few moves of the new ones. I'll compare Stubbs with Vernon, and illustrate the difference between the antique and the modern."

On this I eagerly gave him my card, and he instantly fixed his visit for nine that night, apologizing that a peculiar engagement would detain him until that hour. This information he conveyed by marked emphasis, accompanied by a stroke of the chin and an upward gaze at St. Martin's steeple.

At nine came Alphonso M'Intosh Montague Vernon (for, as he had cast off all of Stubbs, I must henceforth speak of him by his assumed name), and was soon upon as cosey terms with my sofa as if it had been manufactured for his sole gratification; and whilst I was getting out cigars and spirits, and desiring my good landlady's diamond edition of a maid-servant to fetch some water from the nearest pump (a part of the proceedings noticed by him as being an essential on a warm evening), he had gradually divested himself of coat and cravat, and had most luxuriously undressed for the part he was about to enact. He then lighted a cigar, exhaled its fragrance through his nostrils, and pronouncing it a "slap-up sort," finished that portion of his evening's exhibition by breathing the smoke from his mouth in small curling rings.

Whilst thus employed he delivered himself as follows:—

"No man ought to be admitted to excellence in art if he be unhappy. You may depend upon it, old fellow, a placid temperament and a sound sense of the jovial are as necessary to perfection as the very appliances of colour. You have but to entertain a powerful notion of dignity, and what if poverty screw you up into a corner, you may there encourage, cultivate, ultimately devour, and thus fatten on the ideas of your own vastness; and though the icy hand which drove you into its cell relax not one fibre of its despotic strength, still, in hurried accents, talk of yourself to yourself, and flatter your language in the act. A man might do so without even the slightest scintillation of respectability."

Any observer would at that moment have imagined that I had been the relator of, and he the listener to, something intensely humorous, for, on concluding, he fell into a genuine laugh, whilst I, merely smiling from sympathy, stared at him for some time; at length I exclaimed, "You are a clever fellow, but your philosophy is extraordinary; most probably, for want of a clear understanding on my part, it has the same effect upon me as a sleight-of-hand trick; I see it here, then there, then gone altogether—again in sight, and yet I cannot follow it." To which he answered by an echo to his last laugh, and then, assuring me that I was a perfect infant and a regular innocent, he commenced another edition of grog and philosophy together.

"Now, yours is not a bad-looking head, my boy, but why do you not make the best of it?" "Excuse me," said he, looking steadily and seriously at me, "there's more in this garniture than you can be aware of, or you would not have neglected it;" saying which he put down his cigar, whilst with each hand he arranged the thick hair that fell upon his shoulders, and then continued: "The portraits of Raffaelle, Vandyke, Titian, and many other first-rate fellows in our line, are represented as having long hair; well, the world know them, when, possibly, they do not you; but then you do advantage to yourself, I contend, by wearing your thatch after the fashion of theirs; thus, by imitating them (in that particular), quoting their names in fact, thrusting them in whenever an opening occurs, many people, at last, in the fluster of bewilderment, often let fall the great names just mentioned, and, in their confusion, are as likely (from having received them from you) to pick yours up as either of the nobs; d'ye see that?"

Before I could acquiesce in or differ from my friend in word or look, he was on the wing again, and continued: "There is more puffing for the head than any other part of the person; it comes from the head and goes to the head, from the North Pole to Beachy Head; it is the head and front of every advertisement, whether its burthen be lion's marrow or pearl milk; the external adornment of the *caput vivum* is a magnificent bait. Look but at the flourishing state of the head-dresses, do not their own overflowing crops prove its efficacy? They angle for the weakness of others and catch themselves upon the same hook. I marvel much that an impost has not been fixed upon hair beyond a certain growth: a tithe of the produce of the Macassar-manured fields would realize no inconsiderable income. Encourage it, Smudge; follow my example, old fellow; and, furthermore, should you get an invitation to dinner, think how assisting it is in lionizing, during your petty dynasty as the artist, to be able to make passes with your fingers, and talk of the poetry of the art. D'ye see that? That's the system. Smudge, you are an innocent."

I was more than pleased with Vernon's vivacity; and seeing that his vein of oratory was showing itself in stronger marks, whilst I laughed with him, could not help thinking that, if I attempted to keep pace with him in imitating the garniture (as he called it) of his head, it would be highly necessary to guard against making such alterations with the interior as his fast drinking would inevitably lead to.

I endeavoured to lead him into a notice of one or two productions of my own that had been put aside (though not out of sight), to make clear room for our carousal; this I attempted, not (I beg it to be believed) from a curiosity to glean his opinions upon my abilities, but solely to receive advice, and to see how far he had advanced in the theory of his art; that is, by educing remarks worthy of reflecting upon, not caring about the sort of advice (however kindly meant) he had been so liberally dispensing since the commence-

ment of his visit. I was, however, unsuccessful in bringing him to anything like steady conversation on that point, as whatever I brought out he merely glanced at and shot from just as suddenly, talking of the necessity of drawing out a knowledge of anatomy, and invariably winding up, or, as it were, sealing, his sentences with a reference to the Florentine, Roman, and Venetian schools, than which nothing could be more foreign than the domestic style I aimed at. At length, just as he was about to withdraw his illustrious person from my humble apartment, I showed him a picture which I had had the good fortune to purchase for a small sum, and, having studied it well, was now willing to part with it.

"It's very fair," said Vernon, with a patronising kind of scrutiny; "a Spanish friar?"

"No, no," said I, interrupting him, "it's Italian, and, I have been assured, by Carravagio. The subject is St. Peter; do you not see the key in his hand?"

"Certainly," he continued, "certainly it is; how ridiculous of me not to see it at once. I'm afraid my grog has been too strong; however, I can partly excuse myself from the absence of refinement in the head: it wants dignity. You see, my boy, this said Carravagio was one of the Neapolitan school, a painter who took common models without idealizing sufficiently; there is something wrong, too, about the drawing of the nose. As he is, nevertheless, an esteemed master, if you desire to sell it, I'll bring a friend of mine who is better acquainted with the market for these sort of things than I am, a damn'd clever fellow; his name is Kidd, Mr. Greyborne Kidd. I must introduce you at the first opportunity." I thanked him for his kind intentions, and we parted for that night.

I became curiously puzzled, as I reflected, for several successive days after Vernon's visit, upon the very extraordinary change which seven years had wrought in him. The more I pondered over what I recollected of his conversation, and endeavoured to recal the *ci-devant* Stubbs, and place him in juxtaposition with Vernon, the greater my curiosity became to see him again, and that, too, in his own domicile—the whereabouts of which his card, given me at parting, indicated to be the neighbourhood of Fitzroy Square. I soon had my hand on the knocker of his street door, which was ornamented with two shining brass plates and a dull one. The larger of the brilliants ostentatiously informed every one that Mr. Alphonso M. Montague Vernon occupied the most aristocratic part of the establishment; the other, most quaintly explicit, conveyed at once to the inquiring eye the fact that "Dodd, Tailor," was the next item of consequence dwelling therein; whilst the last, in quiet dinginess, only said, or one might rather imagine sighed, "Tipper."

Now, whatever profession, calling, or otherwise, the modest Tipper might have followed, certain it was to me that there was more independence mixed with the humility of that plate than the furbished gaiety of its flaring neighbours. "Poor fellow!" I exclaimed to myself, "he cannot, probably, afford to assert a right to his surname—cannot show himself a Tipper to the slipshod boy whose duties called him on tiptoe every morning, to polish his master and the first floor."

I found my youth at home, and could not, for some considerable time, understand whether or not he was pleased at my visit; he had said that he was glad to see me, and appeared so at the moment he gave me welcome. I did not, however, carry out his first observation. A fidgetty moving about the room, and occasionally a silent full stop, were at length suddenly removed by his exclaiming, "Have you dined, old boy?"

Upon my satisfying him that it was my usual habit to dine early, he continued: "Well, then, as no absolute necessity compels me to regard my old and respected friend Smudge as a stranger, I'll finish a little affair which I had commenced before your arrival." Saying which, he moved some drapery attached to his lay figure, and took from its concealment a half-eaten pork pie, and a pint pot, the contents of which had received about the same attentions; to the finishing which items he applied himself without further remark, only varying his operation by directing my attention to some sketches and beginnings of pictures arranged in different parts of his room.

This gave me an excellent opportunity to observe more closely than otherwise one or two things which probably would have escaped me; for his apartment was so crowded with costumes, pieces of ancient armour, oriental slippers, with here an old sword and there a curious pipe, to each of which was attached a legend. The pipe had belonged to Tippoo Saib, the sword to Raleigh, and the slippers to some Persian prince, whose name I had never heard, and was, therefore, not caught up sufficiently to be remembered. Upon the table which constituted his "festive board" were several cards, lying in that off-hand style of disorder in which they had been apparently thrown by the different visitors.

Pointing to these fractions of a directory, I observed, "I can now more particularly comprehend your caution against being found at your refreshment, seeing that you are liable to so many visitors."

"Ha! ha! that's part of my system," said Vernon, as he fell back in his chair, with the contentment and confidence of a man who had performed a full duty to himself—"a touch of the masquerade is that—the fact is, my dear Smudge, there are very few of those names that I have ever seen the realities of more than once—in some cases never. This one, 'Lady Georgiana Chammerly,' has been of essential service; I always keep her ladyship uppermost. This, 'Sir W. Skinton, M.D.,' has a respectable appearance, but

her ladyship's the great card, though, unfortunately, she has had so many rubbings to keep her clean that she begins to grow faint."

"What *do* you mean?" I inquired, laughing at the odd mystery of what he intended to be explanatory.

"Smudge, you're a regular infant, a perfect innocent," he rejoined: "have you not been deceived into a belief that my visitors are many, and of a tip-top sort? And you ask what I mean by keeping these deceivers in a respectable condition? Simply this—should it so happen that I find myself suddenly faced by a stranger during the part you have just witnessed me enacting, I immediately apologize for the circumstance—talk about the loss of time in paying the commonest courtesy to visitors—the injury arising to a man of my profession from the attentions of friends, and the consequent spare moments to snatch something by way of luncheon. Now, you see that these pieces of pasteboard are so many dumb witnesses to this throw-off of mine. Her ladyship, too, in the front ranks, always acts as the trump-card to my trick."

"'Pon my word," I exclaimed, "you have an excellent invention!"

"It is a *sine quâ non*, my boy, if you go in for high art;" then, as if he had unintentionally uttered more than he had intended, he quickly added, "what, by the way, do you think of this?" turning to an unfinished production. "It is from 'Jerusalem Delivered'—the ninth canto—the period I have taken is when Michael descends to earth to conquer the evil spirits who were leagued with Solyman in his attack upon the Franks. These are not like the subjects you handle—I say it with every respect, my dear friend, for your abilities; but you must be aware that to treat a work of this description requires vast resources; here is room for conception, design, composition, and all the nobler requisites for high art."

"There most decidedly is," I replied, and most sincerely was it said; for although my genius, with his patronizing air of placing me in my true position, might not be deemed over-courteous, and may be an excuse for not feeling altogether in unison with him, yet it required no self-flattery to decide that he had appropriated any other than a true position for himself. Here was an awful daub! certainly most awful! As to what he had said about Solyman, Michael, and the Franks he might have desired to represent—he might, I thought, be endeavouring to deceive the world into a kind and Christian belief that he was lending an illustrating hand to poor unfortunate Tasso; but, no—it was not so—he was but carrying out his principle of masquerading; for his production more nearly represented a disturbance at the Lowther Rooms (the chief actor in the scene being in the somewhat novel costume of a merman) than the subject he had chosen.

"It's very unfinished," I observed, as the mildest say-nothing about the matter. My old acquaintance looked at me—and in that act measured my opinions and intentions. Doubtless, I thought, the clear blank I have uttered must be too chilling for his sensitive soul. I have been too severely apathetic towards so ardent and enthusiastic an aspirant for the high and difficult distinction of his profession. I regretted that such had been my conduct, and was chafing my ideas for an endeavour either to fill up, by apology, the hiatus I had indiscreetly formed, or to try my dexterity at getting him upon another tack, when he most charitably relieved me from this unpleasant fix, by exclaiming, as he seized my hand, and most vigorously slapped me on the shoulder, "You are infinitely a better fellow than I took you for. Smudge, you're awake; you have discovered that part of my system which I had not yet settled with myself to divulge to you: as it is so, the further arcana of it I shall be happy in explaining to you."

"I shall be but too pleased," I replied, "to listen to your ingenious theories; but I feel for the difficulties which you have to encounter in placing them in the light you desire before those persons to whom you must look for patronage."

"Not at all, old boy;" and, with a joyous laugh, he added, "only let me find those who will take physic: I seldom fail in administering it. The cant of high art, which the world gape at with such distended mouths, is my dodge; I call it the grand epic swindle; for it requires no more ability to make an appearance in it than what is possessed by very humble individuals—it's only the style of working it out; the same spark which produces a report from a child's toy cannon will, if applied to a piece of ordnance, be productive of a more astounding one. D'ye see that?"

"I certainly do; but you must know that there are many persons too erudite in artistic knowledge to be deceived (you'll pardon me) by the mere cant of high art, though I am willing to allow that there are unprofessional as well as professional people who range themselves under the banner of high art, possessing less knowledge and appreciation than those who acknowledge their ignorance of it."

"Granted, old fellow," rejoined Vernon; "and, suppose you are discovered by those enabled to discover you, there are plenty to disbelieve them and sympathize for you; as, in the commercial world, the larger the failure the greater the sensation, and, in most instances, a corresponding amount of sympathy for the insolvent; so that I prove, my friend Smudge, my principles are founded on every-day nature, the best acknowledged school for either painter or poet."

THE DEMON BIRD
OR
THE LEGEND OF GERTRUDE GRAY.

BY F. P. PALMER.

Miss Gertrude Gray was a spinster old,
Human vinegar, sour and cold,
Crippled and withered, and seventy-three,
The lonely fruit of a winter's tree,
A mummy of virginitie!
And she lived at Wigglesford-under-Lyme, in a dwelling of "Good Duke Humphrey's time."
In and out,
And round about,
Octagon chimneys, pinnacles, bays, and the timber and plaster of by-gone days.
A wood behind—a river before, with boundary walls well ivied o'er,
To clothe the chinks where Time peeped through, year after year, to claim his due;
Meadow and mansions all her own: there she lived unseen, unknown,
Save by the bailiff, Big Humphrey Crooke,
The serving-maid, the one-eyed cook,
And the serving-man, Tall Adam Brooke;
And a little bow-limbed Irish priest, who came at each "important feast,"
To "shrive" the souls of some who were, the lambkins of his "sheep-walk" there.
(Margery Simpkins, and Mabel Reade, the followers of an ancient creed.) [curiosities,
Not that Miss Gertrude bent her knees to holy
To Hermit's tooth, or Rosarie,
She never whispered "Hayle Marye!"
Nor hastened thro' the summer grass, attentive to the early Mass.
She from the past received no deed,
Sympathy, or worth, or creed.
Ever "her will," not God's," was done; she knew no heaven, nor prayed to one;
But 'twas "*Her will*" that all should be, as under old Sir Willoughbie,
Who left her (dying without kin) all without, and all within,
Farm, mansion, field, and fold; clinking store of treasured gold.
This squire was an old Catholic—the father fought, "like any brick!"
For brave King Charles's weal and God (he felt the sequestrator's rod):
He loved his king!—he loved clear wine—damned Noll! and died at 99.

'Tis breakfast hour in Wigglesford Hall,
And the cloth is laid
For the stern old maid;
And Adam Brooke, so proper and tall,
Gasping the urn with a fearful grin, and pointing his toe, proceedeth in,
Like "Silver Stick," with a ravenous flea in the nape of his neck, at the Queen's Levee;
Meaning these digits of mine have got a hold of a something "raythor" hot!
Scarce had he said, "What a charming day!"
When he hears the Old Lady a comin' that way,
"Hoppitie-thump," as quick as rain—one with her club foot, and one with her cane.

He runs to the door
(It was open before),
So he straightens the drugget all over the floor;
He smooths the napkin—replaces the bread—trips at the fender, and bumps his head;
And rubbing and bowing, he runs to say, "My Lady! I hopes you are well to-day!"
"Well!!!"—says she—"*Well!!!*" screams she!
(Oh! merciful! what can the malady be!)
She is purple and blue!
She perspires like dew!
"Permit me to run for the doctor! *oh! do!*"
She growled like a bear, and groaned "Do! if you dare!"
And she turned up her sleeve till the arm was bare,
As Richard of Gloucester had done before, to the death and destruction of Miss Jane Shore;
Whisking hoope and petticoat half-way round, and stamping her little bright cane on the ground,
And her features progressed from blue to wan;—and she muttered "You're devils! *all devils!!* begone!!"

Ten years ago—one fine May-day,
When garden plots were rich with flowers,
And gushes of warm sunlight lay
Upon the willows, drenched with showers,
Like kisses given in mournful hours:
(From an old custom of the place,
Disused and coldly drawn away,
'Twas on the "eve of Boniface,"
Right in the middle of the May),
A gipsie came to Gertrude Gray,
As many years he'd done before,
And leaned upon the old sundial that stands beside the corbell'd door;
And at the signal, she came forth, leaning upon the trembling wand,
And he gave her some gifts unknown; and she, within his swarthy hand,
Placed twelve broad pieces, golden bright, all glistening in the noonday light.
Ten years had flown!—a dreary ten—
The gipsie ne'er was seen again:—
Old things have much decayed since then!

"She of the ladle," from apathy stirred, cried, "Lawks! what a fuss, for a dirty old Bird."
(We left her *there*). Tall Adam Brooke looked askance at the one-eyed cook.
"What!—Ralph! is *He* dead?—
(Cookey nodded her head,)
"Oh! I would that my life had been taken instead!
"Well-a-day! Heart-a-day!
"Poor! Poor! Madam Gray.
"Well may she be in this 'franziful' way!"
"Why you see (said the cook, with an innocent look)
"He was rummaging every corner and nook,
"Over the plates,
"Hopping and clattering!
"Under the grates
"Screaming and chattering,
"Stealing, confusing, destroying, and scatterin',
"Divin' each kettle, and roamin' each platter in.
"He dirtied the stairs—he dirtied the chairs—
"And he mocked all the while we were saying our prayers;
"I can't behave wicked to things that are dumb,
"But I promised his neck to my finger and thumb!
"Well! last night, Mr. Ralph would not slumber a wink,
"Till he'd groped and surveyed all the holes of the sink;
"And he croak'd out to Mabey and me, who were brewin',
"As much as to say, 'Here! just see what I'm doin'!'
"And oh! that last trick was the devil's kin's ruin!
"For a strange gray cat, watching all day,
"Around the house, so wild and quick,
"Whipped him up in a workmanlike way;
"And there's the way that he 'cut his stick.'
"Mabey told Missus this mornin' at five,
"And she dropped in a fit, and after a bit,
"She wished that 'we all were buried alive!'
"And summat, oh! so horrid to tell, to us poor girls who loved her well,
"And served her since she came from sea, the heiress to Sir Willoughbie.
"Oh, Adam Brooke!—Oh, Adam Brooke—(he sobbed with the little maid and cook,
Till their pitiful tears fell with his own, 'fizzing like fun' on the warm hearthstone)—
"She says! she says 'she would give her soul,'
"If Ralph were but alive and whole,
"To the Evil! or Good, if such there be, in Heaven, or Hell, or Christendie."
(Parenthetical.)
Adam Brook was a stealthy knave, when the brown old gipsie gave
The secret gift to Gertrude Gray; from a closet over the entrance way,
This strain he heard—
"Mark well the bird!
"Care, with its liberty impart,
"Dark be thy bed, when he is dead!
"The fire of woe shall burn thine heart!"

'Tis twilight hour at Wigglesford Hall,
The woodland stems, both short and tall,
Receive the boon of the last dull light,
Prophetic of descending night,
And hover round the pilgrim's track,
Like spectre forms in bivouac.
Over the moat, and over the stream,
Phosphorescent vapours gleam,
Like funeral lights in an orphan's dream.
There will be no moon to-night—
Darkness below and mist above:
All whose hearts and souls are light,
Must trust in Heaven's eternal love.

"Waak!
"Craaup!!
"Quauk-Quaw!!!
"Quou-Wow and Quauk!!!!"
(This is the time "when spirits walk.")
Every soul is out of bed:
The women all scream!
It is not a dream—
'Tis a boggart—a thief—or the Devil instead!
Miss Gertrude Gray was never undrest,
With electrical jump, and her hoppity-thump,
She is there on the landing along with the rest.
Madge and Mabel are uttering pray'rs, at Humphrey's heels, who twitters and stares;

And my lady falls on her knees—" He is safe!
"My Ralph! My Ralph! My own dear Ralph!"
(N.B.—*Vulgo*, Rafe.)
Commencing thus, adown they go, landing and landing, to and fro.
" He is not here! He is not there!"
Eye of Crooke, and hand of maid, explore each glistening balustrade,
And rifle every ancient stair,
If they search, he may be yet beneath the " Moorish cabinet."
No! no! where'er they go,
Still the cry is far below;
And down they speed to the painted hall, and round by the old partitioned wall,
Pausing a'dread at the kitchen-door:
The fire illuminates the floor.
Glancing round by flickering fits, on covers, colanders, and spits,
Tankards and mugs in bright array, and the steel corselet, which, they say,
Was worn by the Henchman, "Valentine Bree," when he served his Lord in the Low Countrie,
And lost his nose at a siege unknown, with the greater part of his frontal bone.
Who shall be the first to look?
Why—who but the Baillif, big Humphrey Crooke!
And he enters the kitchen, so warm and so wide;
And he whispers the lady by his side.
Gertrude Gray, the virgin old; her cheek is wan, she shivers a' cold,
For "a bird" there is, on the broad hearth-stone; but a different bird from "her loved"—"her own"!
Ralph was of nocturnal hue, with pointed beak, and " ogles" blue,
This "nondescript!" is brown and gray, with his wings and his tail half worn away!
With a Toucan "snifter" and toad-like head, and sparkling eyes of the ruby red,
Eastern diamonds bathed in blood.
(Eyes half unseen, half understood.)
" Oh! it never is mine!" said Gertrude Gray,
Trembling, sighing, and turning away.
"It's the voice and the motions," said Humphrey Crooke.
" Oh, that naughty black cat!" said the terrified cook,
" Depend on it, Madam, that Humphrey is right;
" But, oh! mercy on me! how he's changed with the fright!"
" Hush! hussey; hush!" said " the virgin cold."
" You lizard!—you spawn of Beelzebub's fold!—
" You impudent besom!—chattering and old!—
" Curse of Wigglesford!—speak but again—
" *And*"——she couldn't speak—she shook her cane.

All this time the Bird was still as a druid stone on the Cricklowe Hill,
Till Simpkins brought the wicker cage,
When, like a fiend aroused from sleep,
He clucked and snapped with helpless rage,
And scratched the floor with thorny feet;
Then staggered in, with a drunken spin,
Crying with might, " You rogue, good night!"
Saints above! attend and keep
All the host of mischief hence,
Seeking slumbering innocence;
Lest the poor soul, by sin defiled, from gift of life should be exiled,
Whilst on no heavenly thing it thinks, but twines itself in Satan's links.

" Father Flynn" is " the Irish priest;"—I think we mentioned him once before;
His "lodgings and board" are with Winifred Reade, at the " Five Ways Farm," on "Coppenhill Moor."
He serves the chapel of Lady Malone, a dame from " the nate little Isle of our own."
He had tippled his "punch," and "whistled his prayers,"
And was wending his way to the chamber stairs
(Late indeed, for the village was gay
At the " Statute Fair"—on that very same day),
When—hush! to a voice at the boundary door, and a terrible scream from the desolate moor!
All are scared!—The gate's unbarred!
A form " in white" flits thro' the yard!
Is it a " nun!" or a " bleeding page," with a dirk in his ribs, as you see on the stage?
'Tis—Little Mabel Reade!—I ween,
And she faints full length on the oaken screen!
Cold she lies—and lily-pale—but they tickle her throat with some rosemary ale,
And she soon revives, and she tells them "her tale:"
" First—of the death of the luckless Daw—how he returned from the Lord knows where!
Of the lady's terrible wish!!—" Oh Law!" squeaks Widow Reed, with shiver and stare;
How Madam Grey was never undrest, and never returned again to bed,
Till the new-found bird was safe at rest on the velvet stool by her canopy head;
How—at eleven (by St. Gundulph's bell) they all had rushed to their lady's door,
Where curses and groans were heard!—as well—as a trotting and hobbling all over the floor!
With a capering " more liker" hoofs than legs—and a mortal odour of ancient eggs!
Crooke opened the door—he saw no one there, but the sleepy bird on the old arm-chair,
And my lady! abed, " stark out of her wits!"
Like a new born " babby" a'sucking her thumb:
Her mouth and her eyes convulsed in fits,
And "as deaf as a bucket," and " blind and dumb!"

'Tis " twelve!"—at Lady Gertrude's door: down on their knees, by two, by four—
Margery Simpkins — Simon Lees — (the poaching covey what tends the bees);
Humphrey Crooke, Moses Brighte, and Silvester Jones, the acolyte;
And Benjamin Dabbs, in time of need, aroused from sleep by Mabel Reade,
Awaiting the bidding of " Father Flynn," who is garbed and prepared, and hath entered in.
The Daw hath aroused him, he shifts his place, " standing at ease" with an air of grace,
In one of the chamber's wealthiest nooks, on an elegant pile of foreign books:
Says Father Flynn aloud (says he), " Be as still 'as a bell,' at the pripirashun.
" Exorcism is a ceremo-nie!" The juice of it all is the conjurashun!

" The devil is here *himself!*" says he; " Oh! sorrow's
the twist he'll get wid me!"
Thus he speaks, and thereupon
He reads a charm from sainted John.
And scarcely uttered were the words—
When loud and loud a Bedlam shout
Of Dæmons echoed round about,
With clapping, like the wings of birds:
Wild were the cries!
" Arise!
" Arise!
" Brothers! a Prize! a Prize! a Prize!
" Earth may strive!—Hell shall win."
" Mind your own business! Paddy Flynn!"

All is dark in the lady's room, smothered fire, and clamour and fume—
Lightning, tremour, and odours vile—laughter and hellish mirth the while;
Blasphemy, and words of shame, and crackling of a creeping flame.
Never was heard such a wierdly sound; each one lies with his nose to the ground;
Till Father Flynn is the first to rise, with his whisker singed, and a pair of eyes
Such as are worn at Horselydown, at a slashing " mill," with a " hundred" down.
" I'm kilt! entirely, my dears!" (says he),
" Oh! here's the broth of a job! for me!
" Silvester Jones! be lookin', my dear!
" Do you snift fresh air? is the morning clear?"
All arose—save the one-eyed cook. " It's a beautiful morning!" said Mister Crooke,
" Bless my heart! how the time has gone! It's striking ' seven!' and I thought it ' one!'
" Father Flynn! have they used you *so!* your heavenly face is black and blue!"
" Ay! true for yees all! I've a wicked blow! Sure I'd hould iv their tails, and I grappled with two!
" In the divarshins, I dropped my ' stole,' and I wonder they didnit pick up my soul!"

The Daw hath fled!—
Upon the bed
A blackened heap of cinder lies!
The roof is shivered over-head,
The casement all in ruin lies.
How—the village ran to see
The closing of the mystery—
And, of the rest, I must not say—
This is " the Legend of Gertrude Gray!"

EPILOGUE.

The maids and the men are scattered wide—Humphrey Crooke lies underground.
Mabel Reade is a mariner's bride, and he carries salt-butter to Nootka Sound.
Margery Simpkins is quite insane—Alas! 'tis in a pensive way—
You or I,
Would droop and cry,
To hear her tell of her by-gone day;
But she lives with those who seldom feel, in the nice bare walls of a new bastile; ["cruel,"
Where "cruel" means "kind"—and "kind" is
And bliss! is a fragment of water-gruel.

Father Flynn, in mirthful dreams and ruddy health, one Christmas tide,
Was nodding in his wicker chair, and there without a murmur died!
Lady Malone and Sir Benedict Hone (her graceless nephew), and Lord Torbay,
Have left their tenants and lands alone, and are hiccupping now in Biscay Bay,
Wending southward to bathe their shins, and to glean a few additional sins.

Wigglesford Hall is closed for aye!
The oak and the elm are all cut down:—
A gentleman came, last midsummer-day,
With "his pen and his book," and it "Fell to the Crown!"

THE OLD MAN AT THE GATE.

BY THE EDITOR.

N Surrey, some three miles from Chertsey, is a quiet, dull, sequestered nook, called Shepperton Green. Whether the new philanthropy of new pauper laws hath, of late years, sought out the spot, I know not. At the time whereof I write, the olden charity dwelt in an old workhouse—a primitive abiding-place for the broken ploughman, the palsied shepherd, the old, old peasant, for whom nothing more remained in this world but to die. The governor of this abode of benevolence dwelt in the lower part of the building, and therein, as the village trade might fluctuate, made or mended shoes. Let the plain truth be said—the governor was a cobbler. Within a stone's cast of the workhouse, was a little white gate swung between two hedge-banks in the road to Chertsey. Here, pass when you would, stood an old man, whose self-imposed office it was to open the gate; for the which service the passenger would drop some small benevolence in the withered hand of the aged peasant. This man was a pauper—one of the almsmen of the village workhouse.

There was a custom—whether established by the governor aforesaid, or by predecessors of a vanished century, I know not—that made it the privilege of the oldest pauper to stand the porter at the gate; his perquisite, by right of years, the

halfpence of the rare pedestrian. As the senior died, the living senior succeeded to the office. Now the gate—and now the grave.

And this is all the history? All. The story is told—it will not bear another syllable. The "Old Man" is at the gate; the custom which places him there has been made known, and with it ends the narrative.

How few the incidents of life—how multitudinous its emotions! How flat, monotonous may be the circumstance of daily existence, and yet how various the thoughts which spring from it! Look at yonder landscape, broken into hill and dale, with trees of every hue and form, and water winding in silver threads through velvet fields. How beautiful—for how various! Cast your eye over that moor; it is flat and desolate—barren as barren rock. Not so. Seek the soil, and then, with nearer gaze, contemplate the wondrous forms and colours of the thousand mosses growing there; give ear to the hum of busy life sounding at every root of poorest grass. Listen! Does not the heart of the earth beat audibly beneath this seeming barrenness—audibly as where the corn grows and the grape ripens? Is it not so with the veriest rich and the veriest poor?—with the most active and with apparently the most inert?

That "Old Man at the Gate" has eighty years upon his head--eighty years, covering it with natural reverence. He was once in London—only once. This pilgrimage excepted, he has never journeyed 20 miles from the cottage in which he was born; of which he became the master; whereto he brought his wife; where his children saw the light, and their children after; where many of them died; and whence, having with a stout soul, fought against the strengthening ills of poverty and old age, he was thrust by want and sickness out, and, with a stung heart, he laid his bones upon a workhouse bed.

Life to the "Old Man" has been one long path across a moor—a flat, unbroken journey; the eye uncheered, the heart unsatisfied. Coldness and sterility have compassed him round. Yet, has he been subdued to the blankness of his destiny? Has his mind remained the unwrit page that schoolmen talk of—has his heart become a clod? Has he been made by poverty a moving image—a plough-guiding, corn-thrashing instrument? Have not unutterable thoughts sometimes stirred within his brain—thoughts that elevated, yet confused him with a sense of eternal beauty—coming upon him like the spiritual presences to the shepherds? Has he not been beset by the inward and mysterious yearning of the heart towards the unknown and the unseen? He has been a ploughman. In the eye of the well-to-do, dignified with the accomplishments of reading and writing, of little more intelligence than the oxen treading the glebe. Yet, who shall say that the influence of nature—that the glories of the rising sun may not have called forth harmonies of soul from the rustic drudge, the moving statue of a man!

That worn-out, threadbare remnant of humanity at the gate; age makes it reverend, and the inevitable—shall inevitable be said?—injustice of the world, invests it with majesty; the majesty of suffering meekly borne, and meekly decaying.

"The poor shall never cease out of the land." This text the self-complacency of competence loveth to quote: it hath a melody in it, a lulling sweetness to the selfishness of our nature. Hunger, and cold, and nakedness, are the hard portion of man; there is no help for it; rags must flutter about us; man, yes, even the strong man, his only wealth (the wealth of Adam) wasting in his bones, must hold his pauper hand to his brother of four meals *per diem;* it is a necessity of nature, and there is no help for it. And thus some men send their consciences to sleep by the chinking of their own purses. Necessity of evil is an excellent philosophy, applied to everybody but—ourselves.

These easy souls will see nothing in our "Old Man at the Gate" but a pauper, let out of the workhouse, for the chance of a few halfpence. Surely, he is something more? He is old; very old. Every day, every hour, earth has less claim in him. He is so old, so feeble, that even as you look he seems sinking. At sunset, he is scarcely the man who opened the gate to you in the morning. Yet there is no disease in him—none. He is dying of old age. He is working out that most awful problem of life—slowly, solemnly. He is now, the badged pauper—and now, in the unknown country with Solomon!

Can man look upon a more touching solemnity? There stands the old man, passive as a stone, nearer, every moment, to churchyard clay! It was only yesterday that he took his station at the gate. His predecessor held the post for two years; he too daily, daily dying—

> "Till like a clock, worn out with eating time,
> The weary wheels of life at length stood still."

How long will the present watcher survive? In that very uncertainty—in the very hoariness of age which brings home to us that uncertainty—there is something that makes the pauper sacred; for, in the course of nature, is not the oldest man the nearest to the angels?

Yet, away from these thoughts, there is reverence due to that old man. What has been his life? A war with suffering. What a beautiful world is this! How rich and glorious! How abundant in blessings—great and little—to thousands! What a lovely place hath God made it; and how have God's creatures darkened and outraged it to the wrong of one another! Well, what had this man of the world? What stake, as the effrontery of selfishness has it? The wild-fox was better cared for. Though preserved some day to be killed, it *was* preserved until then. What did this old man inherit? Toil, incessant toil, with no holiday of the heart: he came into the world a badged animal of labour; the property of animals. What was the earth to him? —a place to die in.

"The poor shall never cease out of the land." Shall we then, accommodating our sympathies to this hard necessity, look serenely down upon the wretched? Shall we preach only comfort to ourselves from the doomed condition of others? It is an easy philosophy; so easy there is but little wonder it is so well exercised.

But "The Old Man at the Gate" has, for seventy years, worked and worked; and what his closing reward? The workhouse. Shall we not, some of us, blush crimson at our own world-successes, considering the destitution of our worthy, single-hearted fellows? Should not affluence touch its hat to "The Old Man at the Gate" with a reverence for the years upon him; he—the born soldier of poverty, doomed for life to lead life's forlorn hope, always scarred, yet always escaping? Thus considered, surely Dives should unbonnet to Lazarus.

To our mind, the venerableness of age made "The Old Man at the Gate" something like a spiritual presence. He was so old, who could say how few the pulsations of his heart between him and the grave! But there he was with a meek happiness upon him; gentle, cheerful. He was not built up in bricks and mortar; but was still in the open air, with the sweetest influences about him; the sky—the trees—the green sward, —and flowers with the breath of God in them!

SONG FOR JUNE.

Come, come, the ruddy rose
  Is blushing on the tree;
And lily buds unclose
  Their bosoms to the bee.
The gleesome world is young
  In Summer's laughing beam,
And sweet the silver tongue
  Of ev'ry running stream.

Ah, come—ere Winter blows
  With desolating breath
O'er lily and the rose,
  And streams are dumb as death.
Yet then, e'en then, my sweet—
  Ah, come,—for still in thee
Do roses, lilies meet,
  And life-long melody.

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

BY CATHERINE PARR.

—It was but a moment, a shadow came o'er
The path of the sunbeam, my dream was no more;
No meteor wert thou, but a lowlier thing,
The sun had illumined a dove's snowy wing!

Thou hadst caught from his splendour a glory of light;
But when shade came across thee, I knew whence thy flight.
O type of earth's genius! outshining its birth
Till the *shadow* revealeth its kindred to earth.

O type of earth's genius! thou white-bosomed dove,
As thy glory passed from thee, so passed not my love,
To my vision less bright, to my spirit more dear,
When I knew thou wert kindred in love and in fear.

THE MODERN CRUSOE OF THE INDIAN OCEAN.

BY ROBERT POSTANS.

ANY one, casting his eye over the eastern hemisphere of our planet, will, if his search be diligent, discover, in about the 37th degree of southern latitude, and the 77th of eastern longitude, two small specks in the wide waste of waters of the Indian Ocean, as near as may be midway between the Cape of Good Hope and the coast of New Holland.

These islands are known to mariners by the names of St. Paul's and Amsterdam, and may be seen, in clear weather, at twenty or thirty miles distance, rearing their lofty heads, like twin giants, far above the turbulent billows which surround them. On a bright sunny morning, in the month of December, 1820, the height of the southern summer, the Honourable East India Company's ships the Marchioness of Ely and Lady Campbell were on their outward passage to China, distant from these islands about two hundred and fifty miles, holding their steady course over the swelling sea, like two trusty friends who had consorted, on a dreary path, for the double purpose of company and protection.

A difference of opinion had existed, for some days, between the two captains respecting the longitude, and, it being the occasional practice of seamen to "sight" these islands to ascertain the correctness of their time, it was agreed between them to spend a day or two in the examination of the geological structure and other curiosities of their seldom-trodden shores. We also promised ourselves a day's sporting with the hogs, wild fowl, seals, &c., with which they are said to abound.

The breeze proved variable, and it required several days to reach them; we were no longer in those regions where the trade winds blow their healthful breezes, scattering plenty round the earth, their steadiness becoming a proverb in the exact reverse of our own. With us, "As changeable as the wind," is a common expression, not more trite than true; while the native of those smiling climes may compare the constancy of his mistress to the wind, and convey a compliment by the comparison.

At length the ships made the land, and dropped their anchors on the eastern side of the island of St. Paul's, about a mile from the shore, in a sandy substance, having much the appearance of wet gunpowder, this being the only place ships can anchor with any degree of safety.

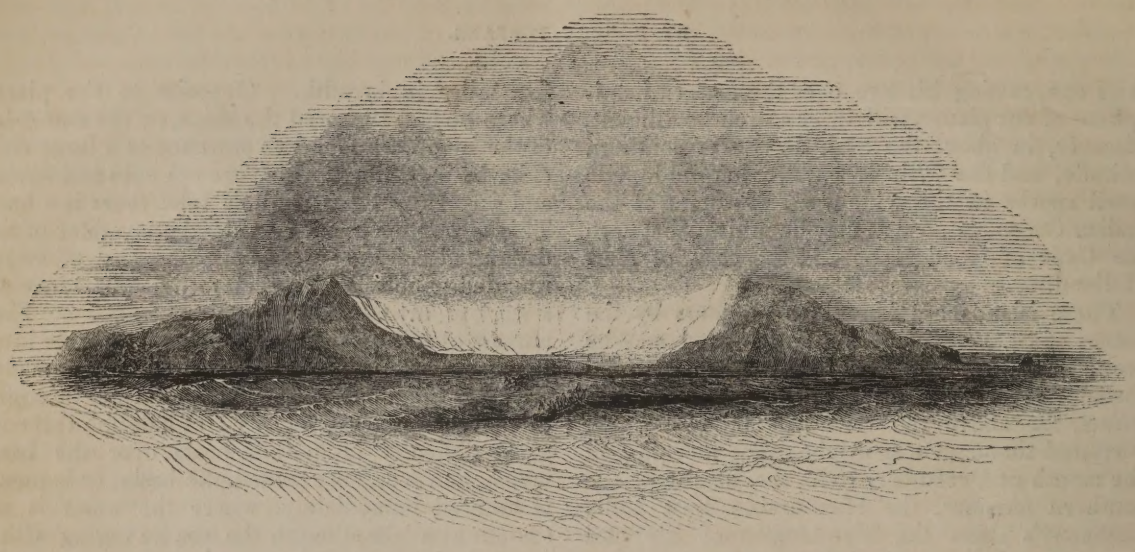
We soon hoisted out the boats and rowed for the shore. Vlaming, the Dutch navigator, appears to have visited these islands as early as 1697, giving the name of Amsterdam to the northernmost, and the southern, and largest, St. Paul's, which latter extends in a north-west and south-easterly direction eight or ten miles, and is about five miles in breadth. Opposite to the place where we had anchored the ships, on the east side of the island, we found an entrance to a large circular basin, through which the sea ebbs and flows, and across the throat of this inlet there is a bar. This lagoon, or basin, is evidently the crater of an exhausted volcano; the bar is composed of large rounded pebbles, and has more the appearance of a work of art than a production of nature. The narrow opening is about a pistol-shot wide into the basin alluded to, and in which a great many seals were found playing. The tide rushes through this inlet with great velocity; at half-ebb there is great difficulty in getting boats over the bar, which, however, once passed, the basin, or lagoon, is entered immediately, where the water is as smooth as a lake, though the sea be raging without. A lofty bluff headland appears on each side the entrance, and a rock, eighty or ninety feet high, somewhat resembling a sugar-loaf or nine-pin, stands at a small distance from the shore. This basin, or rather this crater of an extinct volcano, is between two and three miles in circuit, and has thirty fathoms of water in the middle, which depth is sustained until within fifty feet of the shore.

All round it, except at the entrance from the sea, is table-land, rising, in some places, perpendicularly from the basin to an altitude varying from six hundred to seven hundred feet. In rowing round we saw smoke rising amid the stones in various places; on landing we found the water close to the basin so hot that we could not bear our hands in it. The temperature of the air was 73° by thermometer, which, on being plunged in the water, ascended to 200°, and on repeating the experiment in various places, it rose to a similar elevation. After catching some fish they were boiled in the springs, which are all close to the sides of the lagoon, or basin, and, in many places, mix with and heat it to a considerable degree; and, as fish abound in vast numbers in all parts of the basin, they are caught very readily; so that, as Vlaming says, you may really throw the fish fastened on the hook out of the cold water into the hot and boil them.

Upon mentioning this circumstance to an incredulous but facetious friend, he replied, nothing is wanted to render the place perfect but melted butter growing in cocoa-nuts hard by.

It was on the north side of the inlet where we landed, amongst innumerable seals, some of which we killed for their skins; we then went in search of fresh water, hogs, and vegetables, these articles being particularly acceptable after a long sea voyage, and immediately commenced the ascent of the hill.

Up a considerable part of the way the path is



good, but beyond that we found great difficulty in ascending, the slippery coarse grass over which we walked causing us to slide downward almost every other step. Upon arriving at the top, we found, instead of the interior of the island being table-land, it was broken into valleys. Undulating plains and massive lumps of rocks were piled up in various places in strange confusion. Volcanic matter was visible, though not to the extent that might be expected from the evidences exhibited of the fiery origin of the place. Green patches of verdure, intermingled with coarse grass, and aquatic birds wheeling about, uttering their discordant screams, were the only signs of life, both animal and vegetable, that could be seen. It is almost impossible to imagine a solitude more impressive. The view, however, looking down towards the lagoon, is beautiful to excess—it has the appearance of an immense bowl filled with the clearest water, with a portion of its side broken off, through which fracture the sea appears to have entered and filled it. Within all is calm and motionless, and bright as the most transparent crystal, the rocks and cliffs being reflected on its smooth unruffled surface with all the truthfulness of a mirror; while without the sea, dashing over the bar and amongst the rocks at the entrance of the inlet, foaming, advancing, and receding, offers a marked contrast to the repose which reigns within. The spot is pregnant with melancholy interest, and seemed to mourn the desolating energy of the subterranean fires which, at some not very distant date, had spread such devastation around.

As far as the eye could reach the vision was bounded by the sea, except in the direction of the adjacent island of Amsterdam, whose faint blue outline was visible in the extreme distance. After remaining for a time admiring this singular scene, our party separated in two divisions, one taking for its route a small sandy valley, the other traversing a rocky section of the island whose frowning precipices overhung the sea. Fowling-pieces, muskets, and pistols were examined and loaded, and away we went in search of any game which would supply us with fresh provisions.

The wild hogs (a few being on the island at the time of our visit, though not in a thriving condition) were, it is presumed, turned adrift upon the shore by humane individuals, with the kind intention of affording a supply of food to the crews of vessels who, from accident or other causes, might be driven to extremities for want of it.

When Vlaming visited these islands in 1697, he made no mention of any animal, except seals, existing upon them.

After a scrambling march, under a broiling sun, for three hours, we arrived at a central position in the island, having had the good fortune to secure three small pigs on our route, one of which, on being wounded, ran between the legs of a seaman and knocked him down with such violence as nearly to send him over the cliff into the sea below. He was saved by a mere accident. We halted here, and partook of some refreshment, sheltered from the scorching rays of the sun by two immense rocks, or blocks of stone, which, leaning against each other, apparently for support, formed a natural cave or archway set up in the wilderness for our convenience and accommodation.

> "As I sat apart at the cavern'd stone
> Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
> And felt as a moth in the mighty hand
> That spread the heavens and heaved the land,
> A still small voice came through the wild,
> Like a father consoling his fretful child,
> Which banished bitterness, wrath, and fear,
> Saying, 'Man is distant, though God is near,'"

We soon despatched our slight repast, and renewed our march to the opposite side of the island, our strength recruited by the food we had taken; everybody was full of life and animation; shouts of laughter were constantly pealing forth, as an unsuccessful shot was sent after a scampering pig, squealing at the top of his voice, and hiding in the recesses of the rocks, out of which it was impossible to rout him. We found unless we mortally wounded a hog we never bagged him: he invariably made his escape.

Pursuing our career, amidst this kind of sport, we entered a narrow gorge: on either hand the rocks were piled in inextricable confusion; it seemed as though we rather passed through than between them. In places for a distance of 100 to 150 yards they formed a complete tunnel, emerging from which we entered a labyrinth of broken rocks, which had the appearance of being the wreck of a mountain shattered by some terrible convulsion into a thousand fragments, and scattered over the plain. After losing and finding our path at least a dozen times, we issued from this perplexing place into the open country, when one of the strangest-looking beings ever seen was the first object that arrested our attention.

At a short distance from us we discovered a man, a stranger to our party, who at first appeared disposed to avoid us, but, owing to the nature of his position, that was almost an impossibility; the open country was before him it is true, but the view was unobstructed to the sea, and we were between him and the only hiding-place at hand—the narrow rocky defile through which we had so lately passed, and from which, as we afterwards found, he had retreated on hearing our approach.

He appeared to consider any further attempts at concealment unnecessary, and gradually approached us. He wore upon his head a roughly-made seal-skin cap, a jacket made of similar materials covered his body, and a ragged pair of coarse canvass seaman's trousers enveloped his lower extremities. His face was deeply bronzed by exposure, and a long beard hung down from his chin upon his chest, which was open to view; a long gun was in his hand.

"The only law of a desert land," and held in a position for instant use, should its services be required, single-handed he would have been a dangerous foe, but, opposed to our numerous party, resistance would be madness, and, no harm being meant or intended on our side, we were at a loss to account for the cautious and somewhat menacing attitude he assumed. We thought we had found the Robinson Crusoe of the place, and, all circumstances considered, the suggestion was excusable. The surprise of his great prototype, on discovering the impression of the footprint in the sand, could not be greater than ours, in finding a human being in a situation so remote from the haunts of men as this solitary place, this speck upon the globe; the dotting of a pin's point upon the map being an exaggeration of its size, in comparison with the defined proportions of the rest of the world.

Upon asking him whether he belonged to the party of our consort, he replied in the negative, and at the same time expressed his joy on finding we were his countrymen, upon which information his caution was instantly banished; and, without further reserve, told us he had seen the ships anchor in the road, and the boats approach the shore, and then he fled into the interior of the island, and gave as his reasons for such proceeding, that he had been ill used and robbed by a party who had landed on the island about six months previous to our visit.

Confidence rapidly sprung up between us; and among other things he gave us the following brief outline of his life, and the cause that led him to adopt this strange and solitary place for his abode.

His name, he said, was George Stewart, and that he came from a rural district in North Britain; in early life he emigrated, with many others, to the Canadas, hoping to better his condition in the New World; after suffering many misfortunes and hardships, his agricultural speculation ending in ruin, he joined a hunting expedition in the backwoods of America, in the service of a fur company; from some circumstance which he did not explain, he abandoned this pursuit.

Having found his way to a seaport, he then embarked in an American whaler, which ship had left him on the island where we found him, as near as he could calculate, about a year; he had lost all reckoning as regards time, neither knowing the day in its monthly or weekly position.

English and American whalers sometimes leave men upon the island for the purpose of catching seals, and taking their skins and oil, the ship pursuing her voyage to other seas for the grander object of killing whales, and, having completed their cargo (which sometimes occupies a period of one or two years' varying duration, according to the successful nature of their operations), they return home, picking up on their route the men they have left at different places sealing.

It happens sometimes that the ship is lost, and humanity shudders at the fate of the hapless individuals thus left to their solitary fate. We dwelt upon the chance of his either being forgotten, or that his ship might be lost, and urged him to take his passage in ours, which he instantly declined. Taking a lively interest in his behalf, we expressed our surprise at his being able to sustain such a solitary existence; he acknowledged it was very irksome at first, but that was occasioned by his companion, with whom he had repeated quarrels; but since he had left him for the neighbouring island (which he thought was nine months since) he had been much happier. As for solitude, he was used to it, having spent months quite alone in the wilds of America, when engaged on his fur-

hunting expeditions, and that he was then perfectly contented.

Of course our astonishment was excited on finding in such a place, with every circumstance to bind two lonely men together, if not for the sake of society, at least for protection, that they should separate: it appeared, however, that his companion was of a quarrelsome disposition, avaricious, and overbearing; "And at night," said Stewart, "I never closed my eyes in safety, for fear of being murdered by him, knowing that all the profits accruing from their mutual labours in sealing would belong to the survivor, and there would be no evidence to prove that I had not died a natural death."

Under these circumstances existence became insupportable; and one morning after a quarrel, ending in a desperate conflict, in which they seriously wounded each other, they agreed to separate, and casting lots which should depart, and Stewart winning the choice, remained on St. Paul's; his companion, taking the largest of the two boats left them by their ship, sailed for the neighbouring island of Amsterdam, and from that hour to the time of our meeting Stewart they had never seen or heard of each other.

During our conversation with him, among other things he mentioned, while looking for seals, he had seen ships at various times pass the island; but, with the exception of the one which robbed him, none had sent a boat on shore; and the remembrance of his former treatment induced him to endeavour to avoid a meeting with us. "But," said the honest-hearted fellow, "it was wrong to suppose all men were like the cowards who ill-treated and robbed a single man in my situation. Bah!" said he, with a strong Scotch accent, "they were Portuguese."

One day, while hunting seals in a remote part of the island, he found upon a flat shelving rock, near the sea beach, a human skeleton, which he supposed was the remains of some former inhabitant of the place, who, like himself, had been left for the purpose of taking skins, and, being overtaken by sickness, had crawled to the spot where his bones were found, in the hope of seeing a ship pass by, and, waiting there in vain, had died in a manner the heart sickens to dwell upon. This circumstance caused him great uneasiness for some time; he, however, performed the last offices upon his remains, and buried them near the spot where they were found.

Some time after the above melancholy affair, while repairing his boat, he was alarmed by a rumbling noise proceeding from the circular basin, which was followed by a smart shock of an earthquake. This he stated was the only occurrence of the kind that had happened during his residence there.

He had been able to exist very well, the lagoon supplying him with abundance of fish, and occasionally he killed a hog, but was indifferently supplied with vegetables. The biscuit left him by his ship was nearly expended, which he felt as an evil; but we relieved his anxiety by promising to leave him a good store for his future wants, together with some flour, ammunition, and fishing lines and hooks.

Our excursion being brought to a close, our newly-found friend conducted us to his hut, which was upon the margin of the lagoon, in a recess formed by nature in the rock: the entrance he had narrowed with stones, filling the interstices with sand and earth combined, leaving a small doorway, which was curtained with a piece of canvass. It contained a seaman's chest, a large barrel which held the skins he had dried, and in other parts skins were undergoing the process necessary for their preservation. A seaman's hammock and bedding, with a gun, and a few other articles, completed the furniture of his cabin.

It surprised our party to find his dwelling so near the place where we landed, and that we should have passed it unobserved; but the fact can be accounted for in no other way than our being overwhelmed with the novelties of the place, and unable to bestow any time upon objects which appeared insignificant.

As night was fast approaching, we felt anxious to return to our vessel, Stewart accompanying us in his boat, first extracting a promise not to take him to sea.

On board he was the object of considerable curiosity, and amused those who had not been on shore with a recital of his monotonous existence; and when urged again to leave his dreary abode, and sail with us, he stoutly declined, having a firm reliance in the word of the captain of his ship, who, he was confident, would call for him when he had completed his cargo.

The breeze freshening, we became impatient to put to sea, and, having fulfilled our promise to Stewart in supplying his deficiencies, we got under way; and for some time all eyes were fixed upon his receding figure in his boat, when the extreme distance at last shut him and his solitary abode for ever from our view.

BATEMAN'S ORCHIDACEÆ OF MEXICO AND GUATEMALA.*

> Like restless serpents, clothed
> In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,
> Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
> The grey trunks ——"—SHELLEY.

A DISTINGUISHED traveller has said, that "delight is but a poor word to express the feelings of a naturalist when he first sets foot within the virgin forests of South America." The magnificent work now before me, compiled by a gentleman of great taste and varied acquirements, furnishes, at the same time, a substantial proof of the correctness of Humboldt's assertion, and the strongest possible indication of the passion for orchideous flowers that has sprung up within the last twenty years in England, and now pervades all classes of florists—those who, blest with the gifts of fortune, can procure and cultivate them, and those also who, like myself, must rest content with admiring them at horticultural shows, or depicted on the ample page of Mr. Bateman; and (it would be ungrateful to omit the mention) in the "wreaths" that adorn the less expensive, though not less beautiful, publication of Professor Lindley. These, truly the most strange, most rare, most beautiful of all the vegetable glories that make glad the face of nature, though our acquaintance with them here is but yet in its infancy, were the objects of admiration to some of the earlier botanists. Rumphius, the compiler of the "Herbarium Amboynense," says of them, "Now come we to describe a noble family of plants, which is remarkable for always having its dwelling aloft upon the branches of other trees, and which scorns the lowly ground, like the seats and castles of the great, which are usually built in elevated situations; and as nobility is distinguished by its appropriate and dignified attire, so this tribe of plants has a towering mode of growth quite peculiar to itself." Hernandez, called the "Pliny of New Spain," who flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century, decorated almost every page of his work with the Mexican orchis, and crowned his admiration by dedicating it to the Lyncean Academy of Rome, the peculiar emblem of which learned body it subsequently became. Plumier also paid much attention to this tribe, and his figures of the West Indian species, Mr. Bateman assures us, are even at the present day models of accuracy and beauty. Linnæus knew only one hundred species; his genus Epidendrum comprised all those which grew upon trees: not less than two thousand species are now known, and those classed by the "father of botany" under the genus Epidendrum include two hundred genera; of these Asia, Africa, and America have furnished nearly equal proportions: the European species are few, and though small in growth, and of humble origin, they are beautiful and singularly formed, but, as they are to be had for nothing, are disregarded by the crowd. If the rage for these flowers be not as transitory as that which inspirited the phlegmatic burghers of Haarlem during the memorable "tulip mania," each succeeding year will be likely to add largely to our stock, for there is still plenty of work for the collectors from Rio to Guiana; and recent travellers have discovered that the interior of Africa (the banks of the Niger especially) teems with orchidaceous plants. The Orchidaceæ of each division of the globe have distinctive characters, by which their original habitat may be readily assigned. Their practical utility in any country is very limited, if we except the production of the substance called salep. Mr. Bateman informs us that the "wourali" poison of Demerara is thickened by the juice of certain species of Orchis; a "charmed philtre," the true "elixir of love," is prepared in Amboyna from the minute farinaceous seeds of another member of the tribe. In Mexico, where the language of flowers is cultivated to a great extent, the Orchidaceæ comprise the entire alphabet. No event of life passes over without giving occasion to resort to these flowers to assist in the expression of feeling, whether it be of joy or of sorrow. Hernandez says that the Mexican Indians set the highest value on them, for their beauty, figure, and delightful perfume; and Rumphius gravely affirms that the flowers themselves refused to be worn by any but princesses and ladies of high rank. The bulbs of some plants contain a watery juice, and these are used with avidity by the natives of Peru and Mexico. In Honduras the large hollow cylindrical stalks of a noble species of Epidendrum are converted by the juveniles of both sexes into musical instruments of a very primitive kind, suggestive to an ingenious mind of the origin of the French, and all the family of horns. The fact is described in the largest of the three engravings which have already attracted the reader's notice; one young gentleman, untrammelled by "those troublesome disguises which we wear," has secured his prize, and is "blowing up his trumpet" on *terra firma;* another, "poised high in air," is contemplating the descent, *facilis descensus* truly, of his companion, whom that treacherous branch has plunged into the stream beneath. It matters little to him, however, in a couple of minutes he will have paddled ashore, and shaking the spray from his elf locks, will console himself for his fall by performing a duo with his friend on the bank. This engraving, as well as the smaller ones on the same page, form part of the minor embellishments of Mr. Bateman's work. The small engraving to the left represents a species of "club-moss," found in central Mexico and other parts of tropical America. It has the property, when dry, of folding itself up into a compact ball, which expands again under the influence of moisture. It is called Lycopodium involvens, and is found to retain its peculiar character for a great length of time when brought to this country. The other engraving represents a cocoa-nut carved by the native Indians of Guatemala. This reference to the illustrations reminds me that I did not sit down to write a history of the Orchidaceæ. For those who are already acquainted with their habits and characters I have written more than enough; and those who are not will feel grateful for having their attention directed to the consideration of a subject which will most abundantly repay them for all the care they may bestow upon it.

W. R. B.

* The Orchidaceæ of Mexico and Guatemala, by JAMES BATEMAN, Esq. Elephant folio. Published for the Author by Ridgway and Sons, Piccadilly.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

We never can fully appreciate the estimation of persons or things till we are deprived of them. Thus, when the every-day question comes to us, "What sort of an exhibition has the Royal Academy this season?" we begin to reflect upon what has been put forth for public enlightenment for a few seasons back; and in our endeavours to compare the past with the present, as regards the advancement or retrogradation of the principal academicians, in the present display we miss the two greatest (perhaps with the exception of Turner), Calcott and Mulready. They have formed two of the several main features of excellence heretofore in the Academy Exhibition, but from neither of them have we so much as a sketch. We therefore inquire what there is to supply the hiatus which their absence forms. In the instance of the latter-named, deep as he is with us in our love for the beautiful—elevated as he ever will be in the opinions of those who have felt the classic air and poetic beauties which pervade even his most homely subjects—we nevertheless have to rejoice in the astounding production of Poole (a name hitherto almost unknown, but one which we must place in apposition to that of Mulready); for in the grand picture which he has contributed this season (No. 423, "Solomon Eagle exhorting the People to Repentance during the Plague of the Year 1665"), we have matter for contemplation and delight—that which elevates our previous notions of British art, and creates a higher feeling of patriotism despite the cynical followers of cold correctness, academic hardness, and the French polish of the German schools. What a surprising picture is this! and as we write for those who go to exhibitions — not to the meagre-minded who are satisfied with the description of one—we shall not attempt defining a mass of incidents which are far more powerfully proclaimed on canvass than a pen could possibly attempt. Poole has in this work shown himself not only an artist, but an intense observer and delineator of nature—perfect in all the technicalities and rules necessarily prescribed as essentials in art—design, comparison, both in form and colour, and *chiaro'scuro;* for in the first-mentioned quality he is gigantic, in the second pleasingly perfect, and in the last he charms the untutored eye as well as that of the most fastidious connoisseur. Above all, what has rendered the works of the greatest masters essentially beautiful the genius of this young painter has secured as his own the very "soul of expression"—the antithesis to the cramping dogmas of an academy, and the "masquerade style which piques itself on giving the air of an Adonis to the driver of a hay-cart, and models the features of a milk-maid on the principles of the antique." We are aware of some slight inaccuracies in the drawing of one or two of the figures, but what are they?—misspelt words in an exquisite poem. In the place of Calcott we have nothing but the imitations of him by Stanfield. We must here except those portions which Mr. S. has made entirely his own—we allude to the invariable opposition of a white building to a dark leather-coloured one; we do not deny their existence in nature, any more than the good fortune of the artist in always finding them so. By the way, we have a word or two on No. 78, "Entrance to the Crypt, Roslyn Chapel," D. Roberts, R.A., which reminds us of the soft mixture of yellow, green, and brown, which is to be found more often in Stilton cheese than in the objects depicted by D. Roberts, R.A. They are, nevertheless, extremely pleasing, more especially to the innocent visitors, and the eyes of the inexperienced; consequently we recommend a perusal of the quotation from Quintilian in the front of the catalogue. "*Docti rationem artis intelligunt, indocti voluptatem,*" and henceforth trust that D. Roberts, R.A., will appeal more to the "*docti*" than the "*indocti,*" by a greater supply of the "*rationem*" than the "*voluptatem.*" We offer a passing word of grateful praise for No. 108, "Hagar and Ishmael," a picture of original grace and sentiment, by that accomplished painter Eastlake; and No. 14, "The opening of the Walhalla, 1842," by Turner, one of the surprising specimens of the rare beauties in landscape painting, which have been *only achieved* by his masterly hand and mind; but have not space even to advert numerically to the superannuated absurdities of Messrs. Ward, Howard, Drummond, Witherington, and others who must be allowed to go unscathed, whilst the productions of clever and deserving men are left to make their own appeals wherever their situations will allow them.

As we entered the east room, we involuntarily exclaimed, "What! here again, old friends!" for there are apparently the same overpowering number of staring faces, attached to the same figures, in the same attitudes, under the same curtains, and leaning against the same pillars or on the same tables; reminding us of the old command at drill, "As you were"—to bestow the same headache which we invariably experience on leaving this exhibition. It is a positive cru-

hurries away to his giant friends, whom he invites to join him in an orgie on the plain, surrounded by rocks and forests:—

Thither at once they sped, and on the way
Rhexergon tore down boughs, while Harpax slew
Oxen and deer, more than was need; and soon
On the green space Orion built the pile
With cross logs, underwood, dry turf and ferns,
And cast upon it fat of kine, and heaps
Of crisp dry leaves; and fired the pile, and beat
A hollow shield, and called the Bacchic train,
Who brought their skins of wine, and loaded poles
That bent with mighty clusters of black grapes
Slung midway. In the blaze Orion threw
Choice gums, and oil, that with explosion bright
Of broad and lucid flame alarmed the sky,
And fragrant spice, then set the Fauns to dance,
While whirled the timbrels, and the reed-pipes blew
A full-toned melody of mad delight.
Down came the Mænads from the sun-brown hills,
And flocked the laughing Nymphs of groves and brooks,
With whom came Opis singing to a lyre,
And Sida ivory-limbed and crowned with flowers,
To swell the orgie; and the roasting bulk
Of bull and deer was scarce distinguishable
'Mid the loud-crackling boughs that sprawled in flame.
Now richest odours rose, and filled the air—
Made glittering with the cymbals spun on high
Through jets of nectar upward cast in sport,
And raging with songs and laughter and wild cries.

In the first pause for breath and deeper draughts,
A Faun, who on a quiet green knoll sat
Somewhat apart, sang a melodious ode,
Made rich by harmonies of hidden strings,
Unto bright Merope, the island's pride,
And daughter of the King; whereto a quire
Gave chorus, and her beauties rare rehearsing,
Wished that Orion shared with her the throne.

The wine ran wastefully, and o'er the ears
Of the tall jars that stood too near the fire
Bubbled and leapt, and streamed in crimsoning foam,
Hot as the hissing sap of the green logs.
But none took heed of that nor anything.
Thus song and feast, dance, and wild revelry,
Succeeded, now in turn, now all at once,
Mingling tempestuously. In a blind whirl
Around the fire Biastor dragged a rout
In osier bands and garlands; Harpax fiercely
The violet scarfs and autumn-tinted robes
From Nymph and Mænad tore; and by the hoofs
Autarces seized a Satyr, with intent,
Despite his wreathing freaks and furious face,
To dash them on a gong, but that amidst
The struggling mass Encolyon thrust a pine,
Heavy and black as Charon's ferrying pole,
O'er which they, like a bursting billow, fell.

At length when night came folding round the scene,
And golden lights grew red and terrible,
Flashed torch and spear, while reed-pipes deeper blew
Sonorous dirgings and melodious storm,
And timbrels groaned and jangled to the tones
Of high-sustaining horns,—then round the blaze,
Their shadows brandishing afar and athwart
Over the level space and up the hills,
Six giants held portentous dance, nor ceased
Till one by one in bare Bacchante arms,
Brim-full of nectar, helplessly they rolled
Deep down oblivion. Sleep absorbed their souls.

It cannot be expected that we should be able to afford sufficient space for discussing the various complex features of an epic poem, more particularly one which has but just been ushered into the world. Some of the most prominent characteristics have, however, been displayed with regard to philosophy, poetry, and individual characters and classes; and the author's ethical principles will, we think, be made sufficiently apparent in the following quotation. Artemis, having slain Orion with her arrows, in jealousy at the love between him and Eos, the latter thus addresses her:—

"Call it not love! Oh never yet for thee
Did Love's ambrosial pinions fan the hours,
To lose themselves in bliss, which memory
Alone can find, so to renew their life.
Thou couldst not ever thus enjoy, thus give
Thy nature fully up; thine attributes,
Whate'er of loveliness or high estate
They owned, surrendering all before Love's feet,
And in his breath to melt. How shall we name
Thy passion,—ice-pure, self-entire, *exacting*
All worship, for a limited return!
But how, ah me! shall Time record the hour,
When with thy bow—its points curved stiffly back,
Like a snake's neck preparing for a spring,
Thou stood'st in lurid ire behind a cloud,
And loosed the fatal shaft! Where then was Love?
O Artemis! O miserable Queen!
Call it pride, jealousy, revenge—*self-love;*
No other. Thou repliest not. Wherefore pride?
Thou gav'st thyself that wound, rejecting one
Who to thee tendered all his nature; noble,
Though earth-born, as thou knew'st when first ye met,
And thou not Zeus with a creator's power
His being to re-make? Thou answerest not.
Why jealous, but because thou saw'st him happy
Without thee, though cast off by thee?—then wherefore
Destroy? *Revenge, the champion of self-love,*
Can make his well-known sign. O, horrible!
Despair to all springs up from murdered love,
And smites revenge with idiotcy of grief,
Seeing itself. But wake, and look upon
My loss unutterable. What hast thou gained?
Nothing but anguish; and for this accomplished
His death, my loss, and the earth's loss beside
Of that much-needed hand. I curse thee not—
Thou hast, indeed, cursed me—thou know'st it well."

It will be perceived that these are principles for all time, until love shall cease to be exacting and selfish; jealousy discover its own egotism, unreasonableness, and self-defeat; and revenge become transformed to forbearance, if not to sympathy.

The scholar will hail with pleasure the introduction of the Greek names of the mythology in the place of those Latin names so long in use, and now so hackneyed and perverted. Well may Mr. Horne object to the commonizing association of Diana and Neptune, and several others. They have become the names of "all sorts of things," and are stuck on ships' heads and over timber-yards; and figure in allegorical transparencies, or at minor theatres. Chaste Dian has now become a hound, Neptune a Newfoundland dog, and the Bacchus whom Titian painted, who loved Ariadne, and who achieved the conquest of India, now sits astride upon a gin-barrel. Well may a poet be anxious to return to the original associations, and one good step towards this is to adopt the Greek names in all subjects the scenes of which are laid in Greece, as in the present singularly bold and original poem.

GABRIELLE; OR, PICTURES OF A REIGN.

An Historical Novel.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

Miss Costello's familiar acquaintance with French history, already exemplified in so many charming works, eminently qualifies her for the describing the remarkable features of Court life of the age of Louis XIV. In

these "Pictures of a Reign," we accordingly find a series of the most vivid *tableaux*, sketched to the life, and full of colour and effect, in which appear by turns the gorgeous Monarch himself, the beauties and the courtier-wits who surrounded him, and the celebrities of all classes who made themselves conspicuous at the period. Difficult as the subject was to treat, Miss Costello has perfectly succeeded, and her delineations are characterized as much by their truthfulness as by the delicacy and tact with which they are drawn.

The story of "Gabrielle," to which the events of the times are rendered subsidiary, is one of singular and melancholy interest, and is founded upon a memorable occurrence in the reign of Louis XIV., when, forgetful of the faith which he had sworn to his lawful wife, a young and distinguished nobleman renounced his position in society, and married a virtuous and beautiful girl of humble rank, whom he accidentally encountered during a temporary absence from home. His secret, for some time carefully preserved, is at length discovered by his real wife, a woman of strong passions and vindictive disposition; and her conduct on making the discovery, added to the sudden and mysterious disappearance of her husband, involves her in an accusation of murder, for which she is tried and condemned, notwithstanding the evidence of his existence afforded by his presence at her trial—his disputed identity being the ground of condemnation. An incident of this nature, possessing all the elements of romance, gives ample scope for development of character and picturesque illustration, and Miss Costello has availed herself of it with dramatic skill. To detach scenes on which the interest of the story depends would mar its general effect, and fail to convey an accurate idea of the power with which the subject is treated. We prefer, therefore, to quote one or two passages descriptive of the singular classes which infested Paris about the middle of the seventeenth century: the reader will derive so much amusement from the description, as to make him desirous of learning more. Here is an account of a celebrated body designated "Les Compagnons du Devoir:"—

A strange contrast to the elegant and refined society of Paris was to be found in the secret recesses of its crowded city.

In an obscure quarter, long known as the haunt of the most degraded characters, coiners, thieves, and murderers, existed the rue de Champ Fleury, whose dark, dirty, and narrow precincts served well to conceal the deeds perpetrated in its retreat and to shelter the actors in them.

Here, in a low, gloomy chamber, accessible by several secret ways, were assembled a party of persons of both sexes, whose business seemed of a nature that shunned the light of day.

Two women appeared to take the lead in the conversation, and they both asked and answered questions of their companions with great earnestness.

From a specimen of their conversation their quality may be guessed at, but it may be as well to mention that they formed part of a secret and widely-extended community called 'Compagnons du Devoir,' whose mysteries had existed in the heart of the capital for many years, and, in spite of the late vigilance of the police authorities, had never been destroyed, although they had found it requisite to carry on their plans with greater caution than in the preceding reign.

The society was formed of a great variety of personages, whose sole aim, by whatever means, was to obtain money. It was well known that several influential persons of rank, both male and female, were enrolled in the fraternity, and at a time when gambling and extravagance of all kinds were carried on to an incredible point, those who were deeply engaged in such pursuits hesitated not to seek any opportunity of gratifying their propensities.

The chief of those who were now met in the rue Champ Fleury, were the famous Catherine Deshaies, who had gained a great name as *La Voisine*, at the time now spoken of. She was resorted to by weak persons, who consulted her, as it was called, respecting '*curiosités*,'—namely, a knowledge of the future, and discovery of hidden things. Her associate, the as notorious Madame de Rouville, a woman known as Vigoureux, together with the reputed sorceress Nicolas Hocque, Petit Pierre, Etienne Jardin, Jean Biaule, and the noted brigand Louis Coarnon, called Bras d'Acier.

Flourishing in close communion with these worthies were the notorious dwellers in the "Cour des Miracles." They are thus described by the witty Comte de Grammont, in a conversation with Ninon de l'Enclos, whose character, be it observed *en passant*, is portrayed with great tact and judgment:—

'Fair Ninon,' said the accomplished profligate, 'you must know that in the neighbourhood of the most respectable Convent of Les Filles Dieu, at the entrance of the rue Neuve St. Sauveur, and between the cul de sac de l'Etoile, and the rues de Damiette and Les Forges, may be found the kingdom of Argot, situate in that mysterious region called La Cour des Miracles. The extent of this kingdom is considerable, the domiciles of the inhabitants are mostly formed of mud, pavement is there unknown, a beautiful irregularity prevails both in the architecture and the furniture of all the houses. A labyrinth of streets, lanes, and alleys conducts to it; a considerable descent leads to the chief entrance, conveniently dark, narrow, and winding—it is like making a descent to another world, to approach it; and indeed many of the dwellings are modestly imbedded in the soil, so that in some, the roof alone appears like a blushing violet peeping from its couch of earth.

'Ease, absence of labour, liberty and happy indifference to the world's opinion, here reign triumphant. It is a blissful valley from which the cares of the world are shut out. Goods are in common, yet strict order is kept up—nothing can be simpler or more edifying than the government established here—it is a model kingdom worthy to be imitated. The language partakes of the simplicity which reigns throughout—it expresses the wants of those who use it, and is eloquent in its primitive nature. The future is never thought of here; each man lives for the present, and enjoys life—what do we strive for more? Nothing of to-day is kept for to-morrow—a simple religion reigns amongst them; but worldly ties and trammels are unknown. Although a general liberty reigns, there are grades of society, and these have each their distinguishing title: for instance, their king is *Le Grand Coësre;* then follow dignitaries named *cagoux*, *archi-suppôts de l'argot*, *orphelins*, an interesting race! *Marcandiers*, *rifordes*, *malingreux*, *pièvres*, *polissons*, *francs-mitoux*, *callots*, *sabouleux*, *hubains*, *coquillarts*, and *courtaux de boutange*.'

'What a catalogue,' cried Ninon, 'and how learned you are in their lore! Pray how do these worthies contrive to carry on their arcadian existence?'

'They have inexhaustible means in their own genius, which is a mine of wealth to them, and the folly of the Parisians helps them greatly,' said de Grammont; 'but the Church is their chief patron.'

'How, the Church?' said Ninon.

'Yes,' replied he, 'they are the great devisers of miracles; they are the great counterfeiters of diseases, which, being cured, bring such revenues to the Church; they are the great fabricators of relics, and the great concoctors of deceptions. Their trade never fails, and they are protected by those they serve, therefore are seldom in any danger, except their enthusiasm in their art carry them beyond prudence, as sometimes happens. Amongst their number are to be found men of birth and quality, priests, soldiers, lawyers, in fact every description of person whom different untoward incidents have introduced to the kingdom; nor is it positively necessary to seek them in their own region. Members of the fraternity may be met with in many a place, where one would little expect to find one of so distinguished a body. They have their own reasons for leaving and for returning to their homes. It has been my good fortune to encounter several travellers from this happy country, and by this means I have not only become acquainted with their history, but have been admitted to their society occasionally.'

We wish we could afford room for extracting some

of the very beautiful descriptions of scenery, or a few of the graceful and tender verses which are scattered through these volumes; but this our limits forbid. In relinquishing that pleasure, we must therefore content ourselves to speak of "Gabrielle" as a romance which is not surpassed for variety of incident, beauty of language, or vigorous portraiture by any historical novel of the day.

THE PERILS OF THE NATION.

Our first feeling on laying down this volume is that of almost despair. The social iniquities of which it treats, are shown to be so deeply seated and so widely spread, that we despond of the remedy. On one side, for religion, we have a pharisaical cant of words or blind bigotry; for commercial honour, practical lying of the most unblushing phase. Money-getting is the only creed truly worshipped; selfishness, the whole duty of man. As for the wants and necessities of the mass of our fellow-creatures, they are either made the test of the wildest speculations of state philanthropy, or systematically sacrificed at the shrine of mammon. It is impossible to read this volume—to dwell upon the terrible facts abounding in it illustrative of the moral leprosy with which the nation is cursed, without a feeling of indignation and of hopelessness. "Statesmen," says the writer, "have all imagined that the growth of capital was the *summum bonum* of human existence." Has it proved so? "They have immensely increased the growth of capital, and, *pari passu*, the growth of misery and distress also. And the end of their success is a public acknowledgment, that if some stop be not put to the existing mischiefs, a few years more must land us in a bloody revolution." All the facts and arguments adduced by the writer of this work tend to establish this opinion. He shows the gradual demoralization of the land, cursed by absorbing selfishness; resolved to make money the test—the only test—of happiness and individual importance. He shows the atrocities which men, under the guise of trade, commit upon one another—the wickedness which, like an ulcer, eats at the very heart of society. We talk and sing of our "wooden walls" manned with "hearts of oak!" What shall we say of a mercantile house established for the purpose "of sending out rotten ships, laden with supposititious goods, for the *sole purpose of being wrecked*, and in that way to plunder the insurance-offices!"

We would that our space permitted us a lengthened review of this book. It abounds with terrible truths; truths of frightful suffering on the part of the many, sold and sacrificed by the spirit of unholy gain. We humbly advise everybody to read the work; albeit we should augur poorly of his mind or heart who could go through its pages without a feeling of indignation for merry, magnificent England.

THE LIFE OF SIR DAVID WILKIE.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Wilkie's best and only life is on canvas. These three volumes will add no single grace or charm to it. They are written in a spirit of admiration, and with all the zeal of a fellow-countryman; yet we lay them down with no additional veneration for the painter of of "The Reading of the Will," or "The Penny Wedding." They show to us, by most elaborate touches too, a careful "cannie" man, rarely sinning on the side of enthusiasm, but doggedly pursuing his way with a plodding perseverance not unworthy of Mark-lane, together with an admiration, or something more, of worldly rank, which is rarely unprofitable to the worshipper. Thus, we have letters—brief ones to be sure—written to Sir Robert Peel, as though Sir Robert, the baronet, was all-in-all, and *Cassius* was "a wretched creature." We always suspect the sincerity of this extreme self-abasement in presence of mere patronage. The man of genius knows full well his relative position with men of merely bank cheques; and we consider his extreme humility to be worse than the shop-counter servility of the poorest tradesman.

We have here three long, heavy volumes. All that was necessary to be written of Wilkie—at least all the useful portion of this work—might have been contained in a plump duodecimo: but then we have letters which nobody will yawn through, and Wilkie's journal, which, although he might have found it serviceable to write for his private recollection, he surely never intended to be enshrined in print. Had Wilkie chronicled the daily points of the winds—his daily dinner, whether veal, beef, or mutton—his daily dress, whether black, blue, or brown,—his journal, or at least nine-tenths of it, would have been equally interesting as at present. We are sorry to be compelled to say thus much of a work which, for the name it bears, we hoped to find more worthy of it. Had it been one volume, it might have floated; as it is, "deeper than ever did plummet sound" it will sink. We give a few of the best extracts:—

WILKIE'S BIRTH.

Sir David Wilkie was born at the manse of the parish of Cults, on the banks of Eden-water, in the county of Fife, on the 18th of November, 1785. "I am the third son," he says, in a brief and modest memoir which he commenced of himself, "of the Rev. David Wilkie and of Isabella Lister, his wife, a native of the district. My father came from the county of Mid-Lothian, and from a neighbourhood often mentioned, which, endeared by birthright, had, like the ancient Hebron, a halo and an interest about it which no other place could possess. He was a native of Ratho-Byres, a small property which had been in possession of our family for 400 years, until, as he used to tell us, by the imprudence of his ancestors, it had passed to a younger branch of the same family and name, and was held by his father, John Wilkie, only as its tenant and cultivator. Of the singular worth and good qualities of that excellent person, my grandfather, I have heard much and from many persons. After his death, the family mansion, an humble structure, was allowed to sink to decay; but, from a feeling of respect to his own ancestry, the proprietor, James Wilkie of Gilchristown, permitted a gable-end, containing the chimney-corner where my grandfather loved to entertain his friends, to remain, which I remember a grey ruin, a venerable landmark of other years."

David was a silent though stirring child, and loved, when scarce escaped from his mother's bosom, to draw such figures as struck his young fancy on the sand by the stream-side, on the smooth stones of the field, on the floors of the manse; nor was it unobserved that most of these early scratchings had a leaning towards the humorous and the absurd. He has been heard, when his fame was high, to declare, that he could draw before he could read, and paint before he could spell; nor is it forgotten that he was seen, when a mere child, to sketch a female head with chalk upon the floor; and, on being

questioned what he was doing, he answered, "Making bonnie Lady Gonie;" and that the rude outline contained something of the lineaments of Lady Balgonie, whom he had but newly seen at his father's fireside.

WILKIE, THE BOY ARTIST.

From the healthy though rough academy of the open fields, and the smooth stones by the way-side, on which like the great Giotto, he loved to draw the forms of sheep and dogs, and horses and soldiers, he was sent, when seven years old, to the parish school of Pitlessie, then under the care of James Diston, a worthy man, with many offices, for he was at one and the same time schoolmaster of Pitlessie, precentor in the church, and clerk to the Kirk Session. "I mind him weel," said an old man from the banks of Eden-water; "and I mind his brithers too; but he was a quieter kindlier lad than his elder brithers; and liked better to stand and look on at his companions at their games, than join in their play. I think I see him now standing smiling wi' his hands in his pouches! Ay, but he liked best to lie *a groufe* on the ground with his slate and pencil, making queer drawings!"

WILKIE'S "HIGHLANDERS."

Among Wilkie's early as well as later sketches are many drawings of Highlanders. "He never visited our northern metropolis," writes Miss Catherine Sinclair, "without honouring us with a visit, and generally dining here. On one of these occasions, having called for pen and ink, he offered to do me a drawing, which he excuted while conversing with our family circle during the evening, and having affixed his autograph he desired me to keep it, saying, 'Let this be a memorial that your father, Sir John Sinclair, was the means of making me first fond of drawing. At the time he raised a fencible regiment, he sent the portrait of a Highland soldier to every Scotch clergyman assisting to write the Statistical Account of Scotland. My father was one of those who received a copy; it was the first print I ever attempted to copy, and I never ceased to do so, over and over again, till I had succeeded.' We showed Sir David one of the prints, which I still possess, and he hailed it with a burst of pleasure as an agreeable remembrance of his boyhood."

WILKIE A STUDENT IN EDINBURGH.

It is related by some who were Wilkie's fellow-students in Edinburgh, that the more restless of their number, when they saw him musing much, or in a study, often tried to tease, but could never perplex, or put him out, as they said. He received all such interruptions with tranquillity of looks; and though they sometimes put their jokes into a practical form, he never remonstrated or complained, but was resolved to overcome them by imperturbable good humour, as he seemed determined to conquer them in art by resolution and study. He was often in those days heard to say, but in an undertone, with Burns—

"Come, firm resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk of carle-hemp in man."

And from this he never swerved nor shrunk. When his fellow-students followed him into his two-pair-of-stairs study in Nicholson Street, they found all in keeping, they said, with his demeanour in the Academy. The Bible and The Gentle Shepherd, a sketch or two on the wall, a table and a few chairs, with a fiddle whose strings, when he grew tired with drawing, he touched to a favourite air, were the chief articles; neither lay-fingers covered with silk, nor easels of polished mahogany were there; a few brushes, and a few colours, and palette made by his own hands, may be added. The fiddle was to him then, and long after, an useful instrument; its music, he said, not only soothed himself, but put his live models, who sat for his shepherds and husbandmen, into the sort of humour which he desired; nay, he often pleased so much, that one of them, an old rough mendicant—

"Whose wallets before and behind did hang,"

to whom he had played a welcome air, refused the pence when offered, and strode down the stair, saying, "Hout! put up your pennies, man; I was e'en as glad o' the spring as ye were!" He sometimes, too, in a land where living models of any other part save the head or hand are difficult to obtain for either love or money, made himself into his own model; and with a bared foot, a bared ancle, or a bared knee, would sit at the looking-glass till he confessed that he was almost benumbed by exposure. Nor did he desist when a friend knocked; he would say, "Come in!" nor move from his posture, but deliberately explain his object, and continue to draw till he had make the sketch.

WILKIE IN LONDON.

Wilkie loved to relate how he thought on the blue and lofty Lomonds as he skirted the low-lying coast of England, and wondered at the clouds of smoke which came rolling towards him, as he sailed up the Thames through masts standing as thick as the trees in the forests. The first step he took was to seek out a convenient room for a study; this he found at No. 8, Norton Street, Portland Road, in the house of a coal-merchant: his second was to seek out some public place where he might display his pictures, to make his works known and attract purchasers; and the third step was to enter his name at the Royal Academy as a probationer. As the classes of the Academy close when the annual exhibition opens, Wilkie was unable to enter upon the studies which he so much desired, till the middle of July, but in the meanwhile the merits of his pictures found admirers: people were observed to stop and stare at a shop window near Charing Cross, where two or three of his works were allowed to hang; nay, some seemed willing to buy, but were deterred by the fear, which most men have when they trust to their own judgment, of buying a matter for ridicule rather than admiration. It is related by a gentleman, now on the judgment seat in matters of ancient as well as modern painting, that a wealthy friend came to him one morning, and told him he had seen what he thought a very clever little picture for six pounds, in a window at Charing Cross, painted by one Wilkie, but that he was afraid to buy it. "Oh, buy it by all means," said the other; "it cannot be altogether bad if you admire it: risk six pounds on your own taste." He returned to the window where he had seen the picture, but it was gone: some one who had trust in his own taste had bought it.*

WILKIE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

When the Academy opened, Wilkie, who had gained admission as a probationer by means of a drawing from the Niobe, took his seat with his class. Something of his Edinburgh fame had come before him; Jackson, at that time a student, seems to have seen as well as heard of him, for he wrote to Haydon, then young and ardent, to hasten from Devonshire, for that a tall, pale, thin Scotsman had just come to study at the Academy, who had done something from Macbeth, of which report spoke highly. "Touched with this," said Haydon, "I came at once to London, and went to the Academy; Wilkie, the most punctual of mankind, was there before me. We sat and drew in silence for some time: at length Wilkie rose, came and looked over my shoulder, said nothing, and resumed his seat. I rose, went and looked over his shoulder, said nothing, and resumed my seat. We saw enough to satisfy us of each other's skill, and when the class broke up we went and dined together. Wilkie was, as Jackson had described him, tall, pale, and thin, with blue and uncommon bright eyes, a nose rather short, and a mouth full of humour of the quietest and richest kind."

THE ECONOMY OF WILKIE.

Amongst the many ways by which we try here to save expense, is that of cleaning our own boots and shoes; for you must know that the people of the house will not clean them, and when they send them out to the shoe-blacks in the street they become expensive. To remedy this I have got both blacking and brushes, and clean them every morning myself. You may tell Nanny and Jean that I can now show them how to make the shoes shine.

WILKIE'S EARLY PICTURES.

When Wilkie hung up a small picture or two in the window at Charing Cross, he put the very modest price of six guineas each on them; but he had now discovered that it was cheaper to study in the Manse of Cults than in the middle of London; and that living models, rich colours, and respectable lodgings—all necessary matters in a polite art—devoured his substance. He had all this in his mind, when the Earl inquired what his price would be for painting him a picture from his study of The Village Politicians. The artist answered fifteen guineas, to which the Earl made no answer; and Wilkie, who seems to have felt that his strength lay in that direction, proceeded to paint the picture, as he said, at a venture. As it approached completion, the rumour ran that it was a work of great genius, and likely to create a change in art. It chanced one day that Sir George Beaumont and Lord Mulgrave were praising the Dutch school, when Jackson, who was present, said, if they would come with him, he

* I am assured by one who had the means of knowing, that The Village Recruit was the picture thus exhibited.

would find them a young Scotsman who was second to no Dutchman that ever bore a palette on his thumb. "We must go and see this Scottish wonder, Jackson," said Sir George; and they followed him to Wilkie's abode, where they found The Village Politicians all but finished. Two such judges could not but see its worth at once; and, as they had generosity as well as good judgment, they spread the fame of the picture round the bright circles to which they belonged. They were not only pleased with the works of the artist, but charmed with the simplicity of the man; and being both good judges, and the former a landscape painter of eminence, saw that he was above the common mark—a decided original, in short; and one, too, who found his subjects in the domestic circles of his native land. They did not leave his studio without commissioning a picture each: the price of the one for Sir George Beaumont was fixed at fifty guineas.

WILKIE'S MODE OF STUDY.

He rose early to his studies, and, in spite of continuous visits, wrought late; he was not a painter by fits and starts, nor had he any cause to complain that particular times and were required to the operations of his fancy: when the light of the day was clear, he wrought without regarding whether it was winter or summer, seed-time or harvest. When he had finished his labours at his lodgings, he went to the Academy, and drew from living and dead models with all the ardour of a student in his first quarter's attendance; and as he knew that the English school was reproached for imperfection in drawing, he drew diligently from the antique marbles, and though he did not always reach their flowing delicacy of outline, he never failed to seize the sentiment of the original.

AN EXTRACT FROM WILKIE'S "JOURNAL."

This being Twelfth-night, I went by appointment to Sir William Beechey's, where we had a very splendid entertainment; the Hoppners were there, and after listening for some time to music, in which the Miss Beecheys are great proficients, we had a dance which lasted till supper time. I there met for the first time the too-celebrated Lady Hamilton; she had with her a girl supposed to be the daughter of Lord Nelson, a creature of great sweetness: Lady Hamilton, knowing me by name, called me, and said that her daughter had the finest taste imaginable, and that she excelled in graceful attitudes. She then made her stand in the middle of the room with a piece of drapery, and throw herself into a number of those elegant postures for which her ladyship in her prime was so distinguished. She afterwards told me of all else her daughter could do, and concluded by asking me if I did not think her very like her father. I said I had never seen that eminent person. Lady Hamilton is lusty, and tall, and of fascinating manners, but her features are bold and masculine. Her daughter's name is Horatia Hamilton. After supper we were entertained by some songs from Lady Hamilton, and with a fine specimen of mimicry by Mr. Twiss, who gave us a speech in the manner of Pitt, which many pronounced excellent.

WILKIE AND WORDSWORTH.

Lady Beaumont requested me to read after breakfast Wordsworth's Preface to his Poems, which, with some of the poems to which it alluded, and a letter in the poet's handwriting, I read accordingly; but could not be brought at all to coincide with the fundamental principles of his system, or to admire as elegant the pieces which are pointed out as examples of his style. This was not, however, the case with her ladyship, who admires Wordsworth's productions next to those of Shakspere and Milton.

WILKIE ON PRICES.

It was one of the settled maxims of Wilkie, that a price should not be fixed for a picture before it was finished; "for," said he, "it may, from being handled in a happy mood, or being fuller of character than at first contemplated, be worth double the fixed price; or it may chance to be less fertile of interest when completed than when it presented itself at first to the fancy, and not be worth more than half the proposed sum: either way the price is unfair, and the customer or the painter is wronged." The history of his works forced this maxim with double force on his mind: he fixed no price on The Distraining for Rent, but sent it to the Exhibition of the British Institution, where it attracted much attention, and was welcomed as one of his happiest compositions. The proprietor of The Letter of Introduction desired to have a second work from so popular a hand, and wrote to remind Wilkie that he had promised to let him know when he had one ready which had not found a purchaser.

WILKIE AND THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Next morning we had a pleasant drive to Altrive, where we found my old friend Hogg at home, and exulting not a little from a flattering letter he had received from Blackwood, to whom he had sent his Chaldee manuscript. The cottage which Hogg at that time inhabited had been the *but* and *ben* of the former tenant, and he dwelt in the kitchen, for it was the preferable part: but the kitchen was large and roomy, and better lighted than such abodes used to be then, and was, moreover, wonderfully clean. The kettle was hanging over a cheerful peat-fire, and soon began to simmer; and James, then a bachelor, despatched a shepherdess to borrow some loaf-bread, to which she added some kneaded cake. I felt pleased at the comfort the poet, as he was commonly called, had around him; and having several times accompanied Wilkie among the cottages of Gattonside and Darnick in search of the picturesque, I began to point out what I thought might amuse him while Hogg busied himself in preparing breakfast. The poet on this began to look and listen. I had not introduced Wilkie as an artist; and it is probable he had taken him, as he did a great poet, for a horse-couper: he, however, turned suddenly to me, exclaiming, "Laidlaw! this is no' the great Mr. Wilkie?" "It's just the great Mr. Wilkie, Hogg," I replied. "Mr. Wilkie," exclaimed the Shepherd, seizing him by the hand, "I cannot tell how proud I am to see you in my house, and how glad I am to see you are so young a man." I was delighted with the natural readiness and fine compliment of my friend, and pleased with the breakfast, which was now ready. We had, I remember, *rizzart* trouts—yellow fins, as Hogg used to call them—from the Yarrow, and a fry of parrs from Douglas burn, the most delicious of all fish, thousands of which Hogg and I in our youthful days had caught together in that mountain burn, almost the native stream of both. After breakfast we visited together the tower of Dryhope, had a beautiful view of St. Mary's Loch and 'those hills whence classic Yarrow flows,' and returned to Abbotsford. When I told Scott of Hogg's reception of Wilkie, 'The fellow!' said he, 'it was the finest compliment ever paid to man!'"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to acknowledge the kind wishes of "W. M. G." He may be assured that his fear of the "change from the singular to the plural number" is unfounded.

"A Templar."—We certainly do not intend to entirely close our pages to translations. Nevertheless they must be recommended by peculiar merit to take the place of original articles.

"The Eville Earl" in our next.

We bow to the correction of "The Doctor;" and think we shall not avail ourselves of the privilege of his offer; we nevertheless acknowledge the courtesy that prompted it.

"A Roman Catholic."—We regret the "slip" which our correspondent alludes to; and acknowledge his good wishes.

"W. W., Newcastle-upon-Tyne."—We shall, in a very early number, comply with the wish of our correspondent; a wish seconded by many other friends.

Papers and communications are left at the office for various correspondents.

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FOR JULY.

Page

The Order of Poverty. By the Editor . . 127
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.

The Doomed Son. By Luke Roden, M.D. 131
Illustrated by G. F. Sargent.

The Song of the Pauper 139

The Boys of London—No. III. The Vagabond Boy. By Mark Lemon 140
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.

A Gossip at the Reculvers. By the Editor 143
Illustrated by E. Landells.

The Eville Earle; or, the Kaye of St. Knockandrynge 146
Illustrated by Leech.

Puseyism made Easy. By Libra . . . 148

Three Sonnets. By Thomas Wade . . . 151

The Husband's Friend 152
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.

Ellen Booth 156
Illustrated by the Author.

A Letter from the Statue of Shakspeere to Sir James Graham, Bart. 158
Illustrated by Hine.

Page

The Peerage of the Pen. By the Editor . 161
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.

A Quiet Street. By Sylvanus Swanquill 164
Illustrated by Gilbert.

Lines addressed by the Persian Poet, Kirmal Koodjendi, to Hafiz 168

A Conceit 168

Pictorial Passages from the Life of Theophilus Smudge 169
Illustrated by Leech.

The Philosophy of the Pistol. By Robert Postans 173
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.

Midnight at Sea 177

The Button-Holder. By the Editor . . . 178

Reviews:—The Book of the Indians—Austria, &c. 180

Notices to Correspondents 182

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THE ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE

THE ORDER OF POVERTY. BY THE AUTHOR.

Why should not Lazarus make to himself an order of tatters? Why should not Poverty have its patch of honour? Wherefore should not the undubbed knights of evil fortune carry about them, with a gracious humility, the inevitable types of their valorous contest with the Paynim iniquities of life? Wherefore may not man wear indigence as proudly as nobility flashes its jewels? Is there not a higher heraldry, than that of the college?

A short time ago, the King of Greece awarded to an Englishman the Order of the Redeemer. The Englishman did not reject the gift; he did not stare with wonder, or smile in meek pity at the grave mockery of the distinction; but winning the consent of our Sovereign Lady Victoria to sport the jewel, the Knight of Christ—knight by the handiwork of the King of Greece—hung about him the Order of the Redeemer!

And what may be the gracious discipline of this Order of Redemption? Has Knight Emerson Tennant—for unless our memory slip, such is the new knight's name—has he sold off all that he had, and given the money to the poor? We have heard of no such broker's-work; and surely the newspaper tongue would have given loud utterance to the penitence of Mammon. What discipline, then, does this Order of Christ compel upon its holy and immaculate brotherhood? What glorifying services towards the heart and spirit of man—what self-martyrdom, does it recompense? Is it the bright reward of humility—of active loving-kindness towards everything that breathes? Is it, that Emerson Tennant, beyond ten thousand thousand men, has proved the divine temper of the spiritual follower of Jesus, making his hourly life an active goodness, and with every breath he drew, drawing nearer to rewarding Heaven? Surely, the Order of the Redeemer—that awful, solemn badge, setting apart its wearer from the sordid crowd of earth—could only be vouchsafed to some hard Christian service,—could only reward some triumphant wrestling of the suffering soul—some wondrous victory in the forlorn hope of this dark struggling life. These are our thoughts—these our passionate words; whereupon, the Herald of the Court of Greece—a grave, fantastic wizard—with

mildly-reproving look and most delicate speech, says—"You are wrong: quite wrong. The Order of the Redeemer, though by no means the first Order, is a very pretty Order in its way. Six months since we gave it to Captain Jonquil, from Paris; and truly no man more deserved the Order of the Redeemer. He has taught His Majesty's infantry the use of the bayonet: his howitzer practice, too, is a divine thing. Captain Jonquil is a great soldier. Last week, the Order of the Redeemer was also bestowed upon Andreas; a great favourite at court—but, if the naughty truth must be told, a pimp."

Alas! is Heraldry always innocent of blasphemy?

On the 13th of June, 1843, a grave masque—a solemn ceremony—was held at the Court of St. James's. Heraldry again looked smug and pompous. A Knight was to be made of "the most ancient Order of the Thistle." Let us make a clean breast of our ignorance; we assert nothing against the antiquity of the Thistle; for what we know, it may be as old—aye, as old as asses. But upon the glad 13th of June, a Chapter was held, and John, Marquis of Bute, and the Right Hon. William, Earl of Mansfield, were elected Knights. They of course took the oaths to protect and succour distressed maidens, orphans, and widows; to abstain from every sort of wrong, and to do every sort of right.

"The Marquis of Bute then kneeling near the Sovereign, and Mr. Woods on his knee, presenting to the Queen the riband and jewel of the Order, Her Majesty was graciously pleased to place the same over the noble Marquis's left shoulder. His Lordship rising, kissed the Sovereign's hand, and having received the congratulations of the Knights brethren, retired."

From that moment, John, Marquis of Bute, looked and moved with the aspect and bearing of a man, radiant with new honours. He was a Knight of the Thistle; and the jewel sparkling at his bosom, feebly typified the bright, admiring looks of the world—the gaze of mingled love and admiration bent upon him. But on this earth—in this abiding-place of equity—men do not get even thistles for nothing. It may, indeed, happen, that desert may pant and moan without honour; but in the court of kings, where justice weighs with nicest balance, honour never with its smiles mocks imbecility, or gilds with outward lustre a concealed rottenness. Honour never gives alms, but awards justice. Mendicancy, though with liveried lackies clustering at its carriage,—and there is such pauperism,—may whine and pray its hardest, yet move not the inflexible herald. He awards those jewels to virtue, which virtue has sweated, bled for. And it is with this belief, yea, in the very bigotry of the creed, we ask—what has John, Marquis of Bute, fulfilled to earn his thistle? What, the Right Hon. William, Earl of Mansfield? What dragon wrong has either overcome? What giant Untruth stormed in Sophist Castle? What necromantic wickedness baffled and confounded? Yet, these battles have been fought—these triumphs won; oh! who shall doubt them? Be sure of it, ye unbelieving demagogues—scoffing plebeians, not for nothing nobility browses upon thistles.

We pay all honour to these inventions, these learned devices of the Herald. They doubtless clothe, comfort, and adorn humanity, which, without them, would be cold, naked, shrunk, and squalid. They, moreover, gloriously attest the supremacy of the tame, the civilized man, over the wild animal. The Orders of the Herald are *tattoo* without the pain of puncture. The New Zealander carries his knighthood, lined and starred and flowered in his visage. The civilized knight hangs it more conveniently on a riband.

We are such devout believers in the efficacy of Orders, that we devote this small essay to an attempt to make them, under some phase or other, universal. We will not linger in a consideration of the Orders already dead; lovely was their life, and as fragrant is their memory. There was one Order, Teutonic, if we mistake not, the Order of Fools. There was a quaint sincerity in the very title of this brotherhood. Its philosophy was outspeaking; and more than all, the constitution of such a chapter admitted knights against whose worthiness, whose peculiar right to wear the badge, no envious demagogue could say his bitter saying. Surely, in our reverence for the wisdom of antiquity, this Order might be resuscitated. The Fool might have his bauble newly varnished—his cap newly hung with tinkling bells. Some of us chirp and cackle of the wisdom of the by-gone day; but that is only wisdom which jumps with our own cunning; which fortifies us in the warm and quiet nook of some hallowed prejudice. From the mere abstract love of justice, we should be right glad to have the Order of Fools revived in the fullest splendour of Folly. Such an Order would so beneficently provide for many unrewarded public idlers—aye, and public workers

There was a time, when the world in its first childhood needed playthings. Then was the Herald the world's toy-maker, and made for it pretty little nick-nacks—golden fleeces—stars, ribands and garters; tempting the world to follow the kickshaws, as nurse with sugared bread-and-butter tempts the yeanling to try its tottering feet. The world has grown old—old and wise: yet is not the Herald bankrupt, but like a pedlar at a fair, draws the hearts of simple men after the shining, silken glories in his box. Meanwhile, philosophy in Hodden grey, laughs at the crowd, who bellow back the laugh, and sometimes pelt the reverend fool for his irreligious humour; for he who believes not in Stars and Garters is unbeliever; to the world's best and brightest faith, atheist and scoffer.

Is it not strange that a man should think the better of himself for a few stones glittering in his bosom? That a costly band about the leg should make the blood dance more swiftly through the arteries? That a man seeing his breast set with

jewellers' stars, should think them glorious as the stars of heaven,—himself, little less than an earthly god, so deified? If these things be really types and emblems of true greatness, what rascal poverty besets the man without them! How is he damned in his baseness! What mere offal of humanity, the biped without an Order! And, therefore, let stars be multiplied; and let nobility—like bees—suck honey from Thistles!

We are, however, confirmed in our late failing faith. We are bigoted to Orders. Men, like watches, must work the better upon jewels. Man is, at the best, a puppet; but is only put into dignified motions when pulled by Blue or Red Ribands. Now, as few, indeed, of us can get stars, garters, or ribands, let us have Orders of our own. Let us, with invincible self-complacency, ennoble ourselves.

In the hopeless ignorance and vulgarity of our first prejudice, we might possibly want due veneration for the Golden Fleece; an ancient and most noble Order, worn by few! Yet with all our worst carelessness towards the insignia, we never felt for it the same pitying contempt we feel towards an Order worn by many—not at their button-holes, not outside their breasts, but in the very core of their hearts,—the Order of the Golden Calf.

Oh! bowelless Plutus, what a host of Knights! What a lean-faced, low-browed, thick-jowled, swag-bellied brotherhood! Deformity, in all its fantastic variety, meets in the Chapter! They wear no armour of steel or brass, but are cased in the magic mail of impenetrable Bank-paper. They have no sword, no spear, no iron mace with spikes; but they ride merrily into the fight of life, swinging about gold-gutted purses, and levelling with the dust rebellious poverty. These are the Knights of the Golden Calf. It is a glorious community. What a look of easy triumph they have! With what serene self-satisfaction they measure the wide distance between mere paupers—the Knights of the Order of Nothing—and themselves! How they walk the earth as if they alone possessed the patent of walking upright! How they dilate in the light of their own gold, like adders in the sun!

A most fatal honour is this Order of the Golden Calf. It is worn unseen, as we have said, in the hearts of men; but its effects are visible: the disease speaks out in every atom of flesh—poor human worm's-meat!—and throbs in every muscle. It poisons the soul; gives the eye a squint; takes from the face of fellow-man its God-gifted dignity, and makes him a thing to prey upon: to work, to use up; to reduce to so much hard cash; then to be put up, with a wary look of triumph, into the pocket. This Order damns with a leprosy of soul its worshipper. It blinds and deafens him to the glories and the harmonies ministrant to poorer men. His eye is jaundiced, and in the very stars of God he sees nought but twinkling guineas.

At this moment great is the Order throughout the land! Tyrannous its laws, reckless its doings. It is strong, and why should it be just? To be of this Order is now the one great striving of life. They alone are men who wear the jewel—wretches they without it. Man was originally made from the dust of the earth: he is now formed of a richer substance: the true man is made of gold. Yes, the regenerate Adam is struck only at the Mint.

The Knights of the Order of the Golden Calf have no formal ceremony of election; yet has brother Knight almost instinctive knowledge of brother. In the solitude of his own thoughts is he made one of the community; in utter privacy he kisses the pulseless hand of Plutus, and swears to his supremacy. The oath divorces him from pauper-life—from its cares, its wants, its sympathies. He is privileged from the uneasiness of thought, the wear and tear of anxiety for fellow-man; he is compact, and self-concentrated in his selfishness. Nought ruffles him that touches not that inmost jewel of his soul, his knighthood's Order.

In the olden day, the Knights of the Fleece, the Garter, and other glories, won their rank upon the battle-field,—blood and strife being to them the handmaids of honour. The chivalry of the Golden Calf is mild and gentle. It splits no brain-pan, spills no blood; yet is it ever fighting. We are at the Exchange. Look at that easy, peaceful man. What a serenity is upon his cheek! What a mild lustre in his eye! How plainly is he habited! He wears the livery of simplicity and the look of peace. Yet has he in his heart the Order of the Golden Calf. He is one of Mammon's boldest heroes. A very soldier of fortune. He is now fighting—fighting valorously. He has come armed with a bran-new lie—a falsehood of surpassing temper, which with wondrous quietude he lays about him, making huge gashes in the money-bags of those he fights with. A good foreign lie, well finished and well mounted, is to this Knight of the Golden Calf as the sword of Faery to Orlando. With it he sometimes cuts down giant fortunes; and after, "grinds their bones to make his bread."

And there are small esquires and pages of the Order; men who, with heartfelt veneration, lick their lips at the Golden Calf, and with more than bridegroom yearning pant for possession. These small folk swarm like summer-gnats; and still they drone the praises of the Calf; and looking at no other thing, have their eyes bleared and dazzled to all beside.

The Knights of the Golden Calf shed no blood; that is, the wounds they deal bleed inwardly, and give no evidence of homicide. They are, too, great consumers of the marrow of men; and yet they break no bones, but by a trick known to their Order extract without fracture Mammon's nutriment. They are great alchemists, too; and turn the sweat of unrequited poverty, aye, the tears of childhood, into drops of gold.

Much wrong, much violence, much wayward cruelty—if the true history of knighthood were in-

dicted—lies upon the Fleece, the Garter, yes, upon the Templars' Lamb;—yet all is but as May-day pastime to the voracity, the ignorance, the wilful selfishness, the bestial lowings, of the Golden Calf. And of this Order, the oldest of the brotherhood are the most gluttonous. There is one whose every fibre is blasted with age. To the imagination his face is as a coffin-plate. Yet is he all belly. As cruel as a cat, though toothless as a bird!

Oh, ye knights, great and small—whether expanding on the mart, or lying *perdu* in back-parlours,—fling from your hearts the Order there, and feel for once the warmth of kindly blood! The brotherhood chuckle at the adjuration. Well, let us fight the Order with an Order.

The Order of Poverty against the Order of the Golden Calf!

Will it not be a merry time, when men, with a blithe face and open look, shall confess that they are poor? When they shall be to the world what they are to themselves? When the lie, the shuffle, the bland, yet anxious, hypocrisy of seeming, and seeming only, shall be a creed forsworn? When Poverty asserts itself, and never blushes and stammers at its true name, the Knights of the Calf must give ground. Much of their strength, their poor renown, their miserable glory, lies in the hypocrisy of those who would imitate them. They believe themselves great, because the poor, in the very ignorance of the dignity of poverty, would ape their magnificence.

The Order of Poverty! How many sub-orders might it embrace! As the spirit of Gothic chivalry has its fraternities, so might the Order of Poverty have its distinct devices.

The Order of the Thistle! That is an order for nobility—a glory to glorify marquisate or earldom. Can we not, under the rule of Poverty, find as happy a badge?

Look at this peasant. His face bronzed with mid-day toil. From sunrise to sunset, with cheerful looks and uncomplaining words, he turns the primal curse to dignity, and manfully earns his bread in the sweat of his brow. Look at the fields around! Golden with blessed corn. Look at this bloodless soldier of the plough—this hero of the sickle. His triumphs are there, piled up in bread-bestowing sheaves. Is he not Sir Knight of the Wheat-Ear? Surely as truly dubbed in the heraldry of justice, as any Knight of the Thistle.

And here is a white-haired shepherd. As a boy, a child, playful as the lambs he tended, he laboured. He has dreamed away his life upon a hill-side—on downs—on solitary heaths. The humble, simple, patient watcher for fellow-men. Solitude has been his companion: he has grown old, wrinkled, bent in the eye of the burning sun. His highest wisdom is a guess at the coming weather: he may have heard of diamonds, but he knows the evening star. He has never sat at a congress of kings: he has never helped to commit a felony upon a whole nation. Yet is he, to our mind, a most reverend Knight of the Fleece. If the Herald object to this, let us call him Knight of the Lamb! In its gentleness and patience, a fitting type of the poor old shepherd.

And here is a pauper, missioned from the workhouse to break stones at the road-side. How he strikes and strikes at that unyielding bit of flint! Is it not the stony heart of the world's injustice knocked at by poverty? What haggardness is in his face! What a blight hangs about him! There are more years in his looks than in his bones. Time has marked him with an iron pen. He wailed as a babe for bread his father was not allowed to earn. He can recollect every dinner—they were so few—of his childhood. He grew up, and want was with him, even as his shadow. He has shivered with cold—fainted with hunger. His every day of life has been set about by goading wretchedness. Around him, too, were the stores of plenty. Food, raiment, and money mocked the man made half-mad with destitution. Yet, with a valorous heart, a proud conquest of the shuddering spirit, he walked with honesty and starved. His long journey of life has been through thorny places, and now he sits upon a pile of stones on the way-side, breaking them for workhouse bread. Could loftiest chivalry show greater heroism—nobler self-control, than this old man, this weary breaker of flints? Shall he not be of the Order of Poverty? Is not penury to him even as a robe of honour? His grey workhouse coat braver than purple and miniver? He shall be Knight of the Granite if you will. A workhouse gem, indeed—a wretched, highway jewel—yet, to the eye of truth, finer than many a ducal diamond.

This man is a weaver; this a potter. Here, too, is a razor-grinder; here an iron-worker. Labour is their lot; labour they yearn for, though to some of them labour comes with miserable disease and early death. Have we not here Knights of the Shuttle, Knights of Clay, and Knights of Vulcan, who prepare the carcase of the giant engine for its vital flood of steam? Are not these among the noblest of the sons of poverty? Shall they not take high rank in its order?

We are at the mouth of a mine. There, many, many fathoms below us, works the naked, grimed, and sweating wretch, oppressed, brutalized, that he may dig us coal for our winter's hearth; where we may gather round, and with filled bellies, well-clothed backs, and hearts all lapped in self-complacency, talk of the talked-of evils of the world, as though they were the fables of ill-natured men, and not the verities of bleeding life. That these men, doing the foulest offices of the world should still be of the world's poorest, gives dignity to want—the glory of long-suffering to poverty.

And so, indeed, in the mind of wisdom, is poverty ennobled. And for the Knights of the Golden Calf, how are they outnumbered! Let us, then, revive the Order of Poverty. Ponder, Reader, on its antiquity. For was not Christ himself Chancellor of the Order, and the Apostles Knights Companions?

THE DOOMED SON; OR, FAMILY HONOUR.

A FACT.

BY LUKE RODEN, M.D.

All travel has its advantages," says Johnson; "if it lead a man to a better country, he learns to improve his own—if to a worse, to enjoy it." Travel has, however, another effect not less valuable;—it makes a man charitable, in the extended sense of the word,—tolerant and forbearing to the irregular manifestations of human impulse,—and reconciles him to the fact, that it takes all sorts of people to make a world. Were the high standard of delicacy and of humanity which prevails at the present day, applied to the deeds and habits of even the last century, "who should 'scape whipping?" The change which is progressively and insensibly made in one country by time, is arrested in another by locality or government; and it would be as unfair to judge the inhabitants of remote and isolated districts, by the rules of the highly-civilized and rapidly-changing society of a great capital, as to regulate the present inhabitants of London by the laws and usages of the time of James the First. As we ramble over the different countries of the Continent, we seem to pass through all the phases of society which have succeeded each other during half a dozen centuries—Germany is England in the time of George the Second—Italy, Queen Anne and George the First—Holland is still William the Third—unchanged and unchangeable Hungary, Queen Elizabeth—Portugal and Spain, the time of the wars of the Roses; but there are districts of Switzerland and Savoy, which retain all the coarse and racy freshness of the days of Richard Cœur-de-Lion. Reader, have you ever been at a fair in the town of Cluse or Ecluse (I forget the name), at the entrance of the narrow gorge of that beautiful ravine, which leads to the valley of Chamouni? If you have, then you know the state of society in the days of Henry the Third, in England. Food

and finery are the wants, and the only wants, of that simple and ignorant race. I looked over the numerous bookstalls with great attention,—there were lives of saints—histories of miraculous cures —prophecies for the future—books of prayer—guides to salvation—almanacks to foretell the weather, and the punyam kaloon (the lucky time) for cutting corns—for bleeding calves—for taking physic—but beyond this solid learning there was absolutely nothing! There were halfpenny portraits of saints and angels, of God and his mother, and of a few of the leading archangels, which, to make them more impressive, were coloured with the gaudiest tints, and stuck over with spangles and powdered glass. This was absolutely the whole compass of literature and fine arts in the town of Cluse; the rest of the fair was occupied with the most flaring patterns of printed cottons, such as the negroes of the present day would be ashamed of—and the very coarsest articles of male habiliments with which man has ever covered his nakedness—heavy and ill-made silver chains—gold earrings as large as the palm of the hand—red, green, blue and yellow beads in unlimited variety—shining ornaments of coloured glass for the hair; but articles of convenience or utility, of mechanical skill and ingenuity, seemed to be utterly unknown—so much for the outward man. The inward being was not neglected—there were cheese, butter, flour, bacon and onions at one stall—butter, flour, cheese, onions and bacon at the next—bacon, cheese, onions, flour and butter at the third—and so on throughout the fair.

The effect of all this splendour, on the rustics who came to the local metropolis from the nesting-places among the Alps, from the little bits of cultivable level ground in the crevices of the mountains, and from the swampy margins of the little lakes or tarns in the hollows, was extraordinary; the wonder and admiration of these simple and ignorant beings at the astounding magnificence and gorgeous profusion before their eyes, was certainly as vehement as could be felt by a newly-caught Patlander walking, for the first time, down Regent Street, in all the glories of the month of June.

And thus it is throughout the world—every thing is comparative.—"What can we reason from but what we know."

> "Bred in a stable, in a paddock born,
> What vast ideas he must have of corn!"

It is absolutely the same sensation that is excited by the coloured print with spangles, and by the India shawl or golden epergne. The mind is filled with its sensation—the mode in which the sensation is excited is a matter of little importance, and in no way influences the result.

In the affairs of life also, not only will equal merit be attributed to actions diametrically opposed in principle and motive, but the same action that in one age or country is regarded with admiration and respect, shall at another period of time, or in another state of society, inspire only horror and disgust. Were a monarch in the present day to put to death his sons on a charge of treason, or a patriot to assassinate his sovereign, he would stand little chance of being classed with the celebrated Romans whom we are taught to admire at school.

The story I am about to relate is perhaps one of the most striking examples of the truism just enounced—and the action, so far from obtaining sympathy for its motives, will hardly obtain belief from its cool atrocity. It is, however, certainly true, and if the reader feel sufficiently interested in the narrative to give himself the trouble of the search, the archives of the Canton de Vaud, in Switzerland, the public records of their Criminal Courts, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty seven or eight, will furnish him with the details authenticated beyond the possibility of doubt.

In that district of the Swiss Highlands (the Oberland) in the vicinity of Avenche (the ancient Aventicum, where still stands the "standard in Cornhill," of the Romans, from whence all the roads were measured)—there are many of the peasantry—the farmers—men who wear a smock-frock, and hold the plough with their own hands, cultivating one or two hundred acres of their own land—whose families have an antiquity of recorded and authentic history which puts to shame the "*novus homo*" descent of the French, English, or even German nobility. I have been informed by Swiss gentlemen of station and respectability, that many of these people have cultivated the same estate from an early period of the Roman empire, and that some of them have even title deeds engraved on copper, of the time of the Consuls.

A man cannot possess an authentic history of his family and possessions for many centuries, without being proud of it, whether his principles be Tory, Whig, Republican, or Radical. Indeed, the degree of hereditary pride generally increases in a geometrical ratio from the first to the last of that series. That man being most intensely aristocratic in his inward sentiments, who most affects to despise the distinction. The peasantry I speak of, are, however, remarkably gentle and submissive to their local superiors in station, except when any of their rights seem to be called in question. They seem to give it to be understood quietly, that they have yielded obedience to the laws and governments, which have succeeded each other for the last two thousand years; not merely because too weak to resist, but from a love of peace and tranquillity; always however with a sort of tacit protest (*protestation sourde*) against them all, (like partisans of the extinct House of Stuart in England;) and although they have lost all hope or expectation of ever resuming power, they still, from time to time, renew the claim of self-government, that the right may not be lost by desuetude.

The patriarchal authority thus claimed, and the family pride growing out of it, must be borne in mind by the reader, as going far to explain the strange and unnatural story here told, which, from the violation of some of the strongest and most universal instincts of human nature, could not otherwise be credible.

One of the farmers or peasantry here described is the subject of my story. He possessed some hundred acres of fertile land—a degree of wealth which gave him considerable authority. He was a man of much influence in his district, and enjoyed the same kind of power over his neighbours, that was formerly exercised by a chieftain (not a chief) in the Highlands of Scotland. The chieftain, the reader is perhaps aware, possessed only a delegated authority from the chief, the acknowledged head of the clan, and presumed to be lineally descended from the original father of the race. Wealth, however, will everywhere and always confer power; and the subject of my present story was in that country almost the equal of the county member belonging to an old family in England, though, like all the rest, he himself held the plough and wielded the axe.

The family consisted of two sons, one about five and twenty, and the other approaching eighteen, and two daughters of intermediate ages; the younger son, a fair and well formed lad, with clusters of the richest auburn hair, was one of those wild and unmanageable young colts who are at once the bane and the favourite of a district—his open, joyous, and handsome countenance, his reckless courage, his untirable hilarity and fun, made his neighbours tolerate a set of mischievous and wicked pranks, which would have brought down condign punishment on one of greater age, or less winning exterior. He went on from one thing to another till he had arrived at last on the debateable land between mischief and crime—and opinions were divided as to whether he had or had not passed the narrow boundary which separates them.

In this state of the matter, he, one day, galloped off with a neighbour's horse, and was not heard of for a week, when news arrived that he had sold the animal at a fair. From the evidence on the trial, I am inclined to think that he had originally intended only a long gallop to get rid of his overpowering excess of muscular energy; or perhaps, in addition to this, he wished to worry and annoy the owner; that he afterwards found he had gone too far to recede with safety, and having made acquaintance with a girl of loose character, had considered himself too deeply compromised to draw back, and sold the horse to furnish the means of debauchery.

However wild the district to which he had retreated, and favourable to concealment for a short time, there was no hope of safety when once the tale became generally known, unless he could have lived in the caverns and fed on roots and berries—a thing only practicable to the heroes and heroines of romance. The prospect of such a life soon extinguished the attachment of his Paramour, who contrived to make her escape from him when he was asleep, and took with her the only consolation which her unhappy case admitted—namely, the whole of the money still remaining from the sale of the stolen horse.

The miserable and deluded young man was now fully sensible of his crime, from the same reason that brings conviction to the majority of criminals—the proximity of punishment. His sole means of obtaining relief and escaping the legal consequences of his crime consisted in reaching his home. This was attended with the greatest difficulty; and scarcely any alternative could be more terrible, for he knew the severe sentiments of his father, whose affections had been alienated by his previous conduct. A mother, however, remains placable to the last, and is always, by her very nature, most indulgent and most attached to that son who gives her most anxiety, and who, probably, repays her affection with utter indifference. I presume that this is a modification of that animal instinct implanted for the preservation of the young and the helpless—the instinct that devotes her to the Sickly, the Cripple, and the Idiot, because they most need assistance. How often do we see, even among the educated and the higher classes, that a mother will leave her well-conducted sons to fight through their own difficulties unaided, while she bestows everything she can spare, and more than she can spare, on a worthless child, who pursues his own pleasures with reckless profligacy, utterly indifferent to the misery he is creating.

On his mother he relied for aid; but how to reach her was the difficulty;—he dared not solicit food, for every one of the scanty population was aware of his crime; and although not acquainted with *his* person, they were thoroughly familiar with the countenance of every man in their district; consequently the mere fact of not being known was sufficient to excite suspicion, and the description of his person circulated by the Police was quite enough to turn suspicion into proof. Fortunately for him, it was now the latter end of the short summer—the Peasantry of the lowlands were engaged with their harvest; but the cattle which are driven up to the pastures of the Alps till the approach of winter, had not yet descended to the plains, and he contrived now and then to obtain milk from the cows during the dark nights—running inconceivable risks from his ignorance of the localities, and from the furious dogs which are kept to guard the cattle. Sometimes he narrowly escaped a stray shot from a civilian sportsman, who, in his travestie of chamois hunting, would fire at random into the thicket where he had seen the bushes stir; and he often owed his safety to his extraordinary agility and prowess.

Like the hunted hare, he at last approached

his "Form"—his *home*, but Home to him no longer;—worn out with fatigue, wasted by hunger, he must have perished, had he not contrived to kill a lamb and drag it into the recess of a cavern, where, concealing his fire as well as he could, he contrived to roast a portion and satisfy his cravings, and he laid himself down to sleep—an indulgence which terror had long kept from his eyelids. He slept several hours, and woke fortified and vigorous. The sun was high in the heavens. He went out from his cavern, scrambled up the rocks to the edge of a projecting cliff, which commanded a full view over the lovely landscape, and felt for the first time in his life the full pang of expatriation. In this beautiful land he might have lived in the enjoyment of every physical indulgence that man can need, respected and happy: he thought of the home he had disgraced, the hearts he had agonized, and he even felt a rising affection for Julie, the daughter of their neighbour, who had so often, so meekly, and so vainly endeavoured to obtain a place in his heart. He had now, too, added another to his social crimes in stealing the lamb, and he knew that his dire necessities would be no plea in bar of punishment. He glanced once more at the landscape, and tried to consider which way he should take to reach his home. To the left was a deep ravine, or cleft in the mountain, produced by some great convulsion of nature, and across that ravine lay a wooded country which he thoroughly knew, and which he could traverse with safety; but the leap was too dangerous—he would not venture on almost certain destruction: there extended also in that direction an arm of the lake, but this he could have crossed by swimming,—an exercise in which he was peculiarly expert. To the right, again, lay a fertile and almost level country; but he could see it occupied by numerous reapers and vine-dressers: he knew that in these serene nights they generally laid themselves down to rest in the fields, and he would be in danger of detection at every step: the distance was too great to be traversed in the few hours of darkness at this season of the year; and the moon, which would anticipate the dawn, would shorten it still more, and add to the danger. Once down in the plain, there was no place of concealment during the daylight, and escape was all but impossible. His heart sunk within him—he burst into a flood of tears, and went down on his knees in the true spirit of penitence.

He rose from his knees calmed and consoled, and he sat down to consider calmly what was to be done. The sun shone full upon him—his ideas began gradually to fade into confusion, and he once more fell asleep. How long he knew not; but he was awakened by the baying of dogs, and the sound of voices near the place where he had roasted the lamb—it had been traced by the blood. He started to his feet—there was not a moment to lose: there was danger, great danger, in the attempt to leap the ravine; but the alternative was shame, and misery, and confinement for life in a dungeon. He was invigorated by his food, refreshed by his sleep; he waited but to take a few deep inspirations to quiet the throbbing of his heart, summoned up all his courage and strength, and by one bold and desperate effort cleared the chasm at a bound—he was safe!

He lay for some time panting with the violence of his exertion; he knew that pursuit was impossible, unless they should climb still higher to a distant pass up the mountain, where there was a kind of natural bridge, but this would be an affair of hours—and he lay still, in the confidence of security: with an ear sharpened by the danger of his position, he listened to the sounds which floated up to him from below; he was relieved to find that the party were convinced of the impossibility of passing the ravine; their voices gradually died away as they resumed their course towards the plain, and he had some hopes that he was in this instance not the object of suspicion.

As his terror subsided, however, he found that he had seriously injured his leg in the violent effort he had made, and that he was now unable to walk. He stripped off his stocking, mashed up into a sort of poultice some of the succulent herbs which grew near, and lay quietly down till the darkness should favour his further proceedings.

When night came, his leg, though much relieved, was still too painful to allow him to walk to the narrow part of the arm of the lake where he had intended to cross—there was, besides, no shelter on the opposite side to favour his concealment, and there would be yet many miles ere he could reach his home; he therefore determined to crawl down to that part of the water nearest to him, and make the bold attempt to cross it by swimming: he knew how to float, and trusted to his powers of endurance. To aid this he took off a large piece of the bark of a wasted Pine, and putting it round his body like stays, hoped that with the aid of the buoyancy thus given, he should be able to rest from time to time in the water, without much effort, and thus cross in safety. Waiting till the time would just allow him to reach the edge of the water before daybreak, he tried to abate the pains of hunger by eating the seeds of the fir cones which had fallen from the trees. He reached the lake while it was yet dark, and lay down awhile to rest himself before he should commence his arduous task of crossing the water.

The sun was beginning to show his rays in the Eastern sky, but the mountain he had just descended threw so deep a shadow nearly across the lake, that he would be perfectly safe from the eye of any one, till in the course of his voyage he should pass beyond it into the open sunshine. Against this danger he had invented a protection. He first divested himself of all superfluous por-

tions of his clothing, and putting into them all the heavy articles contained in his pockets, he tied all up together with some large stones, and threw them into the lake, where he had the satisfaction to see them speedily sink, and leave no trace for his pursuers. He next went into the lake to try the effect of his Cuirass of Bark, and was delighted to find that it answered its purpose admirably, and that he could sustain himself with his head above water without effort. He next wove a loose covering for his head of the small branches of the Alder; and trusted that in the latter part of his voyage, when he would be compelled to pass beyond the shadow of the mountain (now visibly shortening at every moment), he should, by dropping his legs, present only the appearance of a green bough which had casually fallen into the lake, and thus pass unobserved.

All answered as he had expected, and he reached the other side of the lake in safety, and had the great satisfaction to find that his long immersion in the water (now thoroughly warmed by a July sun) had so much benefited his leg that he had no longer any difficulty in walking. The edge of the lake where he had landed was covered with bushes, and as he was now perfectly safe from pursuit he lay down in the shade and slept throughout the day—relieving by this means the pangs of hunger.

When evening approached he commenced the last and most perilous portion of his journey. He was now in a country where his face was known to every one, and the distance was almost too great to be passed in the few hours of darkness. With much labour, however, he succeeded in reaching his home before daylight—clambered into a hayloft where his brother was certain to come for fodder for the cattle—covered himself over with the hay, and waited for his arrival.

Soon after daybreak he heard his brother's step, and his agitation was almost beyond endurance. He now for the first time began to consider how he should be received—a thing which had not yet entered into his mind. That he would be given up to justice was out of the question; but would he be allowed the shelter of home? He at last summoned courage to leave his hiding-place, and found his worst fears confirmed;—his brother, so far from receiving him with affection, started from him with an expression of horror, and would not even allow him to come near. "You are the first of your race that has ever committed a crime like this, and you have brought shame on a family that has been without reproach since the birth of our Saviour." The boy could make no answer but tears; but faint with hunger he exclaimed, "For God's sake give me food—I have not eaten for forty hours!" The brother's heart was moved—he abstained from reproaches—fetched him food and wine—waited while he ate it—and then rising and assuming a countenance of severity to conceal his emotion, said, "Come with me into the barn, and I will pile the straw round you, and you will be safe for a time, till we can devise what is to be done. If you present yourself to your father in his present state of mind, he will kill you. Leave me to make your peace, if, indeed, that be possible, for your mother also is deeply incensed, and it will require time to overcome her repugnance to intercede for you. It must be attempted gradually, or it will assuredly fail of success."

In this hiding-place the youth remained during the day, and it was not till past midnight that his brother ventured near him. He came without a light, and speaking in a low tone said, "The officers of justice have been here to-day, and have only just left the house, on hearing of the affair of a lamb, which has been found in the Cave—it is not doubted that you are the culprit, and they are gone in that direction to seek for you. I have not yet ventured to communicate the secret to your father or mother. Only your sister Julia yet knows it, and she is ill in bed. You must stay here for the present. In the morning I will break the affair to the family."

With this promise he was compelled to be satisfied; the brother left him food and departed. All that night and the next day he remained alone, but in the evening the brother came as before with food. His countenance was sombre, his voice severe, and his words were few and cold. "May I not see my mother?" said the youth. "No," was the stern reply. "Nor my sisters?"—"No; your father has forbidden it."—"Then what am I to do?"—"You will know by and by; I shall be with you again before midnight:" and he suddenly left the barn without a single word of kindness. "God help me!" said the boy. "What will become of me?" and he put aside the food untasted.

Not till nearly two in the morning did the brother return; he brought with him a dark lanthorn and materials for writing. "It is all arranged," said he; "your father will not see you himself, but he consents to allow your mother and sisters to see you, if you are willing immediately to leave the country—pass over to Morat, where there is a recruiting station for the King of Sardinia, and enter his service under a fictitious name. If you agree to this proposition, write down your consent forthwith, and you shall be admitted into the house." The young Carl gave the required written promise; but the voice of his brother was so unnaturally harsh and severe, that his heart sunk within him. "If the sentiments of my mother and sisters are like your own, Adolphe, I scarcely wish to see them."—"Do not deceive yourself, they bear you no affection," replied the brother; "and in consenting to see you they are solely influenced by a wish to preserve the honour of the family." Two more hours elapsed, when the brother returned

and conducted him into the house;—no one was there to receive him—and he was proceeding to his own bed, when his brother stopped him. "Not that way," said he; "your bed is in the strong room." This was a room of which the walls were of thickness to defy the effects of an ordinary fire, and was used to preserve the records and documents of the family, together with such pieces of valuable property as were not in constant use. "Why am I put here?" said Carl. "For safety," replied the brother. "Should the officers of justice come in search of you, there is a trap door, known only to your father and mother, through which you can escape."

In this room remained the young Carl till the following evening, when he was desired to descend to the parlour. His youngest sister, who was ill, had risen from her bed to see him, to embrace him, to cover his face with kisses, and entreat him to reform his conduct. "I cannot stay, Carl," said she, "my mother tells me I must go to bed again, but you shall hear from me." She put into his hand a little purse of money, burst into tears, and as she left the room, said, "There is much to do to night, Carl, and I am not allowed to share in it. I hope all is for the best. Pray to God—Pray to God."

The mother gave way to no tenderness at the sight of her prodigal son; but hastened to load his pockets with valuables which she told him he might require on the journey, and which would serve to make him friends where he was going. It was in vain that he urged on her that these things were unnecessary, and above all, the heavy bag of dollars, as he supposed it to be, which she fastened into the pocket of his jacket. "I shall have more than I want, mother, in the bounty money, and I thought to have sent back even a part of that, for the use of poor Julie's crippled mother. I shall not need this money; pray send it to them if you can spare it." The mother made no reply, and scarcely seemed to hear him. She persisted, however, in her task, and he, fearing to offend her still further, desisted from his efforts. "That is enough, mother," said the daughter, who was assisting her in the task of filling his pockets. "Time presses," added she, "and the car is ready." In vain did Carl endeavour, by those winning caresses with which he had formerly softened his mother's heart to his transgressions, once more to soothe her gloomy reserve—she seemed to have wrought her mind up to a pitch of unnatural firmness, and remained silent and absorbed. Carl knew that the load with which his pockets were filled, would seriously impede his march; but he saw that to make further opposition, or leave any of them behind, would still add to his mother's anger. He therefore allowed her to continue her task, determining to disembarrass himself of the unnecessary weight as soon as he should be alone.

The brother, who noticed his chagrin, said, "It is of very little consequence, Carl; submit to your mother's will—you will have but a little way to go," said he; "when once out of the boat, it is but a few miles to Morat." Carl now learnt that two boatmen were engaged to ferry him across the lake of Morat, and that his brother would accompany him on the voyage. That it could not be delayed a single night, and that this night had been chosen because of the darkness, or he might have been allowed another day under the paternal roof.

At last the time arrived for the separation. The mother and sister remained as stoically cold as ever; and when, at the last moment, the poor youth exclaimed, "Well, mother, I have given you much uneasiness, but this is the last moment you shall ever have occasion to be ashamed of me—I will make myself a character, if God spare my life,"—the face of the mother became convulsed with the force of suppressed emotion—twice she returned to embrace him, but twice stopped short and gave a cold adieu. The brother hurried him away. They found a conveyance ready to take them to the waterside, where they embarked on board a small boat, and pursued their way across the lake. All the efforts of the youth to engage his brother in conversation were fruitless; he preserved a gloomy silence. There was an oppressive heat in the air which forebode a storm, an occasional flash of lightning, and large drops of rain, at intervals. They had remained some time without exchanging a word, when young Carl suddenly started up and said, "I can bear this no longer, Adolphe, I am suffocated—they have so loaded my pockets that I am weighed down—it was kind of my mother and sister thus to think of my wants when I should be far away from them; but I would rather have had a few tender words from them at parting (parting perhaps for ever) than all the presents they have pressed upon me——Strange that I should be so cast off—that I was not allowed to explain anything. I am guilty, I know, but not so guilty as you suppose. I did not intend to steal the horse. I believe my wine was drugged by the woman I had the misfortune to meet at the auberge, for I slept till the middle of the next day—it was too late to return; the following day I was infatuated—mad—I could not resolve to separate from her—she persuaded me to sell the horse—it was the only means of enabling me to stay with her. I consented, but you know not the agony of remorse which took possession of me from that moment. Bitterly have I suffered. Surely *you* will forgive me, Adolphe, for you know the fascinations of a woman at my age, and you have yourself gone near to be guilty also. What, not one word, Adolphe? not one word? when we are parting, perhaps for ever. Well, well—so be it—when I am gone perhaps you may all feel that you have been too severe," and he relapsed into silence. "Good God,

Adolphe," said he, as a flash of lightning lighted up the face of his brother, and showed it livid and convulsed, "what is the matter with you? are you ill? your face is frightful."—"N—no," said Adolphe, "not ill, not ill—but—this parting—this parting—is—is—too much for me."—"Then you do feel for me, Adolphe," said Carl; "you will intercede with my mother, and let me know that she has forgiven me. God knows I love her tenderly, and would sacrifice my life for her; but her mind is poisoned, and it is in vain to plead with her at present; years must elapse before my stern father can be reconciled—perhaps never, for his whole soul is fixed on the honour of his family, which I have stained. I wish it were a time of war, Adolphe, then I might have a chance of distinguishing myself, and perhaps I might make a name on which he might dwell with pride—my own is lost to me for ever."—"For ever," echoed Adolphe, and his hollow tone sunk deep into the heart of his brother. Carl felt how much he had sacrificed, how vain the hope to re-establish himself, and he burst into tears.

"I cannot breathe, Adolphe," said he, rising in the boat, and endeavouring to take off his loaded garments; but his brother seized his arm. "Wait yet a moment," said he, pulling him down into his seat again; "I have something to say to you—something of the greatest importance; it is the last opportunity, and the moments are precious. Where are we?" added Adolphe, addressing the boatmen; "it is so dark I can distinguish nothing."—"Two thirds over," said one of the boatmen, "and near the deepest part of the lake." Carl had again risen, and was trying to take off his heavy jacket; but before he could accomplish this, Adolphe exclaimed, "Now," and pushed him with the end of his cane. Carl seized the cane firmly to save himself, but his brother let go, and at the same moment one of the men seized his legs, threw him off his balance, and in an instant he was in the water, sinking with rapidity.

"I thought your courage would have failed," said the ruffian who had aided in the murder. "Why did you let the fellow go on with his gabble? I was inclined to do it without you. If he had continued his talk, your heart would have turned to butter; he has a tongue to melt the Devil himself, had he once suspected our purpose. Holy Mary! there he is again!" exclaimed he, as the head rose above the surface of the water; "I knew he was a desperate swimmer—pull away, pull hard, out of his reach;" at the same moment striking at the poor victim with his oar: the distance was, however, too great to inflict a serious blow; it only knocked off his cap and cut a wound in the forehead, and he sank once more out of sight. "It is over," said the brother—"it is over," and he sank back fainting on the bench. Scarcely was he seated, however, when a loud scream reached his ear; the poor boy had once more raised himself to the surface, and he saw by the faint light of the moon the blood streaming down his face. With furious and desperate struggles he was trying to keep himself afloat, while he put forth the most passionate appeals for mercy. "Oh save me, save me, brother—let me live and repent—Oh God, soften his heart." Then with one hand trying to buffet the water, with the other he endeavoured to lighten the load in his pockets: they were firmly sewed up, and as the dreadful truth flashed upon him, he screamed, "Oh! my mother, my mother! my pockets, my pockets! Oh save me, save me, brother!" The brother's heart, steeled as it had been by the stern arguments of his father—hardened by family pride—and the dictates of nature perverted by a distorted sense of honour, was not proof against such an appeal. He was now as anxious to save him as he had been to secure his destruction. "Row to him," said he to the men, and seeing that they hesitated, he seized an oar and plied it vigorously. Carl was making his last desperate struggle. Adolphe held out his hand to save him, but the boatman, exclaiming, "We have gone too far to draw back," raised his oar aloft, and with one furious blow split the poor victim's skull, and he sank to rise no more.

To rise no more! Be not too sure of that, tigers; and, above all, you two miscreants who have undertaken this horrid deed for hire. For *you* there is no redemption! The others have been acting under the same horrid perversion of judgment which influences the members of the holy brotherhood of the Inquisition; but for *you* there is no palliation. Woe to you in this world and in the next! The deed was shrouded in darkness, but it was not permitted to remain so. The three criminals wended their way back; but the deed was scarcely complete when the storm which had so long threatened now burst forth in all its fury. Long did they struggle against the violence of the winds and waves, every moment in danger of being overwhelmed—their efforts weakened by their terrors at the idea of being sent to give account of their recent wickedness. All night did they buffet with the storm. As morning dawned it began to clear away, and they reached the shore in safety—but not before the surrounding country was astir, and hundreds were witness of their arrival. This ultimately led to their detection. Were not this dreadful deed recorded in the proceedings of a court of justice, posterity might be excused for doubting the possibility of an act so atrocious from motives apparently so inadequate. That a mother could so far overcome all the instincts of nature, as to sanction the assassination of her son to preserve the honour of the family—not merely to acquiesce in the stern decree of her husband—but with her own hands to manufacture the instruments of destruction, and this under the pretext of promoting the

comfort and happiness of the unsuspecting victim; this seems so repugnant to the feelings and experience of mankind, that any less testimony would not suffice to produce conviction. Yet there is a circumstance more extraordinary, if possible, than even this; and that is, that instead of inspiring horror among the people of the district, the deed had their entire approbation.

The laws of this little nation divide crimes into two classes; one of which is supposed to be entirely expiated by the punishment awarded, and when this punishment has been duly endured, the offender may not even be taunted with the act: against the man who should allude to it in his presence there is a heavy penalty of fine and imprisonment. The sinner has passed through his purgatory, and he stands completely regenerated, and as though he had never sinned. The other class of offences, however, implies infamy for life; and no subsequent good conduct can efface the stain, or render the man again eligible for any of the duties of a citizen. Horse-stealing is in this latter category, and therefore was it that the family of this unhappy youth had their one predominant idea of such intensity as to overcome all the feelings of Nature, and make even murder seem justifiable to preserve them from overwhelming disgrace.

The part of the lake selected for this deed of horror was one which seemed to offer the most perfect security from detection: the great depth of the water, the lead and iron which were secured to the person of the victim, and the texture and material of which his clothes were composed, seemed to afford an assurance that the body would remain at the bottom till long after decomposition should be complete, and all possibility of recognition impossible—the process would be aided by the fishes which abound there. There was only one point at which the lake was accessible, and this was several miles from the spot where the murder had taken place—memorable from having been the scene of the destruction of the army of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, (husband of Margaret of York, sister to our Edward IV.), which was entirely defeated by the Swiss at the battle of Morat, and driven into the lake. A tree planted a few days afterwards in the centre of the village to commemorate the event, is now one of the remarkable objects of the district. I saw it still growing luxuriantly after a lapse of four hundred years, of great magnitude, and likely to live half a dozen centuries more.

The hurricane which had gone so near to destroy the murderers, had produced so violent a disturbance on the lake as to throw the body on shore at this place;—it was soon recognized, and a rigid search instituted for the assassins. The loaded pockets so securely fastened, and the dreadful chasm in the skull, put out of the question the first suggestion of the possibility of suicide—the boatmen and the victim's brother, who had been seen landing the morning after the storm, were arrested and interrogated—the explanation they had given of the purport of their midnight voyage was found to be false—they confessed their guilt—the whole was discovered—and the officers of justice proceeded to arrest father, mother, and sisters;—all were committed to prison to take their trial for this most unnatural and inconceivable crime.

On the trial the father undertook his own defence, and in an eloquent and impassioned oration boldly claimed for himself the patriarchal right of life and death; repudiated every form of government which had existed in his country for two thousand years; and declared that the original rights of his race to govern themselves in their own way, though long in abeyance, had never been abandoned. That he knew he must submit to punishment, but that his conscience acquitted him of guilt; and were the same circumstances to come over again, he should act in the same manner;—that he had inflicted on his son such a punishment as the crime deserved; and that it had only been inflicted secretly because his race was for the present under coercion, subjected to a government which they could not resist, and which they therefore outwardly obeyed, but under a permanent protest; that had it been practicable he would have preferred that the deed should have been done openly, in the presence of his clan, but that this would have betrayed the crime, and consummated the disgrace of his family; and that he gloried in the self-command which enabled him to subject his feelings as a father to his duties as a patriarch—but his family being now irretrievably disgraced, he was therefore quite indifferent to his fate.

He was condemned to twenty years solitary confinement, which, at his age, was confinement for life.—His wife and family to periods varying from twelve to eight years, according to the degree in which they were supposed to have been under the influence of the father; and, I think, the boatmen were subjected to the same punishment as the chief.

The most extraordinary part of the story remains to be told; criminals in that country, as in many others, before they are finally incarcerated to undergo the penalty of the law in a long imprisonment, are exposed to public gaze on a raised platform (a kind of pillory), for the space of one hour, with a record of their crime placed conspicuously over their heads.

Such was the process in the present case; but when the culprits were placed on the scaffold, an universal shout of execration arose from the mob of several thousand persons who surrounded it. It appeared that these people were from the district where the culprits resided, and had walked all that distance to testify their disapprobation at the punishment inflicted for an act which they did not acknowledge to be a crime.

The excitement was so great, that notwithstanding the presence of a regiment of federal soldiers, it was feared a rescue would be attempted; and that, in the state of fury to which the populace had worked themselves up, such an attempt could not be suppressed without much bloodshed. Within ten minutes of the commencement of the exposure on the scaffold, the culprits were all taken down and conveyed to prison—not without some difficulty, however; for the bystanders made every effort to prevent it short of coming into absolute collision with the soldiers.

And this in the nineteenth century. Am I not right in saying, that the degree of civilization varies with the locality, and that you may go back through all its phases, if you direct your steps to the different parts of Europe?

THE SONG OF THE PAUPER.

Spring cometh to the world;
  Spring cometh not to me:
There is no Spring in the poor-house yard,
  For the prison'd Misery.
The fond Spring whispereth;
  The merry birds are singing;
  The chime o' the flowers is ringing:
But mine is prison breath.

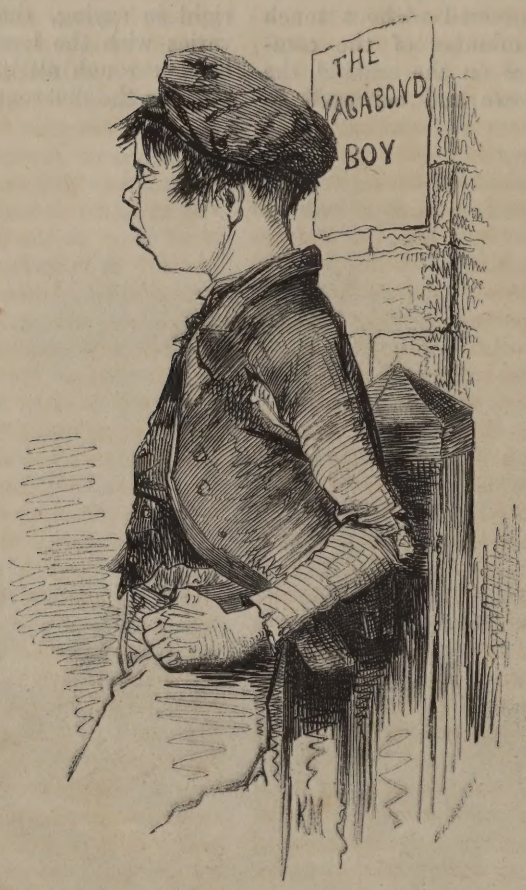
Spring shouteth jubilee;
  The pauper may not fare,
From the closeness of his winter ward
  Into the fragrant air.
Spring looseth the frozen earth;
  The forest their free arms are flinging
  Abroad: to me are clinging
Death and the rule of dearth.

Spring smileth: the free birds mate;
  The free flower blossometh:—
The house of the pauper is desolate;
  The grave-weed is his wreath.
There is no smile for me:
  No child to my life is clinging;
  Though the buds on the moors are springing,
I have no family.

Spring cometh to the world;
  Spring giveth life to all;
Oh! when shall the Spring of poor Humankind
  Proclaim its festival?
The fond Spring whispereth;
  The merry birds are singing;
  The chime o' the flowers is ringing:
But mine is prison breath.

THE BOYS OF LONDON.

BY MARK LEMON.



A few nights since we had passed some most joyous hours with the children of our dear friends, the Y—s. With a light heart we walked homeward, though the morning was chilly and a thick mist hung upon the air. The hum of voices and the whirl of wheels were hushed, and London seemed like a mighty hive, whose myriads awaited the coming day to pour forth and gather.

We thought of the little revellers whom we had left tired with laughter and merriment. The youngest boy had struggled manfully with sleep, that had perched upon his drooping eyelids like a bird upon a waving bough. The little rogue! we pictured him a-bed. We saw the blessedness of peace upon his rosy face—that face whose bloom was so rich and plenteous that we wondered not to find its tint upon the pillow. We fancied his merry dream nothing but prank and song (*music-talk*, as we heard a lisper call it). We listened to his morrow's history of the revel, and from his little lips kissed off the words he could not utter!

Such "sweet fancies" soon brought us to the door of our humble dwelling; and as we extended our hand to the knocker, a squalid child, who had been sleeping (unperceived by us) upon the stone step, suddenly sprang up and darted away like a startled deer. We called to him to return—but our voice seemed to lend wings to his shoeless feet.

His story came full upon us: we knew him to be the

Vagabond Boy of London,

the street outcast—the bedesman of poverty. It is well that easy comfort should sometimes look into the dens of cheerless squalor, and venture into the narrow alleys whose atmosphere is laden with fœtid exhalations; for some good may be gathered from the impurities—some sympathy awakened by the selfishness of want. Who so fitting a guide as the Vagabond Boy? he who drew his first breath in a noisome cellar, and whose swaddling clothes were rags—foul rags.

We write not thus that mincing daintiness should distort her flaccid features, and exclaim, "Poor wretch! rags and a cellar!" There is no real demand upon *her* sympathy—the Vagabond

Boy is the naked heir of vagabond parents, who celebrated his birth at the bar of a gin-shop; since he could lisp he has often asked for food, and been told to be silent. Habit made him obedient, and with hunger for his playmate, he has returned again to his toys, (an oyster-shell or a broken tile,) and been as happy as the pampered offspring of Abundance.

As soon as the Vagabond Boy can run, he becomes the denizen of the streets—hunting up and down the highways (like the wild dogs of the East) for chance morsels, and wondering why the plenty which he beholds on every side is withheld from him. He would take from any, but he fears the blow, for he has been taught the morality of the scourge. Still he exhibits no fretfulness, for he has never known indulgence; and alike reckless of the present and the future, he trusts to the boons of accident for the luxury of existence. His want soon teaches him cunning, and he becomes an actor of no mean pretensions. Now he is one of a group that haunts unfrequented streets, bellowing most discordant psalmody, and trafficking with holy names which he has heard daily joined to oaths uttered in the frenzy of drunkenness and contention. No Missionary of Gospel truth has sought out his benighted race, and taught the Vagabond the value that pious men place upon *his* soul—the anxiety that his fellows feel for *his* temporal advancement. He finds his gain in words that to him have no meaning, and in phrases that convey to him neither hope nor fear.

Why should Religion seat herself at ease as though her pilgrimage were done, and build herself lofty dwellings, when there are a thousand by-places, even in London, where her foot has never trod?

Anon the Vagabond assumes another character. He seeks some well frequented thoroughfare, and, crouching upon the pavement, mimics wretchedness almost to its tears. His youth assists the cheat; and though none who look upon his miserable face detect the cunning counterfeit, yet how few cast their mite into his ragged lap, or utter a word of pity for the houseless wretch!

The merchant, whose mind is busied with the intricate calculations that are to multiply his stores, cannot pause to succour a Vagabond. He subscribes his guineas, and has his name chronicled as a bounteous almsgiver, and thus reaps the harvest of his charity.

The busy magistrate, intent upon some scheme to wring the guilty, passes on, contented with the greatness of his purpose. He lives to make justice terrible, and smothers his sympathies under Acts of Parliament.

The wealthy idler, who has hardly known an unsatisfied desire, feels poverty to be dreadful only for its importunities, and marvels, that as he pays his poor-rates duly, how want can have the hardihood to approach him in the streets.

Yet the Vagabond is insensible to the contumely of the neglectful crowd; for his state is so abject that he can feel no degradation, but chuckles over the pence that his knavery has won from the few, with as much satisfaction as the more fortunate speculator who has added thousands to his gains.

The Parks are favourite resorts of the Vagabond. The greensward is the gymnasium where he practises the feats which he has seen performed in the front of the booths at the suburban fairs; and few who witness his various antics, reflect that the mime is minus a breakfast. He never begs in the Park: there he seems to feel himself an independent Vagabond; and loses no opportunity of insulting the timid child of the well-to-do, who walks forth an advertisement of the parents' credit with the milliner or tailor. An overdressed child is to us a painful exhibition: we fear that the tints of its gaudy vestments may stain the mind; and that its velvet, ribbons, and laces are so many fetters on its beauteous limbs, to stay its bounding impulses, and chain it down to the formal action of propriety.

The banks of the river and canals are also much frequented by the Vagabond. By the latter he may be seen angling for minnows, or paddling his shoeless feet in the running water, or basking in the sun, the very embodiment of indolence. By the river he is a different being: there he is the type of enterprise and discovery. The rags which cover his legs are rolled up tightly round his thighs, and a battered tin saucepan is slung at his side. Thus prepared, he rushes into the mud left by the ebbing tide, and seeks to gather a meal from the garbage of the river. An Emperor could not boast of greater appliances for his banquet. Now he finds a piece of cordage whose strands were grown in the far West—then he rescues from the receding waters some chips of wood that were the produce of the East—again, the mines of England supply him with a few small bits of coal; and thus he makes, as it were, the refuse of the world minister to his necessity. Such enterprise could discover new worlds, or improve the old; but—he is a Vagabond.

He is a great sight-seer; and, as though proud of his rags, he invariably selects the loftiest and most conspicuous position. He is a most unbiassed auditor at all public meetings that are held in the open air, and cheers both sides of the argument;—knowing nothing, and caring as little concerning the ultimate success of either; although he sometimes wonders how those, who have so much to eat, can have anything to grumble about.

You will sometimes find him at the entrance of a court, or under cover of a dilapidated hoarding, busily engaged at "pitch and toss." He handles the coins with the facility of a juggler, and his dirty face is painfully expressive

of the gambler's intensity of excitement. He cheats and is detected; but a few boisterous words soon satisfy his opponent, and the game proceeds with increased watchfulness and redoubled ardour. He feels no shame in the detection, and all that he dreads to lose is his money—the wondrous talisman that finds food to satisfy his hunger. Every day he feels its value more; and impatient at the tardiness of street charity, he grows less fearful of punishment, and steals.

The offended laws have long since robbed him of his parents, and he is now without even the name of *home*. His philosophy is equal to the privation; and an empty vault, a secret corner, or the market shambles, secure to him a place of rest.

His passions now begin to develope themselves, and Vice is still ready with her allurements. True, she comes not to him with painted cheeks and glittering attire; her voice has not the dulcet tones, or her limbs the lascivious gracefulness, with which she wins the wealthy sensualist to own her supremacy; but still the boisterous wanton has charms to lure him to her toils. His want and struggles have made him older than his years—and premature in his knowledge of suffering, he is equally advanced in criminality. He has heard drunken riot called enjoyment, and lewdness named as pleasure, and believing in their truth, the Vagabond, whilst yet a boy, becomes a zealous convert. Vice is a greedy tyrant, and exacts her dues with an immoveable severity—and the occasional pilferer becomes the confirmed thief.

The law, vigilant of its rights, soon seizes upon the depredator, and the Vagabond Boy takes his place at the bar of the Police Office. Even there he has no shame, for he knows that when his punishment is over he shall return to his old haunts with an increased consequence. What has he to fear? Stripes! He bore those when a babe. Coarse fare! He knew hunger at his mother's breast, for its fount was dried by poverty. Reproach! God help him! He has been spurned since he could remember. What else has he left to fear? Nothing, for society denies to the Vagabond all but a physical existence.

In prison he is still the same. At first the restrictions of the gaol are irksome to one who has been so long a wanderer; but he is surrounded by companions whom he has known in the streets, or who are willing to receive him as an equal, only claiming a superiority in crime.*

* We remember visiting some of these outcasts in Newgate, and being forcibly struck by the answers of two of the boys. One, a lad about twelve years of age, upon being questioned as to his offence, replied with a tone (as it seemed to us) of regret, "Only a cotton handkercher." The other (apparently still younger) answered a similar query with an expression of satisfaction at his superior daring, "Frisking (stealing) a woman's till,"—an operation that required some dexterity and more courage.

Who can doubt the termination of such a life? Justice having punished the offender, turns him again into the streets, as insensible of all moral guidances, and equally destitute, as when she consigned the Vagabond to a prison. Punishment has made him more careful of detection, and experience given him greater cunning. Thus armed, he pursues his predatory warfare with the world, and in his turn is hunted and goaded until his recklessness becomes desperation, and he rushes again into the hands of Justice. Then comes Society with its giant claims and pigmy sacrifices, and demands protection from the wrongs which its own selfishness has provoked.

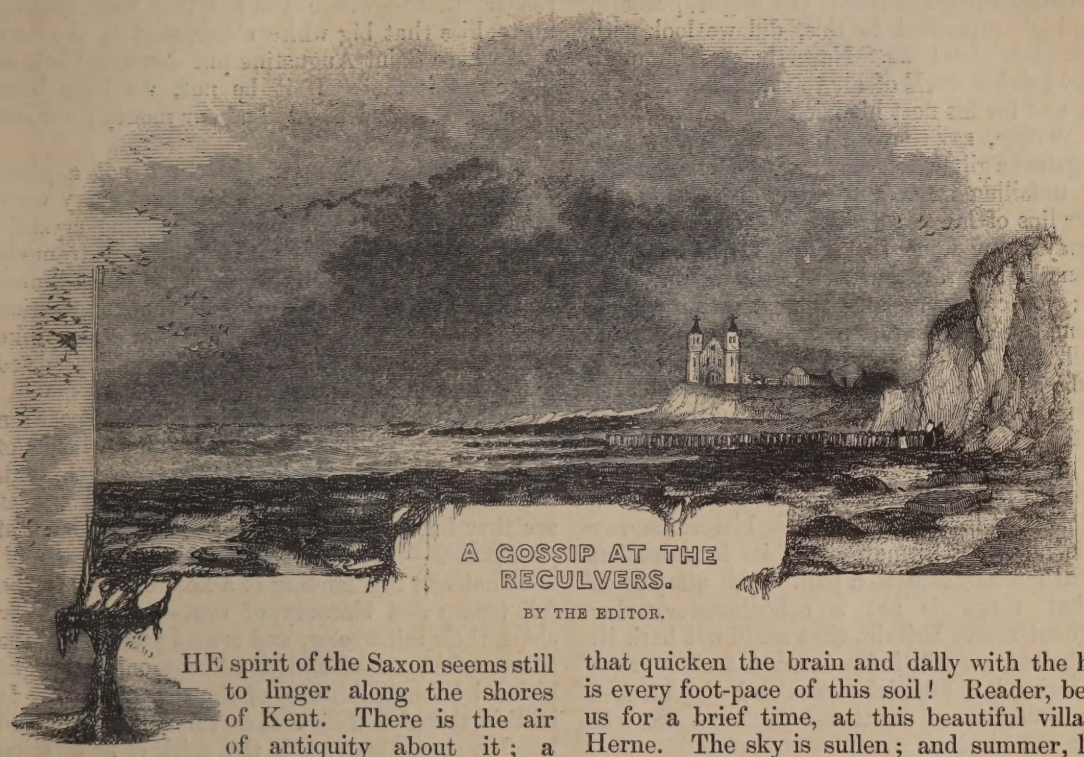
The purloined handkerchief is amply revenged by the expatriation of the thief, and years of the most degraded and painful existence are set aside as an expiation by the insulted laws. As the felon quits the dock, perchance unmoved at the dreadful future which awaits him, hundreds of his fellow men rejoicing in their own moral worthiness, exclaim—"A Vagabond!"

The name is a reproach alike to the wronger and the wronged! Society has created other than natural wants and desires, and to ensure their gratification has hedged itself round with laws which it calls justice, and observances which it names morality. Is it not then its duty to instruct all in the mysteries of its creed, since it claims the right of punishing the ignorant? Humanity answers emphatically—Yes. But is it so? Are the savage dens of London alone explored by any humanizing influence? Does the legislature seek to raise the wretched class which we have faintly pictured from its moral degradation, and by a recognition of its claims upon the sympathies of society engender a corresponding regard for the rights of others?

We fill our prisons, and then discharge their branded inmates into our penal settlements, to endure sufferings the most dreadful, and which stigmatize Justice with the malignity of Revenge. We expend devoted lives and charitable offerings in the civilization of the distant savage, whose pagan worship recognizes a good and evil, and whose rude life is governed by the dictates of a morality. Why should we seek only to degrade and punish where we might instruct and reward? Why overlook the savagery and moral insensibility of those who speak our own language, and influence our own happiness by the daily contact which we and our children have with them, directly or indirectly?

We dare not pretend to prescribe the form of the remedy for these mighty evils. We feel their existence and their influence, and must raise (however feeble) our voice for their redress.

The means are available, however Herculean the task; but whilst the Vagabond believes that the withering indulgences in vice are all that he can know of Good, let Justice throw aside the balance, and only retain the sword.



A GOSSIP AT THE RECULVERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE spirit of the Saxon seems still to linger along the shores of Kent. There is the air of antiquity about it; a something breathing of the olden day—an influence, surviving all the changes of time, all the vicissitudes of politic and social life. The genius of the Heptarchy comes closer upon us from the realm of shadows: the Wittenagemote is not a convocation of ghosts—not a venerable House of Mists; but a living, talking, voting Parliament. We feel a something old, strong, stubborn, hearty; a something for the intense meaning of which we have no other word than "English," rising about us from every rood of Kent. And wherefore this? England was not made piecemeal. Her foundations in the deep—could a sea of molten gold purchase the worth of her surrounding ocean?—are of the same age. The same sun has risen and set upon the whole island. Wherefore, then, is Kent predominant in the mind for qualities which the mind denies to other counties? Because it is still invested with the poetry of action. Because we feel that Kent was the cradle of the marrow and bone of England: because we still see, ay, as palpably as we behold yonder trail of ebon smoke,—the broad black pennant of that mighty admiral, Steam,—the sails of Cæsar threatening Kent, and Kent barbarians clustering on the shore, defying him. It is thus that the spirit of past deeds survives immortally, and works upon the future: it is thus we are indissolubly linked to the memories of the by-gone day, by the still active soul that once informed it.

How rich in thoughts—how fertile in fancies that quicken the brain and dally with the heart, is every foot-pace of this soil! Reader, be with us for a brief time, at this beautiful village of Herne. The sky is sullen; and summer, like a fine yet froward wench, smiles now and then, now frowns the blacker for the passing brightness; nevertheless, summer in her worst mood cannot spoil the beautiful features of this demure, this antique village. It seems a very nest—warm and snug, and green—for human life; with the twilight haze of time about it, almost consecrating it from the aching hopes and feverish expectations of the present. Who would think that the bray and roar of multitudinous London sounded but some sixty miles away? The church stands peacefully, reverently; like some old, visionary monk, his feet on earth—his thoughts with God. And the graves are all about; and things of peace and gentleness, like folded sheep, are gathered round it.

There is a stile which man might make the throne of solemn thought—his pregnant matter, the peasant bones that lie beneath. And on the other side, a park, teeming with beauty; with sward green as emeralds, and soft as a mole's back; and trees, with centuries circulating in their gnarled massiveness.

But we must quit the churchyard, and turning to the right, we will stroll towards the Reculvers. How rich the swelling meadows! How their green breasts heave with conceived fertility! And on this side corn-fields; the grain stalk thick as a reed; the crop level and compact as a green bank. And here, too, is a field of canary-seed: of seed grown for London birds in London

cages. The farmer shoots the sparrow — the little rustic scoundrel—that, with felonious bill, would carry away one grain sown for, made sacred to, Portman-square canary! We might, perhaps, find a higher parallel to this, did we look with curious eyes about us. Nevertheless, bumpkin sparrow has his world of air to range in; his free loves; and for his nest his ivied wall or hawthorn bush. These, say the worst, are a happy set-off even against a gilt-wired cage; sand like diamond-dust; unfailing seed, and sugar from even the sweeter lips of lady mistress. Powder and small shot may come upon the sparrow like apoplexy upon an alderman, with the unbolted morsel in its gullet; yet, consider—hath the canary no danger to encounter? Doth not prosperity keep a cat?

Well, this idle gossip has brought us within a short distance of the Reculvers. Here—so goes the hoary legend—Augustine impressed the first Christian's foot upon the English shore, sent hither by good Pope Gregory; no less good that if the same legend be true, he had a subtle sense of a joke. Christianity, unless historians say what is not, owes somewhat of its introduction into heathen England to a pun. The story is so old, that there is not a schoolmaster's dog throughout merry Britain, that could not bark it. Nevertheless, we will indicate our moral courage by repeating it. Our ink turns red with blushes at the thought—no matter — for once we will write in our blushes.

Pope Gregory, seeing some white-haired, pink-cheeked boys for sale in the Roman slave-market, asked, who they were? *Sunt Angli*—they are English, was the response. *Non sunt Angli—sed Angeli;* they are not English, but angels, was the Papal playfulness. His Holiness then inquired, from what part of England. *Deirii*, they are Deirians, was the answer. Whereupon the Pope, following up his vein of pleasantry, said, *Non Deirii, sed De irâ*,—not Deirians, but from the anger of the Lord: snatched, as his Holiness indicated, from the vengeance that must always light upon heathenism.

This grey-haired story, like the grey hairs of Nestor, is pregnant with practical wisdom. Let us imagine Pope Gregory to have been a dull man; even for a pope a dull man. Let us allow that his mind had not been sufficiently comprehensive to take within its circle the scattered lights of intelligence which, brought into a focus, make a joke. Suppose, in a word, that the pope had had no ear for a pun? Saint Augustine might still have watched the bubbles upon Tiber, and never have been sea-sick on his English voyage.

What does this prove? What does this incident preach with a thunder-tongue? Why, the necessity, the vital necessity, of advancing no man to any sort of dignity, who is not all alive as an eel to a joke. We are convinced of it. The world will never be properly ruled, until jests entirely supersede the authority of Acts of Parliament. As it is, the Acts are too frequently the jests, without the fun.

We are now close to the Reculvers. There, reader, there—where you see that wave leaping up to kiss that big white stone, that is the very spot where Saint Augustine put down the sole of his Catholic foot. If it be not, we have been misinformed, and cheated of our money; we can say no more.

Never mind the spot. Is there not a glory lighting up the whole beach? Is not every wave of silver—every little stone, a shining crystal? Doth not the air vibrate with harmonies, strangely winding into the heart, and awakening the brain? Are we not under the spell of the imagination which makes the present vulgarity melt away like morning mists, and shows to us the full, uplighted glory of the past?

There was a landing on the Sussex Coast; a landing of a Duke of Normandy, and a horde of armed cut-throats. Looking at them even through the distance of some eight hundred years, what are they but as a gang of burglars? A band of pick-purses—bloodshedders—robbers?

What was this landing of a host of men, in the full trump and blazonry of war,—what all their ships, their minstrelsy, and armed power,—to the advent of Augustine and his fellow-monks, brought hither by the forlornness of the soul of man? It is this thought that makes this bit of pebbled beach a sacred spot; it is this spirit of meditation that hears in every little wave a sweet and solemn music.

And there, where the ocean tumbles, was in the olden day a goodly town, sapped, swallowed by the wearing, the voracious sea. At lowest tides, the people still discover odd, quaint, household relics, which, despite the homely breeding of the finders, must carry away their thoughts into the mist of time, and make them feel antiquity. The very children of the village are hucksters of the spoils of dead centuries. They grow up with some small trading knowledge of fossils; and are deep, very deep in all sorts of petrifactions. They must have strange early sympathies towards that mysterious town with all its tradesfolk and market-folk sunk below the sea; a place of which they have a constant inkling in the petty spoils lashed upward by the tempest. Indeed, it is difficult for the mind to conceive the annihilation of a whole town, engulphed in the ocean. The tricksy fancy will assert itself; and looking over the shining water, with summer basking on it, we are apt to dream that the said market-town has only suffered a "sea change;" and that fathoms deep, the town still stands—that busy life goes on—that people of an odd, sea-green aspect, it may be, still carry on the work of mortal breathing; make love, beget little ones, and die. But this, indeed, is the dream of idleness. Yet, who—if he could change his mind at will, would make his mind incapable of such poor fantasies? How much of

the coarse web of existence owes its beauty to the idlest dreams with which we colour it!

The village of Reculvers is a choice work of antiquity. The spirit of King Ethelbert tarries there still, and lives enshrined in the sign of a public-house. It would be well for all kings, could their spirits survive with such genial associations. There are some dead royalties too profitless even for a public sign. Who, now, with any other choice, would empty a tankard under the auspices of Bloody Mary, as that anointed "femininitie" is called; or take a chop even at Nero's Head? No: inn-keepers know the subtle prejudices of man, nor violate the sympathies of life with their sign-posts.

Here, on the sanded floor of King Ethelbert's hostelry, do village antiquarians often congregate. Here, at times, are stories told—stories not all unworthy of the type of Antiquarian *Transactions*—of *fibulæ*, talked of as "buckles," and other tangible bits of Roman history. Here, we have heard, how a certain woman—living at this blessed hour, and the mother of a family—went out at very low tide, and found the branch of a filbert-tree with clustering filberts on it, all stone, at least a thousand years old—and more. Here, too, have we heard of a wonderful horse-shoe, picked up by Joe Squellins; a shoe, as the finder averred, as old as the world. Poor Joe! What was his reward?—it may be, a pint of ale for that inestimable bit of iron! And yet was he a working antiquarian. Joe Squellins had within him the unchristened elements of F.S.A.!

The sea has spared something of the old churchyard; although it has torn open the sad sanctity of the grave, and reveals to the day, corpse upon corpse—layers of the dead, thickly, closely packed, body upon body. A lateral view of rows of skeletons, entombed in Christian earth centuries since, for a moment staggers the mind, with this inward peep of the grave. We at once see the close, dark prison of the churchyard, and our breath comes heavily, and we shudder. It is only for a moment. There is a lark singing, singing over our head—a mile upwards in the blue heaven—singing like a freed soul: we look again, and smile serenely at the bones of what was man.

Many of our gentle countrymen—fellow-metropolitans—who once a-year wriggle out their souls from the slit of their tills to give the immortal essence sea air, make a pilgrimage to the Reculvers. This Golgotha, we have noted it, has to them especial attractions. Many are the mortal relics borne away to decorate a London chimney-piece. Many a skeleton gives up its rib, its *ulna*, two or three odd *vertebræ*, or some such gimcrack to the London visitor, for a London ornament. Present the same man with a bone from a London hospital, and he would hold the act abominable, irreligiously presumptuous. But time has "silvered o'er" the bone from the Reculvers; has cleansed it from the taint of mortality; has merged the loathsomeness in the curiosity; for Time turns even the worst of horrors to the broadest of jests. We have now Guy Fawkes, about to blow Lords and Commons into eternity—and now Guy Fawkes, masked for a pantomime.

One day, wandering near this open grave-yard, we met a boy, carrying away, with exulting looks, a skull in very perfect preservation. He was a London boy, and looked rich indeed with his treasure.

"What have you there?" we asked.

"A man's head—a skull," was the answer.

"And what can you possibly do with a skull?"

"Take it to London."

"And when you have it in London, what then will you do with it?"

"I know."

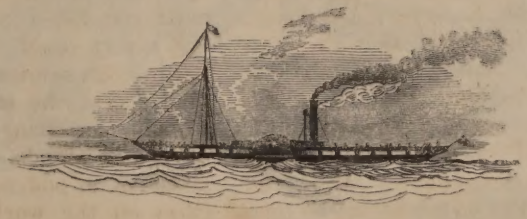
"No doubt. But what will you do with it?"

And to this thrice-repeated question, the boy three times answered, "I know."

"Come, here's sixpence. Now, what will you do with it?"

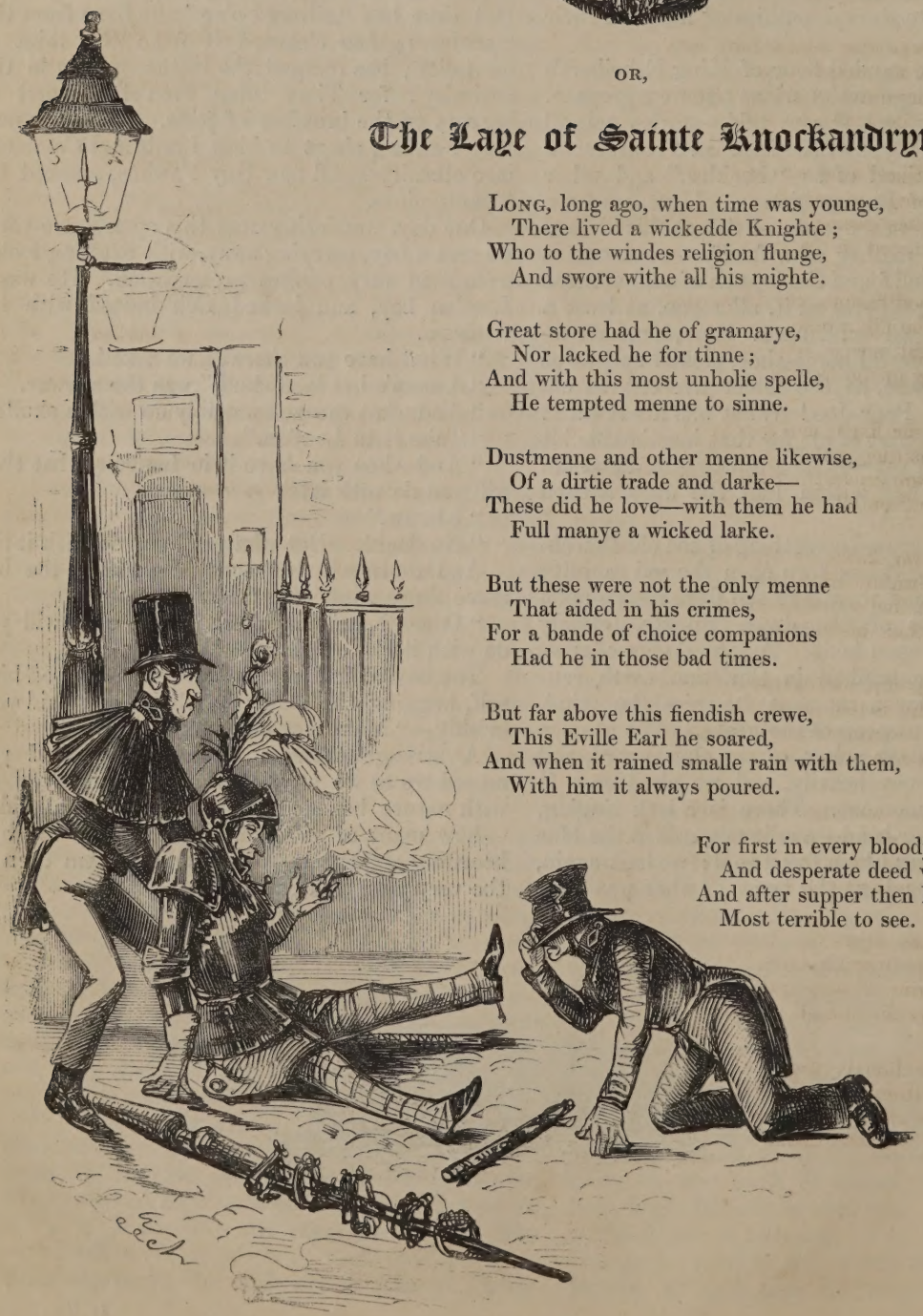
The boy took the coin—grinned—hugged himself, hugging the skull the closer, and said very briskly—"Make a money box of it!"

A strange thought for a child. And yet, mused we as we strolled along, how many of us, with nature beneficent and smiling on all sides, —how many of us think of nothing so much as hoarding sixpences—yea, hoarding them even in the very jaws of Death!



OR,

The Laye of Sainte Knockandrynge.



Long, long ago, when time was younge,
There lived a wickedde Knighte;
Who to the windes religion flunge,
And swore withe all his mighte.

Great store had he of gramarye,
Nor lacked he for tinne;
And with this most unholie spelle,
He tempted menne to sinne.

Dustmenne and other menne likewise,
Of a dirtie trade and darke—
These did he love—with them he had
Full manye a wicked larke.

But these were not the only menne
That aided in his crimes,
For a bande of choice companions
Had he in those bad times.

But far above this fiendish crewe,
This Eville Earl he soared,
And when it rained smalle rain with them,
With him it always poured.

For first in every bloody fraye,
And desperate deed was he;
And after supper then he was
Most terrible to see.

But you may haply ask me how,
As this badde course he ran,
That vengeance did not swifte descende
On this most wicked manne.

This is the burden of my lay,
And hearken greate and smalle,
While I recount to you the fate
Of the Lorde of Phlarupe Hall.

Midnight was gone—the little hours
Unheeded passed away;
And in his Halle the Earlle he sate,
Holding a reville gay.

In flagons deepe they pledge each one,
And raised the unholie laughe;
And some they drink of Ancient Beere,
And some the halfe and halfe:

Now on the board they set their cups,
Ungodly songs go rounde;
And the torches gleamed on manye a knighte
Who slumbered on the grounde.

"Up, up, good friends, nor let us waste
The time in idle revelle,
That we might now so well employ
In playing up the Deville."

Thus spoke the Earle, and instantly
His friends they gathered rounde;
And some were roused from out their sleepe,
And some from off the grounde.

The nighte was darke, no friendly moon
Shed its brighte silver raye;
But each one had a small sized torch,
To light them on their waye.

Some wizarde fire doth seeme to burne
Within this hellish crewe;
For smoke is coming from their lips,
Of a pale unearthlie blue.

And now they wake the silent paths,
With song and oath and jest,
As if the nighte had not beene made
For peace and quiet rest.

But holde, see where the Earle has stopped,
Before yon frowning arch;
It is the shrine of some good Sainte
That stays his hurried march.

A holy relic there is placed,
Brought from some far off lande;
And severed rudely at the wriste,
See there a sainted hande.

The fingers clasp a wreath of flowers,
No perfume rounde they fling;
And the rude carving tells the shrine
Of Good St. Knockandrynge.

One moment did the Earle look rounde,
In the dark gloomy space;
Then raising high his rutheless hand,
He plucked it from its place.

* * * * *

Soon as the friends of this badde Earle
Saw that which he had done,
They all (e'en those that could not walk)
Full soon began to runne.

And what befelle the hapless Earle,
As he deserted stoode,
Full well I wot no mortal manne
Could swear by holy roode.

But the old legende darkly tells
Of two mysterious menne,
With figures and with numbers marked
All strange to mortal kenne.

But sure I am, that ere the sunne
His morninge visitte paide,
The Earle with manye a festering wound
In dungeon deep was laide.

A skillfull leech watched o'er his couch,
And high the fever ranne;
And when the Earle rose up again,
He rose an altered manne.

Large monies gave he to the poore,
To wash away his guilte;
And richly did he paye to those,
Whose blood he rashly spilt.

The relic from the holy shrine,
That he so boldly tooke,
He safe returned, and from that time
His Evil ways forsook.

No longer now did he consorte
With wicked dangerous menne;
But ever kept with pious care,
The good Commandments Ten.

MOURANT THE MONK.

Abbey of St. Denis,
June, 1843.

PUSEYISM MADE EASY.

BY LIBRA.

The ensuing observations are intended to be simply explanatory. It is our object merely to supply the reader with an answer to a question which he may have put to him, for information, in society; namely, "What is Puseyism?" We shall venture no opinion on the merits of the religious system so called, but shall restrict ourselves to endeavouring to point out its differences from that of the Church of Rome on the one hand, and that of Protestantism on the other. We offer no apology for the introduction of a topic into these pages which is handled in every newspaper.

To apprehend properly the distinctive features of Puseyism, it is necessary, in the first place, to have a right understanding of the Roman Catholic theory of belief, and of the nature of the religion of Protestants.

According to the Roman Catholics, the Founder of Christianity delivered certain instructions to his disciples, embodying various articles of faith, which together constituted the Christian religion. These instructions were oral; but in process of time they came to be partially embodied in the Gospels, Epistles, and other writings comprised in the New Testament. The remainder of them were left to be handed down by word of mouth from age to age. The object of faith, therefore, professed by the Roman Catholics, is two-fold, "Scripture and Tradition," or, as they otherwise express it, the "Written and the Unwritten Word." But further, they allege that the Author of the Christian scheme provided an authoritative tribunal for declaring, from time to time, in case any dispute should arise as to what had or what had not been his original teaching, the truth with respect to the tenet or tenets in question; that is to say, of determining whether he had actually, and as a matter of fact, inculcated it or them, or not. They assert that he made this provision by endowing the tribunal in question with a divine inspiration, securing it from the possibility of error in the decisions which it might be called upon to pronounce. This tribunal, in their view, is a representative assembly of the sum total of believers, in other words, of the Church, composed of its pastors the clergy, and convoked by lawful authority; which they believe to be vested in their chief Bishop, the Bishop of Rome, or the Pope. They contend that the Pope derives this authority from Saint Peter, who, they say, was appointed to preside over the Universal Church.

Be it distinctly understood that we have nothing to say as to the validity of these allegations; we only state a case.

Roman Catholics thus believe in certain dogmas, extracted, so to speak, from Scripture and Tradition by the Church. A Roman Catholic must therefore first believe in the Church before he can believe in anything else: and so he does. For instance, he believes in the divine inspiration of the Scriptures, because that Church, in an assembly such as we have above described, and which he calls a General Council, determined that they were divinely inspired.* It fixed, as he would phrase it, the Canon of Scripture, that is, it settled, out of a number of Prophecies, Gospels, and Epistles, claiming to be genuine, which were so and which were not. It is in consequence of this prior belief in the Church, that a Roman Catholic admits those writings to be of Divine authority which are classed by Protestants under the title Apocrypha.

It is affirmed by the Roman Catholics, that, from the origin of Christianity to the present time, whenever any controversy has arisen in the Christian world concerning any given doctrine, a Council has been summoned for the purpose of pronouncing thereon, the decree of which Council has become a standard of belief. Accordingly they say that Transubstantiation, Purgatory, Auricular Confession, and other things which they peculiarly hold by, all formed part of the original scheme of Christianity, and have been distinctly propounded by Councils in later times, and at different periods, only because they have been questioned. Our space will not nearly permit us to explain formally these various doctrines of theirs; nor will it be necessary that we should do so. Let us now consider the nature of Protestantism.

A Protestant is one who *protests;* and in the theological sense of the word, one who protests against the Church of Rome; that is, who denies the existence of any such tribunal as that contended for by the Roman Catholics, and especially that it is composed of the Pope and of the Roman ecclesiastics. Against this definition it may be objected that it includes an Atheist, who of course protests against the Roman Catholic religion in common with every other. It must therefore be limited; but this is no easy matter. We might say, that a Protestant is a Christian who protests against the Church of Rome; but then comes the question, "What is a Christian?" To this the best answer is, one who believes, according to his conceptions of it, in the religion so called; but this definition will include an Arian, who denies the divinity of its Founder; or even a Deist who should profess that Christianity, in

* In the Third Council of Carthage.

his view, consists merely in the observance of certain moral precepts. Shall we agree to consider belief in the Bible as synonymous with Christianity? But if so, we shall have to inquire what belief in the Bible means? Because there are some persons who profess to entertain that belief, who nevertheless believe only so far in the Bible as they do in any other book, namely, only in so much of it as they think reasonable and true. And of those who have faith in it as in a book divinely inspired, many will reject some passages in it, not in accordance with their sentiments, as interpolations.

Still, whatever difficulty there may be about the abstract definition of Protestantism, the word in its ordinary acceptation is sufficiently intelligible. It signifies, to speak generally, the creed of those who regard the Scriptures as the inspired depositories of religious truth, which they suppose themselves capable of arriving at by the exercise of the rational faculty in verbal criticism and other ways, assisted by a supernatural light divinely imparted to the mind. However, the Quakers, and others who are commonly ranked among Protestants, rely on this divine light independently of scriptural research; regarding its dictates as infallible, just as the Roman Catholics regard the voice of their Church.

The tenets entertained by the various sects of Protestants are, with a few exceptions, held by them in common with the Church of Rome; but some of them deny more, some fewer, of her doctrines; the one common point in which they all agree being the rejection of her authority.

An ordinary Protestant believes in the sanctity of the Bible on historical and internal evidence, aided, as he conceives, by a divine illumination of the understanding, a persuasion of which, indeed, in the case of the uniformed majority, to whom such evidence is in great part inaccessible, must necessarily be the ground of faith. For precisely similar reasons a Roman Catholic believes in his Church.

The argument of the Protestants against the Roman Catholics is, that the doctrines and practices of the latter are at variance with Scripture; hence, they infer, *à posteriori*, that the authority claimed by them for their Church is a nullity; consequently they refuse to admit of her decisions, some of more, others of less, accordingly as they may appear to them reconcileable or irreconcileable with revelation and reason. Those which they reject they consider as innovations, and as the unauthorised inventions of men.

Of the different sects of Protestants, the Church of England is that, which, as regards its fundamental tenets, most nearly approximates to the Church of Rome, unless we are to regard the Greek Church as Protestant. The English differs from the Roman Church in two very important respects, which comprehend several minor particulars. First, she denies the infallibility of General Councils; next she alleges that several, so called by the Roman Catholics, wherein particular matters of faith were determined on, were not general. She professes, therefore, that when in the reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth, she settled her articles and polity, she was just as likely to be right as any other body professing Christianity; and she maintains that she was right in point of fact.

Among the more important points whereon the Churches of Rome and England are agreed, is, the belief in one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. The Church of Rome considers this Church as composed of the Roman Catholic body throughout the world, and excludes all other religionists from its pale. She maintains that its first characteristic, unity, necessitates the same profession of faith on the part of all its members. The English Church looks upon the Church Catholic as composed of certain divisions, of which the principal, beside herself, are the Greek and Roman Churches. Notwithstanding that these sections are divided among themselves upon articles of faith, she esteems it one: and although they mutually condemn certain of each other's doctrines as blasphemous or heretical, she regards it as holy. She recognises as a branch of the Catholic or Universal Church, any body of Christians which has preserved apostolical succession by means of episcopal ordination; that is, the ordination of the clergy by bishops continued uninterruptedly down to the present time from the Apostles. Thus, if a Roman Catholic Priest comes over to her, she does not ordain him anew, considering the orders which he has already received as valid.

The profession of faith of the Church of England is contained in the Thirty-nine Articles; but her clergy, *who all agree in subscribing them*,* are not quite unanimous as to their meaning. In fact they have long been divided respecting it into two great parties (not to mention slighter shades of opinion), the High Church and the Low Church party. The Low Church party corresponds to those clergymen who are usually styled Evangelical, and whose notions border closely on those of Dissenters. They profess to understand the Articles in a literal sense; and their opinions are generally Calvinistic. The High Church party was always distinguished by the importance which it attached to sacramental efficacy, to apostolical succession, and Episcopal Church Government; it also, for the most part, repudiated Calvinism.

Out of what was heretofore termed the High Church party, has sprung that subdivision of the Church of England clergy whose opinions are

* Sir Robert Inglis has lately observed in the House of Commons, that the ingenuous youth of Cambridge do not *swear* to them—they only *sign* them. A nice distinction between a goose-quill and an oath.—EDITOR.

generally expressed by the term Puseyism. This term, as every body knows, derives its origin from Dr. Pusey; who, in conjunction with certain other Oxford divines, first expressly promulgated the opinions in question.

Between Puseyites and Protestants, including the Evangelical Clergy of the Church of England, the first difference is, that the former object to be *styled* Protestants; preferring the denomination of Anglo-Catholics. They regard the Church of England as a branch of the Catholic Church, and may rather be said not to acknowledge than to protest against the authority of the Church of Rome. In the next place they differ from them in their view of the Reformation, which many of them hesitate to designate by that term, regarding it, so far as concerns their own Church, as an act into which that Church was forced by circumstances, namely, by the religious disputes then prevalent, and by the impossibility of otherwise settling them; and, moreover, esteeming it not to have been unattended with detriment to religion. They consider the Church of Rome and their own to have legislated at that period independently of each other in spiritual matters: an event which they deplore.

They also differ very widely from Protestants in matters of doctrine. They attach a certain amount of weight to Tradition, which Protestants reject. They have recourse to it in interpreting the Scriptures, and in the construction which they put upon the Thirty-nine Articles; whereas Protestants profess to use no other human help for those purposes than human reason. They place a high value upon the sentiments of the Fathers of the Church, as attesting the nature of the tenets entertained by Christians in their day; while the Protestants make small account of patristic authority, which, indeed, many of them regard as having originated Popery. The Puseyites express their estimate of the theology of the Fathers by the phrase, "veneration for Catholic antiquity;" by which they seem to mean, veneration for the opinion of the national Churches, at a time when it was unanimous: in which veneration Protestants do not appear to sympathize with them. The Protestants very generally consider the Church of Rome as the "Mother of Abominations," and the Pope as "Anti-Christ;" but the Puseyites acknowledge the Pope to be a bishop, and the Romish to be a branch of the Holy Catholic Church.

The Puseyites consider the Roman Catholics to be in error, but not so fatally nor to so great an extent as the Protestants do. Hence they seem disposed to admit of certain modifications of the Roman Catholic belief with regard to the Seven Sacraments, Transubstantiation, the Sacrifice of the Mass, and the Invocation of Saints, not very palpable to ordinary apprehensions; Protestants, on the other hand, condemning those doctrines altogether. In short, in matters of faith they seemed disposed to approximate their views, as closely as they can, to those of the Roman Catholics;* without, however, acknowledging the authority of that Church or the supremacy of its head. Perhaps the present Pontiff was not very far wrong, when he said that what they wanted to establish was, "Popery without the Pope."

They have a certain attachment, moreover, to the externals of Roman Catholicism, which Protestants altogether abhor. They would fain in some measure emulate the splendour and magnificence of the Roman Catholic worship and ritual. They are desirous of restoring the ecclesiastical architecture of the middle ages; they pay a certain relative respect to the sign of the cross. They have a partiality for cathedral service, which bears some resemblance to that of the Church of Rome. All or most of these things, Protestants, who view them as badges, appurtenances, or relics of Popery, more or less dislike.

They uphold the observance of the saints' days, and the other feasts and festivals, and also of the fasts, appointed in the calendar. In matters relating to public worship, they contend for the following out of the rubric, which having been composed shortly after the formation of the Church of England in its present shape, savours, in certain respects, of the old system. They wish, therefore, to revive various usages which have latterly been discontinued—such as the placing of candles on the communion table, as Protestants call it, or, as they prefer to term it, the altar, the preaching in surplices, and other like matters. These practices are eyed with disfavour by Protestants, who think them overt acts of sympathy with Popery.

Their differences with the Roman Catholics may be very briefly summed up. They do not exactly agree with them in the terms in which their peculiar dogmas are couched; but in their notions respecting these, they are not, to a lay apprehension, essentially very dissimilar. For instance, Consubstantiation, which appears to be one of their tenets, and which means the Real Presence in the Eucharist, without change of substance in the elements, involves hardly a less demand upon our faith than Transubstantiation, (the Roman Catholic doctrine,) which signifies the Real Presence with change of substance into flesh and blood. As we have said, they deny the exclusive claim of the Roman Catholics to be regarded as *the* Church, albeit they admit them to form a part of it.

Their idea of the Holy Catholic Church apparently involves the supposition that that Church is in a state of schism, and consequently of sin. It is to be wished that some one of their more discerning theologians would demonstrate the compatibility of this state with the attribute of holiness.

* *Vide* "Tract, No. 90," by Mr. Newman.

Many—we trust most—both of the Puseyites and their opponents, are doubtless well intentioned men. We should be glad if they could find some way of settling their disagreements, which must tend to produce an effect the reverse of edifying, on the lay spectators of their quarrels.

On the whole, the principle of the Puseyites appears to be, to assimilate, as far as possible, the Anglican to the Roman Church. A phrase whose expressiveness we hope will excuse its apparent—but not intended—levity; a phrase used by a jocose friend is, in our opinion applicable to their doctrines:—"Puseyism," said our friend, "Puseyism, my dear sir, is Romish Mock-Turtle."

THREE SONNETS.

BY THOMAS WADE.

I.—December—Mya.

"So sweet a day it is, that even December,
On the strange freshness of whose alter'd lip
I drink this balmy breath—despite the bare
And silent trees, and meadows flower-forsaken—
Seems beating with the pulse of joyous May!"
Thus said I, with a feeling all of May,
One gentle daytime bland of late December,
On the strange freshness of whose alter'd lip
I breathed mild airs of spring: and lo! the bare
And silent trees, and meadows flower-forsaken,
Grew leafed and musical, and flower adorn'd;
And near and far spake out the cuckoo's soul!—
"Ah, God!" methought, "these things are in the soul;
And from Within is the Without adorn'd."

II.—The Sun and the Daisy.

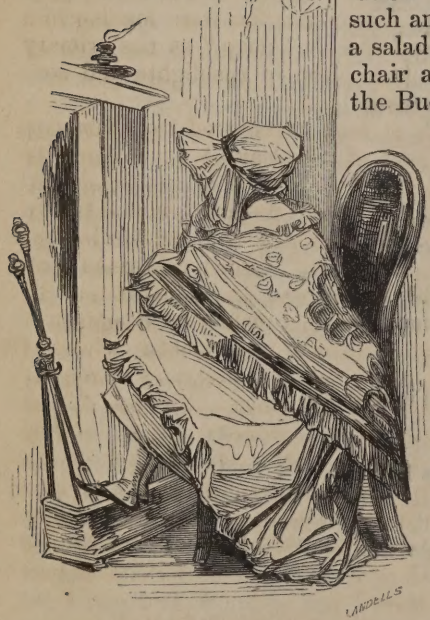
The temper'd Sun, down-verging to the West,
  Shone full upon one Daisy's lonely bloom;
Of a bleak bank the solitary guest,
  And only spirit risen from Winter's tomb!
But fair and bright and perfect-orb'd it gleam'd;
  And, as the Sun the cold encircling sky,
To gild the barrenness around it seem'd,
  And claim'd as constant tribute from the eye.
And worthily: for that vast globe of fire,
  Unto the vision which no space controll'd,
Would show minute, compared with glories higher,
  As unto ours that little disc of gold:
'Tis our poor faculties make large and small,
  Where the same boundless wonder mantles all.

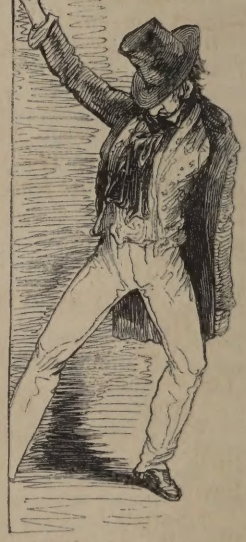
III.—High Speakings.

In the still vacancy of common hours,
  We need these stirrings from the Universe;
High-speakings to us of superior Powers,
  Which of remote existences rehearse,
  And in dream-regions all the spirit immerse!
And when they cease, or interlapse devours
  The wonder of their utterance, our Soul's sense
  Frets, straining with divine impatience:
Most like a stepless and a wordless child,
  Which listens to a sweet-toned instrument,
Touch'd by its Mother's fingers, till beguiled
  All into smiles and gestures eloquent;
And the loved music ceasing, pines and cries
For still-renewal of its harmonies.

THE HUSBAND'S FRIEND.

I WISH, Ladies and Gentlemen, that you knew my Uncle Savory—he is such an excellent fellow—such an adept at composing (for it is nothing less) a salad, brewing a jorum of punch, or filling the chair at a club dinner. His eye is as bright as the Bude light, while his face looks like a map of good humour, every wrinkle being the boundary of some merriment. He promises to be as fat as a butter firkin, though my grandmother has a picture of him when he was as slim as a threescore and ten spinster. He was in love at that time, and this very likeness was intended as a gift to his *dulcinea*. Luckily, uncle found her out before he had so far committed himself as to present her with his *effigie*. She jilted him most shamefully, and Uncle Savory took his disappointment so seriously to heart, that he became misanthropical, and retired from the world with no other companion than a bottle of Irish whiskey and a German tobacco-pipe. He remained in a state of seclusion for eight and forty hours, and was for years as broken-hearted a man as love ever subjugated. He resolved to avoid the chances of a second attachment; so gave up housekeeping, took chambers in Lincoln's-inn, dined promiscuously, drank moderately, retired to rest whenever it suited his humour, and exercised the enviable privilege of letting himself in by a latch-key.





There is a little club called the "Ringdoves." It derived its name from the members being all married men, with one exception, and that one was my Uncle Savory. The Ringdoves hold their meetings in one of the out of the way corners of the metropolis, and are famous for nothing but their tendency to good-fellowship and decided aversion to early hours.

Uncle Savory was very popular with this set of roysterers; he was not given to jeer at matrimony, sang a very tolerable song, and never rose from the table until every one else had departed. In fact, he might be considered as the thong which bound together those convivial *fasces;* and when ever the gout held him at home by the toe, the "Ringdoves" seemed another set of beings, or, as one of them remarked, "They all seemed *at home*," which, according to their il-

lustration of that popular phrase, signified that they were insufferably dull.

The consequence of this popularity of my Uncle Savory was a world of misrepresentation; and a few weeks since, the malignity to which he was exposed brought him into such a state of despondency that he was actually detected drinking a tumbler of unadulterated *filtered water*—mark the peculiarity of his disorder—the water was actually *filtered!*

As I shall not be able to frame an apology for my uncle thus degrading himself, I will merely detail the persecution which induced this pitiable physical and moral prostration.

Women (Goddesses that they are!) have a logic peculiarly their own. With them it is an axiom, "that their *own* husbands can do no wrong but at the instigation of others."

I have said that the "Ringdoves" were married men, and consequently received from their respective spouses the benefit of the aforenamed immunity—alloyed, however, by the infliction of those "pains and penalties" which wedded ladies know how to administer so admirably.

Reader, you must fancy the return home of Mr. Brown, of the Ringdoves, and a colloquy something like the following—:

"Oh, it *is* you—nice time to come home, Brown—past one—and the fire out."

"My dear, I'm ashamed—"

"Oh, nonsense."

"I am, indeed. Is that the boot-jack?—but I couldn't get away; and—ugh!—curse the boot!"

"Not get away? you talk like a child. There, don't drink cold water in that manner—you had better take a couple of *Cockles!* There's two striking."

"Two! Really, my dear, I'd no idea of the time. Is my night-cap on your side?"

"Here!"

"Well, you needn't throw it into the ewer. You're angry."

"Angry—isn't it past two?"

"It wasn't my fault. There was Jackson, and little What's-his-name that keeps a pony, and Savory."

"Savory!—that man ought to be ashamed of himself; he never goes home. I should like to tell him a little of my mind."

"He's my fri—end,—my dear, and puts—less—oil in his—punch—"

"He's a perfect nuisance, and oughtn't to associate with married men. Brown!—Brown! Why you're snoring!"

During the above, Mrs. Jackson may be also indulging in a soliloquy, and a fancy portrait of her husband's friend—Uncle Savory.

"These coals ar'n't worth a farthing—Brown ought to be prosecuted for selling such rubbish—Jackson's a fool to deal with him. Two o'clock! Jackson's with that Savory again. What a brute that fellow must be—how Jackson can degrade himself by making a friend of such a low—red haired—I hate red hair—red faced—tipsy—I wonder if he's ever sober—abandoned *roué*. Jackson never used to go on in this way till he knew Savory—quarter past two—that Savory's a villain. I wonder what he has been—a gambler—a smuggler—(that's Jackson's step! No it is'nt)—a pirate—a spy—(there's a cab. No, it has stopp'd next door)—a forger—a returned convict. Gracious me! can any thing have happened to Jackson? Has that Savory been playing tricks with him? Has——. Oh! there he is. I'll lock up the liquor bottle, let him in, and tell him what I think of his friend Savory."

These scenes are not altogether imaginary;—the phraseology alone partakes of the ideal, but every lady of every member of the "Ringdoves," looked upon Uncle Savory as their husband's friend, and abused and misrepresented him accordingly. Poor uncle! little did he think that whilst he listened to the eulogy of first one and then the other of the "Ringdoves," and felt the blood in his heart bubbling with honest pride at their commendations of his salads and punch, his songs and admirable conduct in the chair, that their fairer and better moieties were loading him with "curses not loud but deep," as the primary cause of the consumption of rushlights and connubial absenteeism.

The veil was at length removed from his eyes towards the heel of as pleasant an evening as ever gathered upon the orgies of the happy fraternity of the Ringdoves. Jackson twitted Brown with being a nightly auditor to a private lecture on the "conjugal duties;" Brown retaliated upon Briggs, whose laugh was the loudest at the marital penance of his fellow "Ringdove;" Briggs revenged himself upon Dobbs, who had been betrayed into an expression of sympathy for his nocturnal snubbings; Dobbs filliped Smith; Smith grilled Jones; Jones roused White; and so on, until each member of the club had confessed to keeping "a grey mare," and laughed heartily at his own domestic thraldom. Uncle Savory was paralysed; for every man had ended his acknowledgment with the same harrowing assertion—

"My wife says it's all Savory's fault!"

He had fancied himself indifferent to the opinion of the world in general, and of the fairer portion in particular; but now that he heard himself a by-word by men's hearths—a social vampyre that was feeding upon the domestic felicity of a dozen hearts, he felt the punch become ice in his bowels, and the fragrant fumes of his beloved weed change to the unsavouriness of an expiring candle.

The last "Ringdove" had departed, and still my uncle sat with an empty jug before him; and it was not until the waiter, surprised at the phenomenon of his abstinence, informed him that it was three o'clock, that he laid down his long

exhausted pipe, and retired to his lonely chambers in Lincoln's Inn.

How desolate appeared his condition! He would have given half that he was worth for one of those curtain lectures of which he had heard so much during the past evening; but there was nothing sitting up for him but a little night lamp that burned as steadily as though it were upon the altar of a Romish saint. If it had only sputtered, my Uncle Savory would have been gratified. No, he was alone! No angered voice, yet gentle in its anger, reproached him for the lateness of his return, or excused his regretted absence by the attractions of some husband's friend. He felt the whole weight of the convivial delinquencies of the club rested upon his devoted name, and he shuddered at the conviction. Uncle Savory doats upon children. In the humour he was in, the strangest fancy found ready admittance into his brain, and he imagined that all the infant Ringdoves, in their prayers for protection, were taught to lisp his name in conjunction with that of the wicked one. He thought he heard the angered mother threaten her perverse child to "send for Mr. Savory;" and then he recalled the visions of his early love, and began to speculate upon the possibility of his heart sprouting again.

The latter idea acted as a sedative, and he became sufficiently calm to mix a small glass of brandy and water, and resort to his old friend, the maerschaum.

The twittering of the house sparrows at length warned him of the day-break, and he crept into bed with a very confused head, the result either of drinking or reflection—my own opinion leans to the former supposition.

For some evenings the Ringdoves saw nothing of my Uncle Savory, and the only information they could gain of him was from a small piece of paper which they found wafered on his door, inscribed with this laconic sentence—"Gone out;"—but where?—that was the mystery; and serious thoughts were entertained of advertising the missing gentleman, when to the great relief of the little community, Uncle Savory made his appearance at the Thursday's meeting.

Many were the inquiries as to the cause of his absence, but upon this point he refused to satisfy them; and as his wonted humour diffused its influence amongst them, they soon ceased to care for the past in the enjoyment of the present. The fact is, that my uncle had stolen quietly down to Gravesend, in order to argue over in his own mind what he ought to do in his present state of feeling. At first, he inclined to matrimony; but recollecting what a violent change it would necessarily produce, he gave up the pleasing dream, and set to work to free himself from the odium attached to a husband's friend. The plan he decided upon was a simple one, and accident enabled him to execute it at much less trouble and inconvenience than he at first anticipated.

It so happened that Mrs. Brown had issued invitations for a tea party, on the evening succeeding my uncle's return, and he learned with extreme delight that the visitors included all the wives of the "Ringdoves." A little *badinage*, cleverly introduced by Uncle Savory, induced every husband to promise to attend at the club and abandon the tea-table—a resolution which was strengthened by the assurance of my uncle that he should consider their presence on the ensuing evening as a personal obligation to himself.

The morrow evening came, but not Uncle Savory, and numerous were the conjectures of the "Ringdoves" to account for his absence. As I have no wish to keep the reader in suspense, let me beg of him to conceive the drawing-room of Mrs. Brown, crowded with the wives of the "Ringdoves," and at that point of time when the marital misdemeanours were the universal subject of conversation.

"Of course you have heard of Savory?" inquired Mrs. Brown.

"What! *that* fellow!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobbs.

"A *little* imp!" said Mrs. Jackson.

"The *greatest* nuisance that *I* know," remarked Mrs. Briggs.

"That—what shall I call him," continued Mrs. Brown, pausing for a word sufficiently comprehensive to express the fullness of her disgust—"That—that—*friend* of my husband—"

"And mine!" said Mrs. Briggs.

"And mine!" said Mrs. Dobbs.

"And mine!" said Mrs. Jackson—"that *friend* is the tempter—the Mephistophiles that leads my poor J. into late hours and incipient intoxication."

Briggs, Dobbs, Jackson, &c., were declared to be equally victims.

"I do believe if I were to see that wretch," said Mrs. Brown, "that I should—" here she paused to peruse the inscription on a card which the servant had just delivered to her—her lip whitened—the bird of Paradise in her turban shook as with an ague as she gasped out the name of

MR. ROGER SAVORY.

Had a bomb-shell been suddenly dropped into the tea-urn, the party could not have been more panic-stricken—a feeling that was not allayed by the entrance of my uncle—the universal bugbear, the "Spring-heeled Jack"—to their domestic quiet!

My uncle paused at the door—he bowed—(he is celebrated for his bow). Mrs. Brown rose and hinted—mind, only *hinted*—a curtsy.

"I am afraid that I am an intruder," said my uncle in the blandest of tones; "but"—and he paused.

"O dear, no!" replied Mrs. Brown, "pray"—(her conscience smote her as she uttered the request)—"pray be seated."

"Thank you," said my uncle, depositing his goodly person in a chair. "I expected to have found Mr. Brown here."

"Here!" answered the lady, "surely, Mr. Savory, you could not have expected Mr. Brown had returned home—at—this—early—hour."

Mrs. Jackson had been bursting to speak. "Perhaps, my dear, Mr. Savory knows his own attractions; and considered it probable, that as he was away, Mr. B. might have thought of his wife and friends."

It did not coincide with my uncle's purpose to understand the drift of Mrs. Jackson's remarks—he therefore smiled.

"My object in calling," he said at length, "was to leave my address in Paris."

"In Paris!" exclaimed the ladies simultaneously.

"In Paris," continued my uncle. "I leave town in three hours; and I fear it will be — years"—(here my uncle blew his nose griefully) —"ere I return to my native land."

A beam of pleasure stole over every countenance in the room.

"Pray, take a cup of tea," said Mrs. Brown, "as you are going to travel it may, perhaps, be agreeable."

"You are very kind," answered my uncle—and drawing his chair to the table, he accepted the proffered beverage.

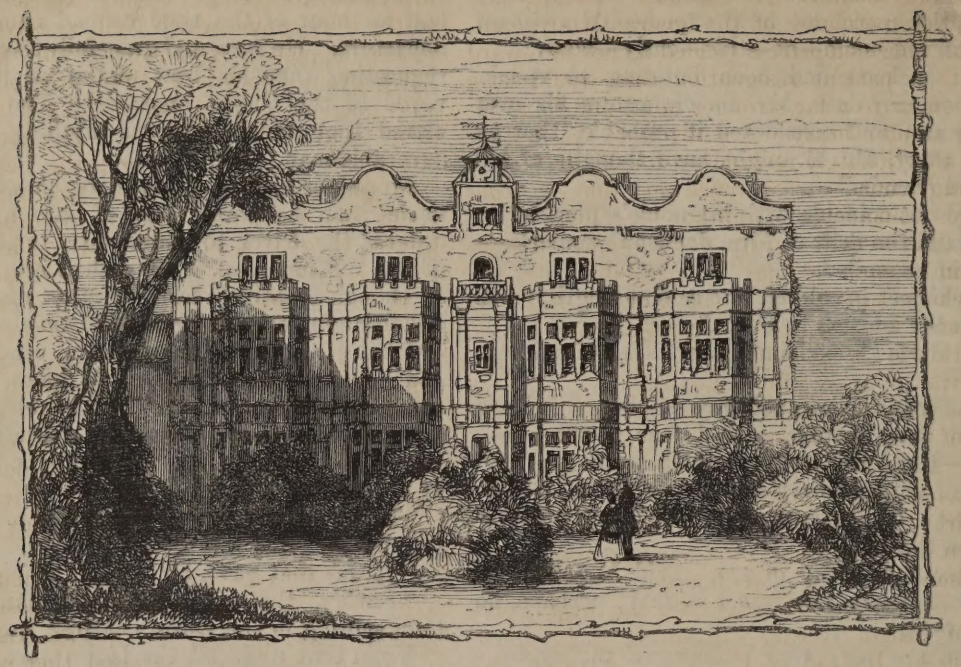
By degrees he contrived to lead the ladies into conversation; and by touching upon those topics only which he conceived to be most acceptable to them, contrived to prolong his visit until within half an hour of the time he had named for his departure. He rose, and gracefully took his leave, requesting that his best wishes might be conveyed to the absent husbands. The ladies declared that Mr. Savory was anything but a disagreeable man.

No sooner had the street door closed upon my uncle than he threw himself into a cab, and ordered the driver to convey him to the locality of the "Ringdoves." He rushed into the room, as though breathless from exertion, and tendered a thousand apologies for his unavoidable absence, ordered in a bowl of punch as a peace offering, and commenced a *fusillade* of jokes that soon set "the table in a roar." The clock chimed three as the merry roysterers turned into the street, each voting Uncle Savory "the best fellow in the world."

The result was exactly what my uncle anticipated. Not one wife would admit the old excuse —"It was that Savory!"

"Savory, the agreeable gentleman who was then snoring in the Dovor coach? Impossible!"

From that night all the ladies were convinced that my uncle was an injured innocent, and the Ringdoves, fearful of exciting more illiberal suspicions, never sought to palliate their delinquencies by the mention of the name of their "friend Savory.'



ELLEN BOOTH.

EARLY and late, before the first gay glimmering of daylight in the east, and long after the hush of evening had fallen on the village and its busy inmates, we could perceive a ray of light gleaming from the window of the cottage opposite our own, and sometimes hear—when all was still without—a woman's voice singing a low and melancholy strain of song. It brought to mind poor Maddalene and her pathetic murmur—

> "Chi rende alla meschina
> La sua felicita?"

and, like the poet prisoner, we learnt to take an interest in the singer, simply because her song was sad.

This was three winters since: nor could we then divine what urgent cause induced the inmates of that cottage (a widow and her daughter —Spring-time and Autumn met together,) to keep such long, protracted vigils—what sorrow or calamity provoked that melancholy strain of song. In the general aspect of their dwelling, and in their own mien and carriage, there were evident traces of gentility—straitened and limited, perhaps, yet still unquestionable gentility. That the younger had been tenderly and delicately reared, we could not doubt; as little could we doubt the gentle birth and nurture of the elder. Both were alike; with such agreement as may subsist between a bud and blossom. Time had softened, but not effaced, the beauty of the mother; the daughter was in the brilliant flush of youth—just verging into womanhood.

We observed that many ladies called upon them; but that to each, at parting, the younger lady evinced a striking submissiveness of manner we could not reconcile with our preconceived notions of the respect due—were it only from a sentiment of delicacy—to two unfriended females, who had evidently "fallen on evil days." In course of time we came to know them, and almost insensibly, and by degrees, as 'twere, became familiarized with the leading incidents of their past, and the arduous struggles of their present life.

In her early youth—such was the tenour of the widow's history—she had been married to a gay and polished spendthrift, who first dissipated her dowry, then neglected, and finally deserted her. A career of profligacy was appropriately terminated by a violent death, and the corpse of the suicide found its last resting-place within the limits of the Père la Chaise, at Paris. A scanty pittance, all that her affection for her worthless husband, and her forgetfulness of self, had originally led her to reserve for her exclusive use, was now the widow's sole dependence; and to render it sufficient for their maintenance, the daughter was compelled to ply her needle unremittingly, and bear with all the coldness, the vain caprice, the studied insolence, of proud, fastidious patronesses. It would have humbled or broken a higher spirit than Ellen Booth's, thus to wear out her youth, and waste her energies in thankless toil, submitting with a show of placid meekness, and often with a heavy heart, God wot!—to the

undeserved rebukes, the captious questions and thoughtless petulance of the ignorantly arrogant. Yet the poor sempstress yielded to her untoward lot with a patient resignation that would have done honour to a far stronger mind and to an infinitely stouter heart. A smile from the mother she so affectionately revered—a few kind words of encouragement—a recurrence to some cheering passages from a favourite author—a "little talk of better days"—trifles, truly, yet all-sufficient were they, in many a gloomy hour, to dissipate the melancholy engendered in the mind of Ellen by continuous application to her needle, and by the relaxation of the nervous system consequent upon a deprivation of her wonted exercise.

Thus weeks and months wore on, until the autumn of 1841, and then

"A change came o'er the spirit of her dream."

She was no longer a melancholy, dreaming, listless girl. The touching Scotch ballads we had so often heard her sing with a pathos that moved one almost to tears, we heard no more. The merry *chansons* of Beranger, or the lively melodies of Italian lyrists, supplanted our ancient favourites. Instead of Pascal's "*Pensées,*" we found a volume of Petrarch in the window, while Lalla Rookh usurped the place of "*Le Mie Prigioni*" on her little work-table. There was a heightened flush upon her cheek, a brighter sparkle in her tell-tale eyes, a bounding lightness in her step, and a jocund music in her laugh, that did your very heart good to listen to it. Nell was in love! The fact was palpable—the evidence irresistibly conclusive, and the symptoms abundantly demonstrative of the nature of the malady.

Thereafter, we visited the cottage at more unfrequent intervals, until one sunny day, last April twelvemonth, startled to hear some verses of one of the old, half-forgotten, melancholy songs, we entered the little sitting-room to seek solution of the mystery, and found poor Nell so marvellously transformed, that she, who had but lately seemed fit model for a sculptor's Hebe, did now appear a very Niobe. There was an "unquiet drooping of the eye," a pallor of the cheek, a compression of the lips, and a checked, imperfect respiration, that indicated all was not well, and that something had occurred to disenchant the gay mercurial Ellen, and uncreate the ideal world in which she had so recently abided.

On the preceding evening, Nell and her lover had been castle-building,—weaving gay fancies and pleasant visions of the future, and the light-hearted girl had dwelt with sanguine earnestness upon the happiness she should enjoy when *her* dear mother would be his, and when they should gather round one hearth and dwell beneath one roof—an affectionate and united family. But the mention of the mother's name seemed irksome to the lover, and listened to with somewhat of indifference. He hesitated, demurred, and vaguely intimated, rather than openly expressed, aversion to the triple union which Nell conceived essential to her happiness. She saw the fairy fabric which her buoyant hopes had raised, crumbling to dust with magical rapidity, but would not interpose an effort to avert its fall. She could not—thus did she reason—so lightly forget the heavy debt of love and gratitude she owed her mother. She could not leave the only parent she had ever known, to wage a most unequal conflict with narrow means, and—it might be, perhaps, in latter days—with infirmities of ailing health—companionless. Her spirit rebelled at the idea; and, though it cost her many a pang, her lover was dismissed, and peremptorily forbidden all further access to the cottage. Even the unoffending "Petrarch" suffered banishment, and "Lalla Rookh" was thenceforth flung aside. It must have been a hard struggle; yet Nell bore up against it wonderfully well, and firmly and inflexibly adhered to her resolve.

So passed the summer and the autumn, serenely, if not cheerfully; and we, over whose mind the ballads of Burns and the exquisite Irish melodies of Moore have ever exercised that witchery so peculiarly their own, were once more gratified by hearing them sung and resung, fully to our heart's content.

In September last, the living of * * * devolved upon a new incumbent, and a handsome bachelor to boot, who (as handsome bachelors are somehow very apt to do,) soon won golden opinions from both rich and poor. Among the earliest of the intimacies he formed, was one between our neighbours and himself, and really it has thriven and ripened with astonishing celerity. We know that Holy Writ enjoins the ministers of religion to visit "the widow and the fatherless;" still, we do not think the text requires such visitations should be diurnal, natheless we observe a daily regularity in the appearance of our vicar at the cottage opposite. "There must be something in it,"—the whole village conspires in saying so, nor would we, for the world, dispute the truth of its collective *dictum*. "There must be something in it"—every gossip is positively and not-to-be-contradicted-ly certain of it, and so we take it for granted there actually *is*. Besides, there is the old sparkle in the eyes of Ellen Booth, the old "celestial, rosy red, love's proper hue," upon her cheek, the old merry music in her laugh, and the old bounding freedom in her step. Then, too, we think we saw the exiled "Petrarch" on her table some few days since; and can with confidence aver we have heard her gaily carolling—

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream,"

Well, well, if Ellen Booth and her widowed mother do not change their residence from the cottage to the vicarage, before the coming autumn, we will renounce all pretensions to play the prophet at once and sempiternally. J. S.

A LETTER

FROM THE STATVE OF SHAKSPERE, TO SIR JAMES GRAHAM BART, QVEEN VICTORIA'S HOME OFFICE &c

Drury-lane Portico, June 14, 1843.

My dear Sir James,

IT is now a quarter to twelve. The play is over—the curtain is down—we are shut up. A night-light burns in the bed-room of my opposite neighbour, the shoemaker—I avail myself of its friendly radiance to pen you an epistle. True inspiration was never yet particular in its paper: I write on the back of a play-bill.

And first, Sir James, may I ask of you as a particle of the most enlightened government that ever yet glorified the destinies of Englishmen,—may I ask,—what is to become of me? Apollo be my judge! I am not vain-glorious; I am not so magnificent in my notions of housekeeping, as you, Sir James, and the government imagine. I have no doubt that this error springs from your intense admiration of Shakspere—I am, indeed, certain, from what you and your party talk about the "divine bard" and the "sweet swan of Avon," that you believe I must have a mansion at some 5,000*l.* or 6,000*l.* per annum, with a horde of people hanging about me, and eating me up for my own dignity. Until within these last two years, there was a baneful idea abroad, that I must keep a very numerous Harem in my establishment—that, indeed, I was so constituted, that the iniquity became vital to me. Thereupon, one of my handsomest saloons was devoted to the frail hirelings of Paphos, very respectable people, indeed, turning the fetid penny (*pecunia olet*, Sir James, however Vespasian may deny it) by the unsavoury commerce. This wickedness was put forth as a habit of mine not to be got rid of; and what was the upshot? Why, my name became tainted in the nostrils of worthy folk, and matrons and virgins could not acknowledge Shakspere, for the lawless company that with rolling eyes, and godless "love-locks" swarmed about him. My dear friend Macready—my sole, surviving son—championed my fame, and made me approachable to decent people. He showed how much the easiness of my nature—you know, Sir James, I was ever called "the gentle"—had been abused by the trading *Quicklys* and *Elbows* of the time, who with smug faces avowed that the house of Shakspere was so large, that the expense of build-

ing him staircases, and lobbies, and a thousand nooks had been so vast, it was impossible to keep Shakspere with a roof over his head, unless part of his mansion was let off for Cyprian revelry and the orgies of Bacchus. And thus, Sir James, whether I would or no, I was made the landlord of Venus, that I might the better piece out my rent. Do you not shudder, Sir James? Think of Apollo as master of the stews, with the occasional assistance of Minerva as old *Mother Cole!* However, from this abomination, my dear, enthusiastic namesake, William, cleansed my name. With him, I felt myself a gentleman, and not a pimp.

But all these evils arise from my being—I use a very modern phrase—over-housed. The government, with a deep veneration for Shakspere, with a most passionate regard for his reputation, insist upon his keeping up a mansion which every other year or so makes him bankrupt. For the sake of poetry, Sir James,—if, indeed, it be not moon madness to conjure a Cabinet Minister by any such spell,—do let me lodge where I like! For Phœbus' sake—and really, considering the money government makes of him by the window-lights, you ought to respect the adjuration,—for Phœbus' sake, permit me to take my own plays under my arm, and act them where I will. This is all I ask. I seek no boon of government but forgetfulness—all I pray for, is complete neglect. As it is, you force me to dwell in two houses, Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden; yes, I have a summer-box in the Haymarket, which, from circumstances, I can very rarely visit—you lay upon my back what, if Atlas himself were to turn poet, he could not support, and then affect commiseration for my weakness. If you will insist that, for my honour and dignity, I must inherit a huge overgrown mansion, at least then—pay my rent!

I perceive, Sir James, that the very hint of this makes you struggle with your gravity; you pity the simplicity of Shakspere, a man who can write only plays, that he should be so utterly ignorant of the solemn uses of the public money. Alas! why are not the Muses daughters of rich royal Dukes? Then, indeed, might they be pensioners!

But, Sir James, pray understand me. A *fico* for the public purse! I want no "beggarly denier" from government; all, again and again I ask of it, is entire neglect, perfect forgetfulness. But don't continue to kill me with your kindness; don't blast me with your patronage; don't, by veneration for what you are pleased to call my "patent rights," still make, as you have made, Shakspere synonymous with bankrupt. You make me, in the devotion of your government heart, a grand Lama, and the "vested interest" cackled of, is the screen that keeps me from the town. You affect a vast concern for the "swan of Avon," yet is the said swan worse treated than any Shrovetide-cock!

Another wrong galls and wounds me. By being bound to three mansions, I am made a thing of gambling; a matter of sordid, ignorant speculation. The owners of the only houses I am allowed to visit make a decoy-duck of my name, and indeed sport with it. Many a time, here on the top of this portico, have I blushed through my stone cheeks, feeling that I had been made as clearly the instrument of a juggle, a trick upon an unwary, wealthy fool, ay as clearly (for I have heard of the things) as any pea and thimble at Epsom or Ascot. You, Sir James, as a Cabinet Minister, are insensible of such compunction; but I am only stone.

Alas! the men I have seen plucked bare as my hand, and all for a play-house wherein the "sweet swan" might legally sing, not his own, but their death! It was, of course, only a poetic whim, but year after year I have thought Drury-Lane moved like my own Burnam-wood, nearer and nearer to the Bench. Every year, I felt myself more and more assimilating to a turnkey. Oh, Sir James! When I dreamt my golden dreams at Bankside and in the meads of Stratford, I dreamt I thought for the whole human family, and not alone for the shareholders of Drury-Lane!

I have addressed myself to you, Sir James, not from any insulting belief that you are a bit more poetic than any other member of the present Cabinet, but in consequence of a conversation I heard carried on immediately beneath me by a matron, a time-honoured vendor of bills of the play and a dealer in penny sandwiches; a spirited individual, who, during the past season, was wont to greet the out-coming audience with the savoury announcement—"Ham sandwich, a penny,"—a merchant who, I fear, has made more by Drury-Lane than Mr. Macready. From this worthy couple, I overheard that "Sir James Graham had got a bill, and intended to put all the play-houses to rights." This report I also heard corroborated by a tall, melancholy-looking policeman, who I afterwards discovered had been a very successful dramatist in his day, but unhappily, being ignorant of French, was at length compelled to go into "the force." I pray you, then, Sir James, take these houses off my shoulders; I cannot support them. I have been so often told that mine is a very pretty genius, that it would be the purest folly in me to deny it; nevertheless, I am not equal to the rent and taxes, and the whole village of folks required for Drury-Lane or Covent-Garden.

I have spoken of the vendors of play-bills, Sir James. They are a sagacious class, and have very good business notions of the beauty of a drama. I recollect, some two or three years since, they held me in special contempt. I remember a joyous greeting of one matron to a male acquaintance in the craft: radiant was her face—blithe her speech. "Vell, Jack," she cried, "ve shall do now; the lions is coming!"—"Thank God," cried Jack, and casting towards

me a look of scurvy triumph, he added—"then *you* may walk, my buffer!"

Ha, Sir James! That you would only permit me to walk! That you would only suffer me to relinquish this ruinous house-keeping! Indeed, I am the holder of a mansion, and not a holder. I have been made the sign of entertainment for beasts, but not of instruction for men. You suffered horses by scores to gallop over and defile my classic stage. The Anti-Corn-Law League you drove away. You cared not what quantity of beans and oats the chief actors at Drury-Lane might consume in the theatre, but you would not have the price of corn therein discussed. The distinction was nice, and worthy the subtlety of a Chamberlain. Horses were a part of the drama of the country—Messrs. Cobden and Villiers had no such importance. Piebalds before Members of Parliament; though, indeed, they have sometimes been one and the same article.

Once more, Sir James, will you permit me to give up my unwieldy castles in the parish of Covent-Garden?—or, at least, will you allow me the choice of smaller buildings? You may, Sir James, answer—"Why, Shakspere, are you not sometimes seen at the Surrey, the Pavilion, nay, at Sadler's Wells?" It is very true, Sir James; but I go there in fear of a policeman. For all I know, I may have to find bail for the misdemeanour in the morning. Now, Sir James, my follower Sir Walter Scott—his descendants too, of the present day—are in no such strait as myself or any of my dramatic band. There are hundreds of booksellers for the novelist, the historian, the essayist, the poet. But in London, there are but three shops for the dramatist. At this moment, Sir James, imagine a worthy, soul-descendant of mine, who has written another *Hamlet*. Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden are closed; the Haymarket manager may not like the *Hamlet*, or what is much more probable, the writer may not admire the probable representative of Denmark's Prince at that house,—what remains, then, for his tragedy? The corner of a cupboard. Mr. Macready would play the new *Hamlet* at the English Opera House; but as surely as he should don the sables, so surely would "father antic the law" (I may be allowed to quote myself) tap him on the shoulder.

Perhaps I am asking too much of a Cabinet Minister to beg a consideration of these things. If, however, you should so far condescend, you will then be able to judge to a nicety the amount of gratitude due from the British dramatist to the government of merry England.

For the last time, Sir James, I intreat of you, that I may be allowed to retrench my expenses. I want a few snug houses about London—I want permission to go where I like. Indeed, indeed, I am not so expensive a fellow in my habits as you imagine. It is the bricks and mortar—the building—that crushes me; that compels me, by its vastness, to have dancers and singers, and to be, apparently, surrounded by all the show and glitter of an Eastern Nabob—when by Phœbus, I swear to you, I am simple, nay, severe in my tastes: I want no singing birds, (for horribly dear, indeed, is the cost of their keeping,)—no dancers, no mob "to dress" a stage. I want mere comfort and simplicity, Sir James; and leave me to myself, and doubt not I will compass them.

Ere I conclude, I must say two or three words, respecting your gracious mistress, Victoria of England. Much of my late ill-success has been attributed to the coldness of that distinguished lady towards my Muse. Pardon me, in this clamour I do not join. That Her Majesty has not come oftener to see me, is possibly more Her Majesty's loss than mine. I know that there are idle, rancorous demagogues, who talk about "the duties" of royalty—and that a Queen should honour the influence of her country's literature, being herself most honoured by such custom,—to these opinions, I say nothing; they may, or may not, be true. To Queen Elizabeth I was, doubtless, greatly indebted for my worldly success: I coined her smiles into gold: but surely, in 1843, it can matter little to "the sweet swan," though he should be of no more account than a talking parrot in any court of Christendom.

I have the honour to be,
Your obedient Servant,

William Shakspeare.

P.S.—As there are all sorts of reports about, should your answer not find me above the Portico, please let your messenger search Broker's Row.

THE PEERAGE OF THE PEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

MOST melancholy paper in the current number of *The Quarterly Review* chronicles the living sayings and doings of Theodore Hook. His whole life, as there recorded, is only another sad example of the treason which gifted men commit upon themselves—another humiliating proof of the false estimation of mere worldly noise and worldly glare by those very natures, ordained, as it would seem, to test the hubbub and the flash about them, and the magic of wit and wisdom, to show their utter nothingness. Melancholy is it, when the mind created to expose the idol in all its falsehoods, becomes a worshipper of the gilded iniquity, and ducks with the lowest to the abomination. Then, indeed, is genius a traitor to itself, and false to its high mission. Then, does wit become no more than the mountebank of a circle, to be laughed at for a time, and at the forlorn last, to die the poor, neglected, beggared jack-pudding.

We extract from *The Quarterly* the following description of the worse than folly of a man, whose true importance was the books he wrote, not the titles he visited:—

"In 1827 he took a higher flight. He became the tenant of a house in Cleveland Row—on the edge therefore of what, in one of his novels, he describes as 'the real London'—the space between Pall Mall on the south, and Piccadilly on the north; St. James's Street on the west, and the Opera House to the east. The residence was handsome, and, to persons ignorant of his domestic arrangements, appeared extravagantly too large for his purpose: we have since heard of it as inhabited by a nobleman of distinction. He was admitted a member of divers clubs; shone the first attraction of their house dinners; and, in such as allowed of play, he might commonly be seen in the course of his protracted evening. Presently he began to receive invitations to great houses in the country, and, for week after week, often travelled from one to another such scene, to all external appearance in the style of an idler of high condition. In a word, he had soon entangled himself with habits and connections which implied much curtailment of the time for labour at the desk, and a course of expenditure more than sufficient to swallow the profits of what remained. New debts began to accumulate so rapidly, that, about 1831, he found it necessary to get rid of the house at St. James's, and removed to one of more modest dimensions, close to Fulham Bridge, with a small garden towards the river. Here he remained to the end; but, though he took advantage of the change to drop the custom of giving regular dinners, and probably to strike off some other sources of expense, he not only continued his habits of visiting, but extended them, as new temptations offered, until his Book came to contain an array of names which, after some observation both of him and of London, it surprised us to go over. Long before the close, it included various members of the Royal Family—numerous representatives of every rank in the peerage with few exceptions, all the leading politicians on the Tory side—not a few of their conspicuous opponents in both Houses—a large proportion of what attracted most notice at the time in the departments of art, literature, and science—and, lastly, whatever flaunted and glittered in the giddiest whirl of the *beau monde*.

"Comparatively few of these admirers, we suspect, ever knew exactly where Mr. Hook lived—the lion of the crowded assembly, the star of a Christmas or Easter party in a rural palace—the unfailing stage manager, prompter, author, and occasionally excellent comic actor, of the Private Theatricals, at which noble Guardsmen were the varlets, and lovely Peeresses the soubrettes. His letters and cards were left for him at one or other of his clubs; and we doubt, in fact, if the interior of his Fulham cottage was ever seen by half a dozen people besides the old confidential worshippers at the Bull's mouth. To the upper world he was visible solely as the jocund convivialist of the club—the brilliant wit of the lordly banquet."

What do we see in this palace of a house, but a gaudy misery haunted by bailiffs? There is the curse of the cannibal usurer upon every stick in it. And in the travelling equipage of the author, whose only estate was a sheet of paper—the estate which he should have held in higher honour than the largest domains of his most princely hosts—in the carriage of the writer, we see care, and misery, and the hideous face of debt scowling upon its laughing victim, like a hungry ghoul ready to gorge itself. What purer air we breathe, when we turn from Cleveland Row and the "lordly banquet" to the Temple top chambers of glorious Charles Lamb—to his oyster suppers,—and to the honest simplicity of his beer "in the pewter."

The next extract will show the horrible purgatory endured by the willing victim to tinkling titles, and, as in his especial case it especially proved itself, heartless wealth:—

"There is recorded, in more than usual detail, one winter visit at the seat of a nobleman of almost unequalled wealth—evidently particularly fond of Hook, and always mentioned in terms of real gratitude, even affection. Here was a large company, including some of the very highest names in England; the party seemed to have remained together for more than a fortnight; or if one went, the place was filled immediately by another not less distinguished by the advantages of birth and fortune: Hook is the only untitled name—except a led captain or chaplain or two, and some misses of musical celebrity. What a struggle he has to maintain! Every Thursday he has to meet the printer of the *John Bull*, to arrange the paper for Saturday's impression, While the rest are shooting or hunting, he clears his head as well as he can, and steals a few hours to write his articles. When they go to bed on Wednesday night, he smuggles himself into a post-chaise, and is carried fifty miles across the country to some appointed 'Blue Boar,' or 'Crooked Billet.' Thursday morning is spent in overhauling correspondence, in the details of the editorship. He with hard driving gets back to the neighbourhood of the castle when the dressing-bell is ringing. Mr. Hook's servant has intimated that his master is slightly indisposed; he enters the gate as if from a short walk in the wood; in half an hour behold him answering placidly the inquiries of the ladies—his headache fortu-

nately gone at last—quite ready for the turtle and champagne—puns rattle like a hail shower—"that dear Theodore" has never been more brilliant. At a decorous hour the great lord and his graver guests retire; it is supposed that the evening is over—that the house is shut up. But Hook is quartered in a long bachelor's gallery with half a dozen bachelors of far different calibre. One of them, a dashing young Earl, proposes what the Diary calls 'something comfortable' in his dressing-room. Hook, after his sleepless night and busy day, hesitates, but is persuaded. The broiled bones are attended by more champagne—Roman punch—hot brandy and water finally; for there are plenty of butlers and grooms of the chamber ready to minister to the delights of the distant gallery, ever productive of fees to man and maid. The end is that they play deep, and that Theodore loses a great deal more money than he brought with him from town, or knows how to come at if he were there. But he rises next morning with a swimming, bewildered head, and, as the fumes disperse, perceives that he must write instantly for money. No difficuly is to be made; the fashionable tailor (*alias* merciless Jew), to whom he discloses the case, must, on any terms, remit 100*l.* by return of post. It is accomplished—the debt is discharged. Thursday comes round again—again he escapes to meet the printer. This time the printer brings a payment of salary with him, and Hook drives back to the castle in great glee. Exactly the same scene occurs a night or two afterwards. The salary all goes. When the time comes for him at last to leave his splendid friend, he finds that he has lost a fortnight as respects a book that must be finished within a month or six weeks—and that what with travelling expenses hither and thither (he has to defray the printer's too), and losses at play to silken coxcombs, who consider him as an admirable jack-pudding, and also an invaluable pigeon, since he drains his glass as well as fills it—he has thrown away more money than he could have earned by the labour of three months in his own room at Fulham. But then the rumble of the green chariot is seen well stocked with pheasants and hares as it pauses and passes through town, at Crockford's, the Carlton, or the Athenæum."

Some century ago, the author was, in a measure, the compelled dependant on the nominal noble and the really rich. This, indeed, has been the self-assertion of the literary character. For a long dark time it kicked its heels in the halls of the affluent, and for so much beef and mutton wrote itself "liar" in paid-for dedications; crawled, snake-like, in the dust, to lick the shoe-leather of titled patronage. The author, indeed, in the houses of the great, did little more than supersede the licensed fool; the clown with his bauble was the author, not yet in print. It was his province to awaken the humour or touch the sympathies of his master, who, in his rudest and wildest despotism, acknowledged the out-speakings of humanity in the licensed folly of the jester. He, the fool, was the moralist upon the vanities of life, when vanity would scarcely endure more set remonstrance; the satirist of its wickedness and wrongs, when professed satire would have been scourged and mutilated. The sayings of the fool were but the indistinct, half-muttered stammerings of the author. Wisdom went to press, and full soon the vassal brain died of printer's ink.

Yet are there men who in their souls would still wear the liveries of titled wealth; men, who would degrade and falsify the glorious attributes which God has bestowed upon them, by apeing the adventitious distinctions of the mere purse. It is not enough for them that they are endowed with the noblest, the proudest quality of the human intellect—a power to arrest and dignify the mind of the world— that they are enabled to hold a glorious communion with their species, making to themselves friendships in ten thousand hearts, and from the solitude of their chambers awakening the finest sympathies of life—this glorious prerogative is not sufficient: no, they must doff their *Prospero's* gown, lay down the charming rod, and become—men of fashion. They must strive to vie and ruffle it with the elect of rank and wealth. They whose whole estates are upon demy or octavo—whose whole retinue are engendered by drops from the goose-quill—must enter the lists of show with men of tens of thousands of acres, and of a crowd of liveries. Is not this "flat rebellion" to the simple dignity of literature?—is it not the ingratitude of poorest coxcombry?

A few words—they have been rung again and again through the kingdom—were once let fall in the House of Lords by a certain excellent Earl. In the plainness of his soul he declared he would stand by his order. Doubtless, high and noble memories are about that same order; glorious recollections of valour, patriotic martyrdom; a hallowing of time is upon it. But has not the Mind its Peerage—has not the Pen its Order?

There are estates in this merry England held by single owners—Estates, which a good horseman could scarcely cover between sunrise and sunset. How glorious the scenes! What majestic woods—temples for time itself! What bright and bounteous waters! What hills, golden and waving with the triumphs of the sower! What varying richness of hill, dale, forest and flood! And all of this belongs to one man. This very thought invests the owner with something prodigious. To the common mind, he becomes gigantic by his possessions. The petty infirmities of human nature are with difficulty associated with him; his being seems merged and enlarged in his property. It takes an effort to consider him the mere biped, of no finer anatomy than the grey-headed pauper who breaks stones for a daily crust. Well, he dies, and is buried in mahogany, with all the honours of Genoa velvet and silver-gilt coffin nails and coffin-plates. His son succeeds; and with no effort of his own—with nought, it may be, to recommend him, save the anointing oil of good-luck that makes him heritor—he is invested with the possessions quitted by the dead. He is nature's lucky man, and proves his fealty to that luck by the continual assertion of his order.

Are there no other estates as true, albeit not as tangible, as the earthly domain of the earthly noble? Here are a few sheets of paper, and in a few days or weeks a noble of another sort will create a domain which neither scrivener can convey, nor usurer seize upon. Here are woods never to be overthrown by gamblers' dice—cornfields and meadows that defy the ace of trumps, ay, all the honours, let them be packed and shuffled with the rarest sleight. Here, reader, is the Wood of Ardennes—here the ripe grain, and

fragrant meads of Windsor. And more, their Creator and first owner bequeaths them to the human race until the great doom. Eternity alone can foreclose upon them.

Is not this second landowner somewhat of the peerage—has he not a sort of order? And in its remote degree—remote, indeed, compared to his—so has every man, who, truly and honestly stirred by the creative power vouchsafed to him, touches the heartstrings of his fellow-men, and from the glorious prodigality of his nature, gives unfailing riches to the poorest. We have seen the wealth and vastness of ducal possessions, yet have we thought SPENSER something better than a duke—something better than a dukedom, too—*The Faery Queen.*

And should not the power, which, addressing itself to the wide world, links to itself the best sympathies and purest gratitude of men—should not the consciousness of this power be all-in-all sufficient to the chosen mind? Can it receive dignity or honour from merely verbal rank—from the vulgarity of mere wealth? Once upon a time there was a paper crown placed in mockery upon the dead head of a king. There are, at this moment, living heads, whose paper crowns burn and flash with richer gems, with more enduring glories, than the coronets of dukes and marquesses.

Yes, literature has, indeed, its Order; and bitterly, most bitterly, do those, who, forgetful of its true dignity, seek for extraneous importance in the masquerade of fortune,—bitterly do they expiate the treason. For to them it is but a masquerade; a finery to be worn too often with an aching heart; a finery, to be in part paid for by misery and moral degradation. They take the huge, oilcake-fed sons of fortune as the models of their poor ambition, and swelling, swelling to imitate their idols, burst too often in a gutter.

The last celebrated victim was Theodore Hook. A painted fly, that buzzed and buzzed about the candles of the great, consuming himself for the merriment of those who never crossed the threshold of the dying,—who never by the aid of one shilling helped to solace the family of the dead. Stay: let us do justice to the Bishop of London. His Grace, hearing of Hook's approaching end, "called, and wrote also to offer his personal ministrations in the offices of religion." But it was too late—poor Yorick could not listen to the prayers of the Bishop. Never did man so recklessly fling away the gifts of mind—never did Eastern fanatic more resolutely cast himself beneath the crushing wheels of the murderous idol, than did Theodore Hook throw himself beneath the idol fashion. Let us not be misunderstood. We impute to Hook no touch of the parasite. On the contrary, we have always understood him to be bold, and outspeaking in his opinions; there was no deferential trimming in the man. But he would imitate the golden oxen of the world—he would strive to be as big, and as fine as they; the while the stall-fed cattle laughed at the poor endeavour of mere pen-and-ink.

We turn from Hook, the reveller in a peer's palace, to the death-bed of the wit, broken, prematurely old, beggared, his wife and children left to the mercies of the world, to the benevolent recollections of those who feasted and destroyed the husband and father in the glory of his day, when the very quickness and volume of his humour seemed a defiance to death—we turn from the mansion of the peer to that desolate cottage at Fulham; to that house of anguish, and want, and orphaned wretchedness and widowed despair; and seeing that total wreck of vanity wrecking all that was most dear to the real heart of the natural man,—we ask, in sorrow, why would this man have haunted the destroying tables of the great?—why, potent in the genius which had been bounteously awarded to him, did he not hold to the Peerage of his Intellect—to the unbought and unpurchaseable dignity of his order?

The treatment of Hook by his party, though it in no way excuses the atrocious cruelty of the Tories, who vulture-like flocked about his very coffin, should be a stern lesson to all men who write for party, and not for human nature. The Tories have been rated that they made no government provision for the children of their hard-working, their indomitable champion. We confess, that we do not share in this indignation. The Tory personal friends of their advocate might, assuredly, have done somewhat for his orphans. A subscription was begun, to which the King of Hanover—who, we fear, cannot afford to be defrauded of any good report—gave, to his honour be it said, £500. There was one man, the bosom-friend of Hook—if, indeed, we may apply the term to such a man—who, though enriched for friendly offices by a dead poet, and his friendship, we believe, had none of the nicest organs, it was used in so many noisome duties—this man, the constant, boon companion of the dead wit, refused to subscribe a shilling if his name were known. And wherefore? It would be giving countenance to immorality. The mother of Hook's children—it is publicly known—was not Hook's wedded wife. The subscription fell to the ground, and the virtue of the Marquess's legatee triumphed!

The *Quarterly Review* bears the following testimony to the generosity of Toryism:—

"His executors found that he died very deeply in debt. His books and other effects produced £2,500, which sum was of course surrendered to the Crown as the privileged creditor. There was some hopes that the Lords of the Treasury might grant a gift of this, or some part of it, to the five children, who were left wholly unprovided for,—(one, the eldest of his two boys, had a year before gone to India with a cadetship, bestowed by the kindness of Mr. Marjoribanks,)—but this expectation was disappointed. A subscription was by and by opened at Messrs. Ransom's. The executors, and two or three other old friends in middle life, headed it by very liberal sums—£100 each; but few, very few, of those who had either profited as politicians by Theodore Hook's zeal and ability, or courted him in their lofty circles for the fasci-

nation of his wit, have as yet been found to show any feeling for his unfortunate offspring."

As for any government grant for services of political literature, we hold it to be an unjustifiable outlay of the public money. We are not for goose-quill hirelings of either side; we would have no pension paid for work done either by Whigs or Tories. The hope of such rewards debauches the minds of men, and degrades them into ink-sputterers. The public now affords the surest reward to the honesty of political letters. The hireling paragraphist—the badged pamphleteer, with his venomed pen, like an assassin's stiletto, at the hire of any knave or fool,—is an animal almost extinct. Thank Heaven! we live in better times. Those creeping creatures, living upon printed abuse—those wretched, degraded beings, to whom the abandoned misery of female life is purity of mind itself—are almost vanished from among us. It is true, that one or two survive, by which we may know the family, as from the caged rattle-snakes in our Zoological collections, we may judge of the whole species.

We believe that Hook was a sincere worshipper of Toryism. He did not mum a creed; it was a living faith within him. Therefore, the sweet feeling of sincerity was his best reward. In his partisanship, he no doubt did many things "in heat of blood," which his cooler judgment might condemn. Nevertheless, whatever were his faults to others, his greatest were to himself: and so it will always be with those vain, short-sighted men, who sell their glorious birthright of superior intellect for a mess of pottage, served up at a lord's table in a lord's platter.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

ORN under the shadow of a wood, where the cooings of the wild-pigeon and the hum of the beetle were the rudest sounds that assailed one from year's end to year's end, it may well be believed that, on coming to settle in the metropolis, a horror of its noise was one of the *first* horrors that pervaded us. The rattle of the Strand and the rumble of Oxford Street went to our very heart's core; and when we came to the point where these Thames and Isis of uproar united, when we arrived in Cheapside, we fairly thought our brain would crack at the diabolical din.

"My dear fellow, it's nothing: nothing when you're used to it. *I* don't hear it."

"The dev——"

"No, indeed, I don't. Of course, coming from the country as you do, with your ear full of sensitiveness, and all that sort of thing——I was just the same myself;——but after a while, in a week or two, you'll be as dull of hearing as I am."

"It's very kind of you to say so."

"Upon my life, you will; and mean time, we must look you out some nice quiet street, where there's no thoroughfare, and no shops, and no public-houses, and no cab-stand, and no nothing, where you'll be able to sleep in comfort, and spend your evenings in as perfect a state of quiet as if you were snoozing beneath the branches of your native forest."

"You think so?"

"Think so! I'm sure of it. My dear fellow, you may get anything in London, quiet or racket, gaiety or retirement, the splendour of a palace or the gloom of a cloister; green peas at Christmas or skating at Midsummer—in short, anything—if you have but money."

"You don't happen to—"

"Yes, I do: I know the very place for you: * * * * * * Street, in the Strand—one of those little streets that run down to the river—leads to nowhere—iron railings at the end; often looked down and never saw anything coming up except the breeze from the river—very salubrious—very convenient, too, for the omnibuses—only two minutes' walk, and three to the fourpenny boats—nice distance too from the West-end, and easy for the City—close to the theatres—hop, step and jump to the parks; in short, just the thing—and so very—very quiet.

"I'll certainly look at the street."

And I did look at the street. The very first thing, the very next morning, I visited the localities, and examined the evidences on the spot. Everything confirmed my friend's statement: not

a vehicle to be seen, not a hoof to be heard—all was still as Stonehenge. I rushed to the first "Apartments Furnished" that caught my eye, fearful lest some other admirer of "still life" should dash in and forestall me in the possession of the tempting habitation. The landlady was of course a widow; she, too, loved quiet: if ****** Street had not been a quiet street, *she* would never have settled in it: it was still to a fault: it might almost be called dull, by a person not of studious habits—but perhaps I *was* of studious habits—(I owned the soft impeachment); and indeed, there could not be a better proof of the genteel, retired character of the spot than the look-out from the window at that moment.

I took the lodgings for a twelvemonth certain, beginning from the Monday next ensuing.

I am engaged at chambers during the middle of the day; but in the evening, bidding good-bye to Coke and Chitty, and all such abominations, I fly to the solace of my pet poets, my favourite romancists, my beloved old chroniclers, and live over again in the pages of Froissart or Commines, days that have long since passed away; or, in the stanzas of Spencer or Milton, scenes that have only existed in the dream-land of these mighty cosmogonists. It is then that a quiet street is a blessing worthy of the gods. Now, thought I, on the evening of the initiatory Monday, as I turned out of the noisy Strand into my hermitage, now for a delicious, dreamy night with the immortals!

"Sich a gittin up stairs and playin' on the fiddle,
Sich a gittin up stairs I nivir did see,"

performed upon two clarionets, a big drum, triangle, trombone, cymbals, cornet à piston, and octave flute, was the chime that saluted my unhappy ears, before I had well turned the corner. Execrating the performers all the way down from No. 1 to No. 26½, I rapped a sulky double rap at the door of my cloister.

"You've got *music* to-night," said I to the maid who came to open the door, with a withering tone of bitter irony on the "music." But maids-of-all-work don't understand irony (unless its flat-irony), and instead of responding in a splenetic mood, as I had anticipated, the girl replied with a giggle of delight, "Oh! yes, Sir, every evening: we've music every evening: 'bout the time as gentlemen comes home to their dinners, they always come round and play for above an hour in the street."

"Yes, Sir," chimed in the widow, who just then appeared from the back parlour, "and as soon as they're gone, some more are sure to come: there's a harp band attends three times a week; and a party of glee-singers; and a man with a guitar; and another with one of these pianoforte organs, sings all Phillips's songs, 'As I view these scenes so charming,' and so on; and a woman with a most beautiful v'ice, makes the street ring again: oh, and lots more! for you see, Sir, the musicians all come and pay us a visit—ours is such a quiet street."

"The devil take your musicians, Madam."

"Law, Sir!"

"Law!" echoed the maid, suppressing the "Sir," as being more contemptuous.

"Law, Sir! then I suppose you *ain't fond of music?*"

The horror of that first evening I shall never forget. All the minstrels that my landlady had promised me came in due course, with many more that she had said nothing about. Reading was out of the question. The

"Goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,"

was put to flight by

"The miller's lovely daughter:"

Philip von Artevelt and his White Hoods were dissipated by *The Irish Quadrille;* Una and her milk-white Lamb were forced to knock under to Kathleen Mavourneen; Charles the Bold was obliged to beat a retreat before *The Bold Dragoon.* It was not enough either to be doomed to listen to their tunes under the window, and have done with it; but one heard the wretches commencing their discordant campaign at the very top of the street, from which you knew they would approach in a diabolical *crescendo,* to the very threshold of your own door, and there *da capo* all their loudest pieces, for the especial edification of the gentleman opposite, at No. 28, who had a taste for military music.

I delicately hinted to my landlady, that I didn't think I should be able to stay. She (as delicately) adverted to the ceremony of a twelvemonth's warning, and wondered I should object to music, as all "her gentlemen," previously, had expressed their admiration of it. I saw I was fairly booked for a year, so tried to make the best of a bad bargain. As for the music, thought I, I shall get used to it.

Yes, I did "get used to it" with a vengeance; for I soon found out that every band and every singer of the lot, had a certain (and very limited) set of tunes which he, she, or they sang or played all the year round, without change, variation, or *cadenza ad libitum* of any kind or description. For instance, the man with the wheelbarrow pianoforte always commenced operations at No. 1, with "Oh merry row the bonny bark." Then he trundled off to No. 3, where he achieved "When time hath bereft thee." At No. 5, he tipped us "Rory O'More." No. 7, where there were young ladies, was favoured with "As I view these scenes so charming"—the latter part, where the singer so often repeats "I love thee, love thee still," generally eliciting a fourpenny piece, and an encore. At No. 9, "The Angel's Whisper" —though in anything *but* a whisper. No. 11, "Kathleen Mavourneen." No. 13, (a serious family lives here,) "Martin Luther's Hymn." No. 15 (in Chancery—no song). No. 16, "The Canadian Boat Song," arranged for one voice. No. 18, (more young ladies,) "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms." No. 20, "Oh, merry row" again. No. 22, 'When time hath bereft thee," second time on these paving stones: and so on with all the rest.

This is bad enough; but not the worst. Many of our singers have not half so good a collection as the ambulatory Phillips. There is one woman with a seventeen-nightingale-power of voice, that has but three blessed songs for her whole stock in trade. These are "The Maid of Lodi," "The Banks of Allan Water," and "The Maid of Llanwellyn for me." You may fancy the agony of four Maids of Lodi, and four Millers' lovely Daughters, and four Maids of Llanwellyn, all in one street.

In the midst of all this suffering, I had one consolation: when the bad weather comes on, thinks I, there will be some peace.

Will there?

The bad weather did come on; the rain poured cats and dogs; the nights were cold and cheerless: winter was at hand.

"I should think, Sarah," I said to the servant maid, in whom I had by this time excited a certain degree of sympathy—"I should think, Sarah, these musicians couldn't last much longer now."

"Last! Lawk bless you! this is just the season for 'em. All them bands as has been playing all the summer on board the steamers to Ramsgate, and Margate, and Gravesend, and 'Erne Bay, and Richmond, and Twickenham Hait, they'll all come ashore now, and the streets will be reg'larly *thrunged* with 'em."

Time showed that Sarah had not exaggerated: the pipes and cornopeans that had delighted Ramsgate and Richmond, Gravesend and Twickenham, Herne Bay and Eel-pie Island, were in due course imported into * * * * * * Street, and my sufferings were doubled.

But it was not the sons and daughters of Apollo only that victimised me. If there was a lull for a moment, by some strange accident, the cornet-à-pistonists being all drunk, or the soprano being asked out to a party, that moment in rushed Punch, Judy, Toby, Constable, Devil, Lawyer, and the whole dramatis personæ of that most vociferous tragi-comedy, roo-too-too-ing and sallabala-ing till the very walls seemed to ring again. Punch loves a quiet street.

"Perhaps," said my landlady one day, "as you don't like the noise of the blacksmith down by the river yonder, you'd prefer sleeping on the other side of the house."

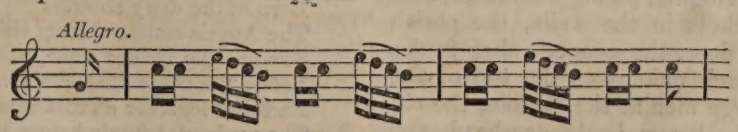
"I certainly should like to try."

But I soon found that shoeing a horse was paradise compared with building a suspension bridge to the New Cut, driving down piles, pumping out water with a steam-engine day and night, sledge-hammering nails as big as walking-sticks, chipping stones and bricks, from 4 A.M. to 6 P.M., with all the other ills that suspension bridges are heir to; so I harked back to my "harmonious blacksmith."

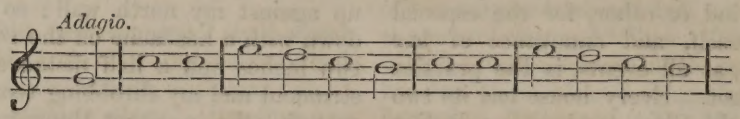
I believe it is an understood thing, that in all quiet, retired, genteel streets like ours, every

lady on each side the way is bound to keep a dog, or dogs of some kind or other, for the especial amusement of herself, and annoyance of her neighbours. Such, at all events, is the practice in * * * * * * Street. Every house has its two or three fat spaniels, Skye terriers, or Italian greyhounds. As none of the houses have yards or gardens, when the little dears are to be aired and exercised, they are brought into the street—ours is such a quiet street, there's not the least danger. Then, the moment the door's open, away they tear, barking and squalling up and down the pavement, like so many mad things. Often it happens that two kennels are let loose at the same moment. Then they come into collision, and the clamour is most terrific. Then the young ladies become agonised and add their most sweet voices to the din. Such cries of, "Flora, Flora, Flora, *do* come here, Flo, Flo, Flo!"—"Neptune, Neptune! naughty dog, Nep! how *dare* you, Sir?" (with a whack on the side of his head—which only makes Nep more savage and vent his spleen on Miss No. 14's pet Blenheim). Then a scene of sending for James, at the beer-shop round the corner, to come and part the belligerents: then a scene of the maids running, with their aprons over their heads, to fetch said James, and not coming back again, but having a bit of gossip together, and a bit of a lark with James, round the beer butt: then the mistresses scolding and giving warning: then the maids taking warning and demanding their wages: then James biting the little dogs' tails, and making them squeak out more vehemently than ever: then all the rest of the dogs from all the neighbouring courts and alleys within earshot coming open-mouthed to take part in the fray; and then—but we have said enough to show the charm of keeping dogs in a quiet street.

When, on that ever-memorable Monday, I first took my eremitical apartments, I made an especial point of catechising the widow as to the existence of any fellow-lodgers practising the mysteries of violoncello, or French horn; and kept a sharp look-out in the various rooms for any symptoms of jingling piano-forte or tinkling guitar. There was not, I ascertained, a single musical instrument in the house. But I forgot to take into consideration the *adjoining* houses, divided only from ours by the thinnest of all thin party walls. No. 22½, on the right, and No. 24, on the left, both keep piano-fortes; and as there are large families in both houses, taking turn and turn about at practice, you may fancy my situation is none of the pleasantest. No. 22½ has shoved its piano-forte (a veritable Clementi,) close up against my north wall; so that, when I lie down with a headache on the sofa, there is about two inches and a half distance between the instrument and my throbbing temple. This is bad enough—the incessant thumping of No. 22½ on that antediluvian Clementi; but not *so* bad as No. 24, at the south wall of my cloister. The thirteen young ladies at that house *sing* as well as play! "John Cramer," was a hard trial; but "Crevelli" is twenty times worse. *Rum-ti-tum*, was sufficiently excruciating; but *do-re-mi-fa* is perfectly annihilating to every feeling of comfort or resignation.

We would willingly stop here, for it seems like exaggeration; but we cannot suppress the truth—our whole suffering must be told. We have spoken of our next-door neighbours. "Oh, save me from my friends!" is an old maxim—Oh, save me from my neighbours! would be as apt a one; but the united enormities of 24 and 22½ (no, not even if they were multiplied into themselves) can exceed the amount of suffering we have derived from our *vis-à-vis*, No. 28 A. The mansion in question is a boarding-house (the term "boarding," in this instance, having pretty much the same signification as when applied to an enemy's ship, namely, an attack for "your money or your life,"); and amongst the boarders are two, a young lady and gentleman, who play duets on the piano-forte and flute. I said "duets;" but then I am in error: if they dealt in pluralities, I would be as lenient towards them as a canon or an archdeacon, but they do not; they have but one solitary mortal duet between them, which they play everlastingly, untiringly, unflinchingly. Morning, noon, and night, at it they go: dinner, tea and supper, still the same charm: as soon as the maid has lighted the fire in a morning, after she has "covered up the sofa" in an evening, ding dong they keep up the game. Sunday brings no mitigation of the nuisance—nay, aggravates it, for the young man is more at home on a Sunday, and they have more time to practise. With so *much* practice, you would think they played the composition admirably well. Not a bit of it: they have not even a notion of the *pace* at which the music should go. Of course, you know the overture to the "Caliph of Bagdad?" The first movement, you recollect, is an andante, soft and smooth as a swan gliding down a river: well, that they do correctly enough. After the andante, you remember, comes a brisk, double-quick-march sort of movement, in this way:

but here, instead of putting the steam on and boiling up a gallop, as they ought to do, they seem to have both heard the call-boy cry out "Ease her," and turn the blithe Allegro into a

regular Gregorian chant, thus:—



and so forth.

The horror of this, no one can conceive who has not submitted to it. It's worse than all the blunders of time and tune that ever were perpetrated. Playing a duet from end to end, in which the "Primo" is a bar in advance all the way, is nothing to it. The thirteen Miss 22½s executing Cramer's studio in E flat minor, in E natural major, is a mere fleabite in comparison. The thirteen Miss 24s achieving "Deeper and deeper still," written in the tenor cliff, as if the notes had been meant for the treble, is the music of the spheres, when contrasted with the enormities of the "Caliph of Bagdad." If the veritable Haroun Alraschid could be alive again, he would certainly depute his friend, "Mezrour, chief of the Eunuchs," to bowstring both the delinquents. What is most provoking is the conceit of the people; they so evidently think they are "doing it." When they have got to the end of the first part, there is such a pause—as much as to say, Haven't we touched that off charmingly? I can fancy I see *him* licking his lips for a fresh start, and squaring his elbows, and taking in breath for a good blow; and the lady, twisting up her stool to a fresh altitude, getting a fresh footing on the pedal, and dog's-earing the leaves of the music, as if she really meant to play it in a hurry—and then, when, at length, they have got to the end of the requiem (no small job, I can tell you, played at the rate they play it), there is absolutely a titter of complacency, a buzz of compliment (or my ears very much deceive me), and at it they go again to *da capo* the Dead March. As I said before, they never played any thing but this one duet. They once, indeed, attempted "*Sono vergin*," but it was a decided failure; and once again, I heard them make a convulsive effort at "Hear me, Norma!" but that, too, passed away like a dream: and now they have quietly settled down to the "Caliph of Bagdad"—the Caliph, the whole Caliph, and nothing but the Caliph. How my nerves have stood the wear and tear of this horrid duet so long, is more than I can understand: how much longer they are likely to bear up against it, is more than I can predict.

Of minor annoyances, parrots squealing and swearing, canaries singing, piping bulfinches, cats in the gutters, crickets in the walls, the parish pump by the front door, the cooper's shop in the back lane, the church chimes at the top of the street, the coal-barge men at the bottom, the old gentleman with the heavy boots overhead, the young gentleman with the squeaking voice below, the young lady in the next apartment that wakes herself up with an alarum (which, being a bad one, always goes off at the wrong hour, and generally in the middle of the night), the eight-day clock on the stairs, that strikes the quarters, and plays a tune every twenty minutes, the children gamboling in front of the house (who, in more bustling neighbourhoods, are sent to run wild in the Parks), the street criers and vendors of last-dying-speech and confessions, who seem to have a peculiar satisfaction in letting off their voices in our echoing locality, of them I will say nothing, for I cannot speak of them with temper; but this I will say, that many men have *died* from much less provocation than I have had; and if I do die—but no matter! if I do come to this pass, if the mutes *are* to be sent for, where will they find themselves so much at home as here—our's is *such a quiet street.*

LINES ADDRESSED BY THE PERSIAN POET, KIRMAL KOODJENDI, TO HAFIZ.

VERSION BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

I HEARD him sing—Oh! turn, I said,
On all the world thy glance divine;
While I, by one kind look repaid,
Will be content,—so that is mine.
Let others hear thee, and adore,
Give me one word—I ask no more!

He sang: and verse all fire, all light,
Flow'd from his tongue, like gems and gold,
Lays, glorious as the stars of night,
That Heav'n's eternal circlets hold.
Shine on, I said, one ray alone
Is all I covet as my own.

He sang: and eyes with weeping dim,
And lips all parch'd with sighs of flame,
Renew'd their softest griefs for him,
And melted at his cherish'd name:
The torch that lights all hearts he bore;
One spark I sought, and ask'd no more.

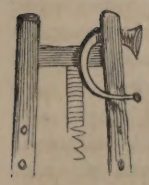
A CONCEIT.

WHENCE came the pleasant flowers?
Those beautiful and ever-welcome things!
Were they in Eden's bowers
Born of the dewy showers
The Angels scattered from their radiant wings?
So when the Deluge came, and Nature bowed
Before the deeps that like a vasty shroud
Enclosed together all that round us lies,
The seeds of Adam's happy Paradise
Mingled with those of our impurer earth,
And thus the flowers had universal birth.

L.

PICTORIAL PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF THEOPHILUS SMUDGE.

EDITED BY CIMABUE BRIGGS, ESQ.



"OME in," I exclaimed, to a knuckle-rap at my door one day, which brought my grand epic swindling friend (Vernon) into my room, accompanied by an odd, weasly looking little man, whom he introduced as his friend Mr. Kidd.

"Mr. Theophilus Smudge—Mr. Greyborn Kidd—and I trust that you gentlemen will make such service of each other, both professionally and friendly, as to render this occasion equally agreeable in the memory of three devoted members of a great profession."

I thanked him for his kindness and his friend for his condescension, who strangely returned the compliment by requesting me "not to say anything about it," adding, that he had no doubt "we should be able to make the 'deal' all right," after which he glided in a quiet and humble manner about my room, rubbing his hands and looking over my pictures and studies rather with his nose than his eyes, so closely did he hunt by scent the *modus operandi* pursued by me in my endeavours to imitate nature: during which act I had leisure to observe that Mr. Greyborn Kidd was a little man—very little, in feature and figure, with a sharp nose, and a wide mouth, but pursed up so closely that he appeared to be striving to deceive the beholder into a belief that he had no mouth at all: then his eyes, which were neither black, brown, blue, nor grey, but partaking of a mixture of all those colours, were as small as so small a man's eyes could well be: you, nevertheless could not deny their piercing sharpness, as they twinkled through a yellow jaundiced bordering, imparting to him the appearance of a golden eyed needle.

"There's some stuff about my friend Smudge," said Vernon (who had already lighted a cigar, and having stuck a chair between his legs, was, whilst leaning over the back of it, following with his looks this queer personage from one canvass to another); "there's some stuff about him—vigorous pencil—brilliant colour—transparent shadows—excellent at composition—he'll be amongst 'em, Sir, before long—he'll make a great man—he'll make a perfect—"

"Will he ever make four pounds a week," interrupted Mr. Kidd (before Vernon could finish his eulogistic strain), "unless he turn his attention to *doctoring?* Pardon me, Mister," he continued, as he approached me, with one of my out-of-doors sketches in his hand, "now here's a proof that you are ignorant of your abilities, or rather that you do not know how to make the most of them. Had these pigs been only painted a little fatter, with more of the roley-poley touch in the bit of sky above them, you might have easily manufactured a very fair Morland."

"'Pon my word, Mr. Kidd," I answered, "if your genius for painting be equal to your humour, I shall feel an extra gratification for this introduction."

"Don't say nothing about it, Mister," he rejoined, "but show me the old head whi ch r. Vernon has brought me here to see."

"Ay, ay, the old head," echoed Vern; "you'll better understand Kidd when he is before one of the old school."

I brought out the Caravaggio and placed it upon my easel for the better scrutiny of the gentleman, and was as much surprised at the judgment he displayed in his remarks as I had been amused by the drollery of his previous conduct, which had erroneously led me to expect nothing from him. At length, winking his little eyes most industriously—which, upon further acquaintance I discovered to be as great an essential to him in the process of thinking or inventing, as that of biting the thumb, or scratching the ear, is to another—he said, "This is an awkward kind of picture to have—good, and yet of no good—no one can deny its quality, but it's of the wrong sort, Mister, people don't care now-a-days for St. Peter; and if you live by the public, you must cook the dish to the public palate."

"What," I inquired, "am I to infer from these observations?"

"An alteration of the subject," said the little man, "simply, Mister, an alteration. You seem astonished?"

I confessed it.

"Well, then, what I am about to propose may have a difficult aspect in its performance—that is, difficult to you, if I may be allowed to form an opinion from your ignorance of *doctoring*, and of that I am positive from the waste of talent which I see about me in this room."

Amidst this mixture of compliment and censure I inquired what my little lecturer meant by *doctoring*—a quality which he seemed to consider the want of in any one as pitiable as the absence of sight—a state of artistic darkness from which, could I but emancipate myself, it would be the means of invigorating my faculties, and imbuing me with gracious novelties. "May I request the favour of an explanation of this to me mysterious term, *doctoring*, as applicable to art? I must confess its novelty."

Vernon here reminded my informant that I was a perfect infant and a regular innocent, adding that it was not at all likely, from what he knew of me, that I should ever interfere with the more recondite mysteries of picture making, which was Mr. Kidd's peculiar province. "It isn't one that could glut the market," answered that gentleman, "and there's fish enough for more anglers, so I'm sure I shall feel no objection to be as communicative to Mr. Smudge as I would be *close* to a gentleman." As I laughingly thanked him for his kind offer, he added, "By the gentleman, I mean the fish. Know that if you once show the hook it's all over; for if he was hungry enough he'd never bite, for the fear of being caught, and so die of starvation. To doctor a picture," he continued, "is to do the ancient gaff, to make the production of to-day wear the respectable and seductive garb of two centuries back; and there's plenty of that sort, cooked up for the knowing ones, I promise you: but I'll explain all about it upon some other occasion, when I expect the pleasure of a visit from you;—for the present, however, it will be enough to settle upon the alteration of St. Peter, which, in my opinion, may be better effected, thus—first, paint out the glory and the wards of the key in the saint's hand, then put him on a red cap, and you will have a bandit on the look out, the key being converted by the alteration into a pistol—a decidedly more saleable article, and one," he added, "upon which you may affix a more profitable name—Salvator Rosa."

"Bravo!" said Vernon—"I told you Kidd was the boy; he's a conjurer amongst the old masters, though he acknowledges to be ignorant of high art;—that's excellent," he continued; "St. Peter in the character of a smuggler on the look out. I wonder whether those fellows we were accustomed to see in Ackermann's windows were originally all saints: there used to be one continually on the look out in Beaufort Buildings, whilst two others kept their eyes and their pistols in the direction of Exeter Hall." Whereat Mr. Kidd appeared much complimented, and, after stating that if I would gratify him with a call, he could perhaps deal with me for St. Peter, provided I disliked the task of altering it, he handed me his card, on which was printed in respectable type—

MR. GREYBORN KIDD,

Picture Dealer, Cleaner, Liner,

RESTORER,

AND

ARTIST IN GENERAL,

No. 293, WARDOUR STREET, SOHO.

N. B. Pull the top bell on the right.

Many persons aver that "the first impression is everything." It was not so with respect to Mr. Greyborn Kidd's effect upon me; all that struck me as being curiously characteristic at my first interview with him, kicked the beam when balanced with the comical figure he made in his own workshop, (as he called his painting-room, or rather the apartment in which he afterwards laid bare to me the art of doctoring, with a few other choice manœuvres to be hereinafter explained). He looked something between a cabin boy and a philosopher, partly marine, partly metaphysical; slipshod as he was, wearing a skirtless coat, from a button-hole of which hung a dirty cloth—whilst his little head was surmounted with an old black velvet cap. He was an oddity amongst oddities—and as to his room and the

contents thereof, I regarded them with about the same feeling of surprise and superstition with which I had, when a boy, stared at the frontispieceto "The Dreamer, or the Art of Magic," which, it must be remembered, represented an old lady with a beard, and a book of hieroglyphics before her, and some stuffed alligators and unknown animals, pendent from the ceiling above her. It was with precisely the like amount of awe and speculation, that my eyes wandered from one object to another; every thing there had a treasonable air; every shelf, as well as the only table in the place, was fairly put to use, with phials out of number, and in each a different sort of oil, varnish, or alkali; dirty gallipots containing mysterious messes, and mouldy mixtures—bits of rag, crumbled whiting, pieces of putty—with here a broken knife clogged with something—and there a pauper tooth-brush, in company with a remnant of sealing-wax and a pair of compasses;—then there were nails of various kinds, string, pincers, brad-awls, wire—a bit of glass, with an artful-looking paste upon it: and, indeed, so many unknown articles, that it would require a more experienced hand than I pretend to, even to make a venture at an inventory of Kidd's Museum. And all this over and above canvasses, panels, old stretchers, easels, and the necessary supply of materials, for which I was prepared.

"I am glad that you've come, Mister," said my little genius, "as I have had to do a Cuyp, and am just going to *doctor* it;" placing on the easel at the same time a modern picture, either an imitation or copy of that master—that is, it represented two or three cows in repose on the bank of a river—a distant village church on a low horizon—and a Dutch vessel nearing the foreground; where, as well as the cattle above-mentioned, were some full-grown burdocks and sedges, receiving their share of illumination from the glances of the departing sun. "Yes, yes," he continued, "I'll now show you what more than half the self-created connoisseurs are caught with—the bird-lime of the picture-dealer, as my governor used to say—the theatrical wig—the stolid silence of the dolt, which is given out and passes current amongst noodles, for the deep thought of the learned philosopher."

"Pardon me," I interrupted, "Was your father in the same profession which you follow?"—"Not at all, Mister," he replied; "when I mention my governor, I mean Old Emery (sand-paper as I used to call him), with whom I served a hard five years of my life. My poor dear father was a different sort of character," he added, "though *he* was in the doctoring line."—"A medical man?"—"Oh! no, not he, he'd nothing to do with physic."—"A cow-doctor?" I jocosely suggested. "You haven't got it yet, Mister," said my little friend, "he was neither a cow nor a horse-doctor"—looking me full in the face, and with a knowing smile, he added, "nevertheless he was a doctor—ay, a smoke-doctor, for he cured bad chimneys."

He stopped my laughter and his own, by further informing me, that he had lost two good parents at an early age; and that as he had shown an ability and strong liking for drawing and painting, a relative on his mother's side had considered himself as performing a great service by apprenticing him to what he had been informed was a good business, and which was in the hands of a few. "And that's where it is," said the little man, "for being brought up to it, I so continue; and if the dealers will have nothing but these sort of things (pointing to the pictorial contents of the apartment), and the folks are more for displaying a supposititious knowledge, than a love for works of art; and poor devils such as myself have no other occupation to exist by—why, here goes."—Whereupon, having slightly oiled and wiped the young Cuyp on the easel, he proceeded to rub the sky and distance over with a dingy mixture of myguelp, ivory black, and Naples yellow, avoiding the foreground, which he served in the same way, but with bitumen in the place of the black and yellow, observing to me, during the process, that the doctor for the foreground would be too hot for the more opaque parts of the picture (the sky and distance), whilst the preparation for those parts would be too muddy and opaque for the transparency of near objects. Having thus passed evenly over the surface, he next, by a circular motion of the thumb, rubbed the dirt into the interstices of the picture, producing a kind of granulated texture, the apparent effect of age.

Here the dawn of deception in the picture world first opened upon me. I was astounded at the metamorphosis which in ten minutes was performed on a newly painted work—a senile visage stamped, as it were instantaneously, upon the unfurrowed infant. Many a picture, I exclaimed, must I have seen which could not have been long from your easel, or some one's equally expert, which I innocently contemplated as of two centuries back.

"Ha! ha! that's more than likely," said the little conjuror. "I suppose you never once thought of making a calculation as to how many accredited pictures by different masters there are in the various public and private collections? My governor once did, and as to Cuyp alone, he proved that he must have been harder worked than a West India slave, to have produced a half that bear his name. Then you see every purchaser hugs himself upon having one of the right sort. So soon as it is in his possession it becomes his pet, and like one of his children he sees it all beautiful; peculiarities regarded by his neighbours as objectionable, his self-devotion glozes into symbols of excellence; and that's where it is, only half the cheat is perpetrated for him, the remainder he himself perfects—but I have not finished by half yet," he continued; "now observe, Mr. Smudge,

to your notions there is an aged look in this picture —we must go further for your connoisseur; it requires the old stain of the frame, which I give thus"—on saying which he ran a pencil, charged with copal varnish and raw sienna, in a line upon the picture, within about a quarter of an inch of its boundary, and with the side of his thumb passed lightly over it in an outward direction, leaving an admirable imitation of the stain made by time, in the rebate of a frame. This intensified my astonishment; and seeing the effect this finish to the imposition had upon me, with a half-roguish, half-moralizing look, he continued; "there's a deal of wickedness among our craft, Mr. Smudge, and I'm sorry to say, my governor was worse than any I ever met with. He just was a deep'un—it was all fish that came to his net, and he could bait with anything; old or modern pictures were nearly the same to him, with respect to the tricks he played, and the profits he made of 'em."

I here observed that I could not see that anything could be done with a modern picture in a dealer's hands.

"So I might have thought," he answered, "did I not know, and had I not seen to the contrary. I recollect he once bought a modern picture, (I have forgotten the name of the artist whose work it was, however, it was a domestic interior,) and after I had copied it for him, he put my copy *close behind the original, in the same frame;* having done this, he invited a gentleman to see and purchase the original, which was done. 'Well,' he says to the gentleman, says he, when the purchase was concluded, 'I'm a very particular person, and therefore that there should be no mistake in this affair, (for we picture dealers have been strangely vilified, Sir,) and as you have even brought the artist himself to testify to the originality' (so that, said Mr. Kidd, you observe, Mr. Smudge, the gentleman was as clever as could be, though not enough for the governor), 'have the kindness to do me and yourself the satisfaction of fixing your seal at the back of the picture.' Of course," continued Mr. Kidd, "the gentleman little thought as my governor was making him cheat himself by putting his mark of surety at the back of my copy instead of the original, which he had been looking at; and then the governor calls to me and says, 'Grabbun,' (for that's the way he always pronounced my name,) 'afore you have finished what you are about, take the picture which you see this gentleman just put his seal on, to his house in Russell Square.' And all I know is, that I took the very picture the gentleman put his stamp on, and that that picture was my copy, and not the one the gentleman bought, though he did buy it for his collection in Russell Square, and that's where it is."

BY ROBERT POSTANS.

"An Association has just been formed for the suppression of duelling. It consists of 326 members, including 21 noblemen, 13 sons of noblemen, 16 members of parliament, 15 baronets, 30 admirals and generals, 44 captains royal navy, 23 colonels and lieutenant-colonels, 17 majors, 26 captains in the army, 20 lieutenants, royal navy, and 24 barristers. They denounce duelling as sinful, irrational, and contrary to the laws of God and man. They also pledge themselves to discountenance by influence and example a practice which so greatly dishonours God. Captain Hope, R. N., and Mr. W. Dunmore have become Hon. Secretaries to the Association."—*Standard.*

HOW startling is the contrast exhibited between the daring moral courage enshrined above, and the deplorable want of the same elevated feeling displayed in the reckless waste of life of the last and even of the present century—of those skilled homicides who show their pistols with pride, and vaunt them as heir-looms of gentility; who gloat with fiendish satisfaction and detestable vanity on the score or so of notches cut in their handles as faithful registers of the deaths of their victims; who festoon their pistols with showy coloured ribbons, to which small descriptive cards are attached, with the names of the persons slain, the place of meeting, the date and distance of fighting, neatly written thereon, emulating the native ferocity of the savage North American Indian, who decorates his tomahawk with the scalps of his slaughtered foemen!

Perhaps in the whole history of the follies of mankind, not one stands out so pre-eminently conspicuous, or more pregnant with grave matter for philosophic consideration than the absurdity of arranging differences of opinion by the whiz of a bullet or the lunge of a rapier.

It would really appear, from the frequent application which men have been in the habit of making for ages past to one or the other of these

persuasive weapons, even when all arguments founded on reason have failed, that they possessed some hidden influence adapted for the arrangement of all human differences. And yet, is not the whole proceeding based upon the meanest prejudices which disgrace our nature?

Springing from the darkest period of the iron age, when men's intellectual acquirements were at their lowest ebb, duelling may be said to have come into practice as the readiest mode of terminating the rude brawls of our Gothic ancestors. The polished Greek and manly Roman knew nothing of the pest: it is true they had their gladiatorial fights, but they were public shows for the amusement of the people; and although the cruelties there committed must be universally condemned, they cannot be confounded with duelling. The single combat between Hector and Ajax, and also between other heroes of antiquity, may at first appear to give a denial to the assertion; yet it must be remembered, the motive which actuated them was an ardent patriotism, and a desire to promote the public good by the destruction of the enemies of their country, and not the private gratification of revenge for any real or imaginary wrong or insult thought to be inflicted upon themselves. From the earliest recorded duel of which history makes mention, down to the last melancholy display of folly, vanity, and crime, which in the newspaper phraseology of the day is miscalled "An Affair of Honour," we may read a revolting chronicle of our worst passions, without one redeeming quality to relieve the monotony of its sanguinary page; and in the forcible language of a recent writer upon this subject, may call it "a revolting mirror stained with blood, and we must wipe off the clotted gore of ages, to contemplate truth in all its bearings, to feel what miserable creatures we are, the occasional footstools of vanity and pride, or the tools of ambition and hypocrisy, but always the victims of ideal pursuits and visionary joys."

One of the principal causes of the continuance of the practice of duelling, is the mistaken notion of honour, which some men attach to it; and viewing the opinion of the "world" through this false medium, they perpetrate errors, which in cooler moments are viewed with detestation, whilst they embitter their future existence with unavailing regrets for crimes committed under the excitement of a phrensied moment. Men also often attach a ridiculous importance to words, the meaning of which they do not take the trouble to understand; very different results would be the consequence if they did; whence by an infatuation somewhat of the blindest, the term *Satisfaction* has been in common use in all affairs of duelling, and like *Glory*, *Honour*, *Liberty*, *Courage*, *Religion*, and many other general terms, have led men in legions from one end of Europe to the other, and like so many will-o'-the-wisps have lured them to destruction.

A passing word, by the by, upon the term courage,—a term often used and seldom understood, for perhaps no quality of the mind is more difficult to comprehend. As the fear of being thought a coward is in some men greater than the fear of death, or it may be safer to say, there are many men who would rather be accused of murder than branded with cowardice, it behoves us to consider the quality or degree of courage requisite for the duellist.

Very frequently it happens, that what would be bravery in one person, would be thought nothing if performed by another; and under no circumstances are we more the creatures of education than in what is generally understood by the word courage. For instance, a seaman who would behold the raging of the ocean under the lash of a hurricane, would tremble if placed on the back of a spirited horse; while the huntsman, who would gaily follow the hounds on the same animal, would be pale with terror at the sight of the tempest from which the sailor apprehends no danger.

Fear also has the peculiar effect of urging some men into danger, as "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," from which if they are extricated, it is in general owing to the adroitness and cooler presence of mind of others; and it may safely be averred that fear has urged more men to fight duels, than true courage ever did; for the truly brave man provokes nobody: he fears and foresees evils before they happen, and endeavours to avoid them, but he is incapable of fear when they have arrived.

There have been many duels fought by men who could strike the button out of a cockade at twenty paces, or shatter the image of a man six inches high at the same distance, almost at will. They are known as Dead Shots. What can be said of the courage of these persons when called upon in a duel to hit a living man, not six inches, but six feet high, and at half the distance, who, however, presents the muzzle of a loaded pistol at his opponent, and, as frequently happens, they miss altogether? The inference is plain—they either purposely missed, or perhaps the seconds loaded the pistols minus the balls; or else agitation, or some feeling akin to fear, rendered them incapable of taking aim.

There are also many silly persons who imagine honour is connected with and may be acquired by a well fought duel, and they "hold their manhood cheap" unless they have singed powder in earnest, and fired a shot in anger; the weight of a man's blood on their conscience presses no heavier than a hare's foot on velvet. They pass their noviciate in Shooting Galleries, practising steadily day after day with unwearied constancy and devotion, with a pistol, at little images of plaster of Paris Napoleons. At first, in their innocence at killing, the plastic warrior is unscathed, and the novice blushes at his want of skill. By degrees,

however, the bullet nears the little image of the great master of the iniquitous art of war. Anxious smiles now decorate the mouth of the incipient duellist, and ultimately the image is shattered at command. Perfection acquired in his art, and relying upon his practice, he becomes careless of offending the feelings of others; and at length he meets with one incapable of receiving an affront without seeking redress, and a meeting is soon arranged. With murderous alacrity the whole proceeding is completed, and perhaps one or both falls a sacrifice to what the "world" considers "high notions of honour."

The short space of time in which a man is in danger when fighting a pistol duel, enables many who possess but a very limited share of daring to stand up in the lists, and to appearance pass off as men of courage; as by one of the laws of duelling it is incumbent on the seconds to place their principals in position after being on the ground ten minutes (it is often done in a shorter period), and there is much humanity in the speed, or their valour, like Bob Acres,' might perchance ooze away. Therefore, the hurry in which these "affairs of honour," or these "genteel and honourable modes of settling disputes," are often arranged, allows no time for reflection, and enables a man in possession of a palpitating heart and trembling knee, to pull a trigger at command, who would be incapable of defending himself against a swordsman, or of using a sword himself with any share of success; and there can be no doubt that countless poltroons have been converted into heroes by pistol duelling, which they have fought under the influence of dissembled anger and real fear.

It is a subject of deep regret that many eminent civilians, and also many valuable and distinguished officers in the service of every country in Europe, believe that no brave man would, or could, decline a challenge, nor resist the opportunity of giving one, if he conceived his feelings had been insulted, or his rights trespassed upon; and who, by resorting to the pistol, give a countenance to duelling detrimental to the best interests of society. The equity of the proceeding, however, cannot be made apparent; for if a man of a quarrelsome disposition insult another without provocation, what right has he to expect the unoffending person to stoop down to his level, and place his life in jeopardy, merely for the gratification of his whim, spleen, vanity, malice, or any other low, degrading feeling which may induce him to commit a criminal action?

Envy, revenge, and other debasing feelings have been a fruitful source of bloodshed; and no duel was ever fought, having for its end and aim the happy termination of bad feeling, or the adjustment of a quarrel, which could not have been far better arranged by reason and argument than by shooting at men; and in no state of society, except a savage state, can a man be said to be called upon to take upon himself, in open defiance of the law, the remedy of injuries and the revenge of wrongs done to himself and others. As a savage, he may consider he has a right to do so, as great as that of cultivating friendship; but arguments adapted to men in that untutored condition are inapplicable to educated man; and civilization, with her attendant humanities, has done but little for us, if the differences of opinion which may happen to arise in society can be arranged only by brute force or an appeal to the pistol.

The foregoing remarks were thrown together as a prelude to the recital of the two following duels: they are given here to show the failure of the desired object—satisfaction, honour, or even vanity, or any of the fallacious terms appended to duelling; and also in the sincere hope, that, however humble the attempt may be considered, it will have some effect in checking the insane practice.

The following is a short account of a duel fought by two young midshipmen, to satisfy the notions of honour of an officer in the ship in which the quarrel occurred.

THE MIDSHIPMEN'S DUEL.

We lay at anchor in a sloop of war, in a snug cove in the southern part of the Malay peninsula, into which we had run to repair trifling damages done to our standing rigging. I was then a youngster, and my opponent was the dearest friend I had on board. We slept in the same berth, a very confined place, and our light and air came in through a scuttle in the ship's side. My cot was close to this opening, and my friend slept in another outside mine. One night after an unusually hot day, a dispute arose between us, whether the scuttle should be left open for the admission of air or not, and certainly very inconsiderate language passed between us. However, it was only a boys' quarrel, and it was arranged that my messmate should sleep next the scuttle, and have it open or shut, just as he pleased; and when the morning sun arose, none were better friends than we.

Unhappily our disagreement had been overheard by a superior officer, who sent for me into his cabin on the morning following. This person was a good seaman, and possessed what the world calls high notions of honour. He soon informed me that he was acquainted with all that had occurred between us; and expressing regret that such language had passed between gentlemen, desired to know how we had arranged it. I told him, simply by allowing my friend to sleep in my cot, and we were then as good friends as any in the ship. "Then, sir," said this advocate of honour, "if that is the way it is to terminate, I beg to desire you will not put your feet under my mahogany again, and that all communications except those relating to duty cease between us." I left the cabin astonished at the turn the affair

had taken, and was surprised to find another attaching an importance to circumstances which appeared to me so trifling.

However, upon consulting with the other officers, I discovered, unless I called out my friend, and shot at him, they would imitate the example of their superior, and I felt I should be despised by all on board. At my inexperienced age it was not surprising I implicitly adopted the opinions of the elder officers, most of whom were veterans in comparison to myself. No time was allowed for reflection, and no one to advise with if there had been; and firmly believing that I was acting the part of an honourable man, I sent a challenge, demanding a meeting on shore at six o'clock the same evening, to afford me "satisfaction" for the insults my friend had offered me the night previous.

The stern ideas of honor which swayed our punctilious superiors prevented an apology, and nothing but a hostile meeting could make us friendly again, or wash away the supposed stains upon our characters.

The day wore away rapidly, and at the appointed hour a party of six, including my friend (for so I call him, although by the opinions of others he was for the time converted into an imaginary foe), jumped into the boat and made for the shore.

We soon reached the land, which was covered with luxuriant tropical foliage; the distance was curtained with mountains, whose swelling sides displayed a thousand different hues, and the whole spot was pregnant with myriads of animated things. The errand on which I came did not prevent my admiration of the beauties of nature. I could have fallen on my knees and worshipped the Being who had created such a place.

The short reverie was abruptly ended by my second, who placed the pistols in my hands: the distance was fixed, and trifling instructions delivered to each; when upon the signal being given, we both fired;—in an instant I felt as though I had been electrified, and finding myself wounded, was about to lean upon my second's arm, when I perceived my opponent fall upon the sand. My own wound was in the fleshy part of the thigh; it did not prevent my running up to the prostrate figure of my old friend, whose face exhibited intense pain, and kneeling down by his side I implored his forgiveness, which he instantly granted. My despair at his fate knew no bounds; and accusing myself of his murder, I upbraided, with the bitterest reproaches, those who urged me to send the challenge.

I thought no more of myself; all my care was given to the unfortunate victim of absurd notions of honour. With great difficulty we removed him to the boat and returned to the ship, when the surgeon minutely examined his wound, and pronounced it dangerous. For weeks after, his cot was attended by his late opponent, whose greatest joy was to anticipate his wants; and the only consolation left him is the knowledge that his care preserved his life for a time.

The result of this deed upon the prospects of a promising young officer was of a very melancholy description. From the nature of the wound (through the shoulder joint,) it became impossible for him to raise his arm for any serviceable purpose; his professional prospects were blasted for ever, and he retired from a service in which, had he been able to remain, there was every reasonable prospect of his becoming one of its ornaments, to die broken-hearted in his native land.

THE STUDENTS' DUEL.

This duel occurred in a German university town;—the names here given are fictitious, the real names being withheld for various reasons; the circumstances, however, are strictly true.

The cause of the following melancholy tragedy was a woman, an opera dancer, possessing but a moderate share of talent in her vocation, but many personal graces; she was also as artful and cunning as she was beautiful.

Her house was open to all the gay and idle, and the wild and dissipated young men frequenting the University she looked upon as her spoil. From them she gleaned a rich harvest, for many claimed to belong to the proudest families in Germany. To her natural beauties she added the capricious and flattering graces of the coquette; and she also possessed the deceitful and dangerous art of inspiring several suitors with violent attachments to her person at the same time. The Jewish King's description of persons of her class cannot be surpassed for fidelity:—

> "The lips of a strange woman drop as a honeycomb, and her mouth is smoother than oil,"
> "But her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword."
> "Her feet go down to death, her steps take hold on hell."

Among the many who paid their devotions to her shrine were two students, named Zabern and Ritter, and each believed he was the favoured object of her choice; they of course regarded each other as inveterate foes. These young men became her dupes; and she fostered their mutual dislike, it is supposed, without reflecting upon the results. Very little was requisite to blow their pent-up and heated rancour into open hostility—and the crisis soon came. Zabern meeting Ritter on the stairs leading to her apartments, inquired in a haughty manner the nature of his business there; and the reply being equally haughty, a blow from Zabern's cane struck Ritter to the ground. After some further altercation, they parted to meet again in a valley near the town, to fight until the death.

The following is a description of the murderous affair:—

A circle is drawn upon the ground, the dimensions having been determined upon by the parties.

When the principals are in the circle, they are not allowed to retire from it, nor permitted to fire until the signal is given.

Immediately after the signal, they are permitted to fire at discretion, when they like, and also at what distance they like within the circumference of the ring, but on no pretence can they put a foot outside of it without violating the laws of the duel.

Let us suppose the principals armed, and in the circle anxiously waiting for the signal, and glowing with hatred and revenge. Near the circumference of the ring, and opposite to each other, stood the two principals, and upon hearing the word "fire," Ritter took aim and shot his ball into Zabern's chest, who staggered a few paces, but did not fall. By an effort almost superhuman he turned slowly round, death strongly marked in his face, and staggering up to the place where Ritter stood with his arms folded, who waited his fate with apparent composure.

With calculating cruelty, Zabern pressed the muzzle of his pistol against the forehead of Ritter, and grinning a ghastly smile of mingled hatred and revenge, was in the act of pulling the trigger, when death arrested his finger, and uttering one loud agonising scream he fell back upon the earth, the weapon exploding harmless in the air.

Doubtless the advocates of duelling will applaud the unshaken firmness of Ritter. Listen to the end.—Though his opponent was dead, yet Ritter moved not; there he stood in the same fixed attitude; the only mark upon his person was, like Cain's, upon his brow. Zabern's pistol had left the impression of its muzzle—the dead man's brand was there. Physically, he had sustained no hurt, but mentally was he wounded past all redemption. The few short, fleeting moments of the duel had crowded within their narrow compass the withering effects of an age. The intensity of his feelings in his trying situation had dethroned his reason, and from that hour he walked the earth "the statue of a man."

MIDNIGHT AT SEA.

Alone with God upon the boundless sea,
No spot of earth in view, no sombre cloud,
The glittering stars and gentle moon to shroud;
On rides the bark in calm tranquillity—
Quiet the autumn breeze, while in the lee
The billows part without a sign of life,
Silent the mighty ocean vast and free—
Seeming to herald some portentous strife.
Alone with God! how limited the power
Of man the creature here to shield or save,
For few the bounds that part the yawning grave;
Most awful thought at this most solemn hour.
Alone with God! alone to worship Him
Before whose throne all worldly thoughts grow dim.

W. B.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE WATERS OF JORDAN.—At the solemnity of the late royal christening, the Court historian tells us that the font "of silver gilt" was filled "with water brought from the river Jordan." Beautiful was the devotion, sweet the spirit of Christian zeal and humility, which reverentially sought the sacred river wherein Christ was christened, sanctifying "water to the mystical washing away of sin." The feelings are touched, the imagination kindled by the act. Our thoughts are carried to that solemn stream, and in reverential meditation we ponder upon that awful Baptism, which tremblingly imitated by mortal flesh, is to cleanse it of the foulness of pride, of vanity, of the lust of riches and power. And then we hear the Archbishop of Canterbury speak unto the godfathers and godmothers in this wise :—

"Dost thou, in the name of this child, renounce the devil and his works, *the vain pomp and glory of the world*, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh, so that thou wilt not follow, nor be led by them ?

"*Answer.*—I RENOUNCE THEM ALL."

And then, after due prayer, the baby Princess is handed to the Archbishop. The Court writer says exultingly :—

"The dress of her Royal Highness the Infant Princess was *a robe of Honiton lace over white silk*, made at Spitalfields, and cap to correspond. The whole dress of British manufacture."

And thus, by her royal sponsors, does she in Honiton lace and white silk renounce the vain pomp and glory of the world ; her Queen mother wearing—

"Her magnificent diamond diadem, with diamond necklace and ear-rings, [*brighter than the waters of Jordan,*] and the riband, star, and armlet of the most noble Order of the Garter."

And again :—

"His Royal Highness Prince Albert *wore his uniform* as Field Marshal, *with the collars and stars* of the most noble Order of the Garter, of the most ancient Order of the Thistle, and of the most honourable *military Order* of the Bath."

We have looked into the Testament, but cannot find that swords were worn on the banks of Jordan ; neither was—

"The altar of the chapel decorated with some very fine specimens of gold communion plate, and covered with crimson velvet, richly trimmed, and ornamented with deep gold lace."

We should have passed this ceremony without a thought ; have looked upon its worldly pomp and glory as merely a part of palace life : but "the water of Jordan" did somehow awaken the spirit of comparison ; and John the Baptist, and the drops of the sacred river, would not harmonize with the crowd and glitter of the court. The coat of camel's hair carried it from the uniforms of field marshals : the Jordan outshone even the magnificent diamond diadem, with the diamond necklace and ear-rings of the royal mother. Pity, we thought, but the same devotion which made a pilgrimage to the waters of Jordan, did not imitate the simplicity of the divine rite therein first solemnized. For, thinking of "the gold communion plate," and the "deep gold lace," we almost believe that the baptismal water is not of Jordan, but of Pactolus.

"LOW PEOPLE."—At the late trial, whereby the editor of *The Satirist* sought compensation from the Duke of Brunswick and his solicitor, for an alleged conspiracy to deprive the town of a great Shaksperian actor, the Earl of Belfast was a most instructive witness. He said :—

"I think the editor of the *Satirist* might appear as an actor, *whatever his character might be*, if he were a very good actor. I think he would attract the public. I cannot answer any question *about the propriety* of permitting such a person to perform before the Queen. There would be no probability of such a thing happening. In my judgment the plaintiff, as representing a dramatic character, might appear on the stage, *but I should not choose him to play before the Queen.*"

It would be wrong, says the Earl of Belfast, in his discriminating loyalty, for a man of noisome reputation to play before the Queen ; but not wrong to play before thousands of other chaste, high-minded women, at all below the dignity of Majesty. Female modesty and female worth are as nothing out of a diadem. However, the Earl, with sweet ingenuousness, on cross-examination, says :—"I am not a very strict or severe judge of ethics ;" though with this indulgent laxity of opinion, he verily believes that "there are persons on the stage of the Italian Opera, who are not fit to go into respectable society ;" that is, we presume, upon the Marquis's own showing, that they are not fit to play before the Queen ; and yet, we think we have heard flying reports of Her Majesty's casual visits to the Italian Theatre. Turn we, however, to another witness : to Timothy Crikley. He says :—

"*I am anything*, that is, *anything that's honest.* I know well a person named Banks. He is called 'Stunning Joe,' and lives where I do, in Puckridge Street, St. Giles's. *We are all low people there. There is no nobs as lives there.* Mr. Banks asked me if I would like to go to the theatre ? I said I should. I went to the theatre on Monday, the 13th of February. I was in the first row of the gallery when the gentleman in black came on. *I sat and hollored as well as another. If I had not hollored I should not have heard anything, and so I thought I might as well hollor.* After the play I went back to Banks's, and he gave me something to drink."

To our mind, the straightforward Timothy Crikley makes the Earl of Belfast show "like a gilt twopence." Timothy is the true gentleman, for he is anything that is honest. "We are all low people" in Puckridge Street, says Timothy ; "there is no nobs as lives there." Now, when we compare the notions of the Earl of Belfast—of the Earl, "not a very strict or

severe judge of ethics,"—with the fine St. Giles's candour—of the man who is "anything that's honest," we do think that there are really lower people in London, than the dwellers in Puckridge-street; are nearly convinced that the "nobs" who truly grace the world by their fine sense of moral right, do not always vegetate westward of St. James's. Timothy Crikley has the spirit of a gentleman, and the Earl of Belfast has—an earldom.

FRENCH "OLIVES."—In the French paper, *La Patrie*, there is an indignant denunciation of the atrocities carried on in Africa, in the name of glory. A late conquest is thus minutely described:—

"From the expedition against Collo, from the 5th of April to the 15th of May, 1843, we have deduced the following advantages:—Nine or ten tribes who were not openly hostile, and who only refused to pay a contribution, are 'said to be subdued.' Contributions to the amount of 22,500f. received. Losses: 4 officers killed, 11 wounded; 47 subalterns and privates killed; 210 wounded. *One lieutenant and nine soldiers roasted alive by the Kabyles*, and from 400 to 500 sick in consequence of fatigue; 83,000f. extraordinary expenses; *from* 2,000 *to* 3,000 *feet of full grown olive trees have been cut down; more than* 50 *villages burnt.*"

This is the true brief style of glory. Indeed, its whole philosophy may, nine times out of ten, be summed up in a few syllables. Its vocabulary is very limited. Robbery, bloodshed, fire, anguish, violation, murder. These six words contain the meaning of hundreds of folios written upon war. The Christian and the philosopher take the term glory, and reduce it into these elements. How beautiful is this contest in the eyes of Young France! What a savoury smell in the nostrils of war, the roasting bodies of one lieutenant and nine soldiers—roasted with laurel sauce! What true glory to die upon a spit! For the heroic cutting down of the slow-growing olive, that is in the true spirit of French valour. Nothing so hateful to the palate of truculent Young France, as the olive: hence, it chews it with disgust, seeking every opportunity to spit it out in the faces of its neighbours.

CHARITY REWARDED.—The alacrity, the joyousness, with which the House of Commons parts with money is, in these times of imputed selfishness, pleasant to think upon. With what readiness honourable members open their hearts and their country's pockets. Sir Robert Peel, when he intimated to Parliament that the Princess Augusta required £3,000 a-year for pin-money, delivered the glad intelligence with the air of a man who knew he was about to make a crowd of people happy. The Duke of Wellington showed the same sense of conferring an obligation in the House of Lords. And then how many, and how pleasant, were the motives upon which various members voted the dowry! One member, because the Princess Augusta was the grand-daughter of the "great and good King George the Third!" (Alas! shall we never be quit of the expense of that man's greatness and goodness? Had he been even stubborn, narrow-minded, and resentful, he could not have cost us more.) Well, the Princess Augusta is lucky in her grandfather. Another senator, Colonel Wood (of Brecon), would vote for the grant—

"Looking at it as he did as being the means of a grateful return to his Royal Highness for the way in which that illustrious personage was always to be found presiding over and aiding the charities of this country."

Three thousand a-year is certainly a *very* grateful return for the punctuality with which the Duke of Cambridge attends charity dinners. Who shall henceforth say, that charity is not a capital investment? And if the Duke's charity does begin at home, how often may she be seen taking her soup at the London Tavern! We should not mind a Duke being paid for eating a multiplicity of dinners, if the money came not from those who could get no dinners at all. Charity has always been painted as a virgin in white robes, with auburn hair, and heaven-directed azure eyes. In future Charity must take the other sex, and be limned with napkin under the arm, a tavern-waiter. Or, improving upon Hope, she may appear associated with the Crown and Anchor.

The *Examiner* has calculated that the £3,000 a-year to be paid to the Princess Augusta is just one thirtieth part of the impost laid upon the exportation of coals, an impost that has thrown many hundreds out of employment, dooming them to starvation. Thus, if we were blessed with only thirty marriages of Princesses, they would be equal to the whole of the tax. We would have this fact remembered; it may be productive of a certain pensive enjoyment, when brooding over a winter fire. For instance, our fancy may shape in the glowing mass, all the pomp and glory of the Court of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz; its castles, its palaces, and parks; and then with a thought picture to us the cellars of Manchester and the hovels of Paisley.

We have never seen the banker's cheques of the Duke of Cambridge paid to the many societies, whose dinner tables he adorns; indeed, there is a report that such documents have all the value of extreme rarity; that, indeed, numerical figures do not always turn out monetary facts. Be this as it may, as an equitable man, the Duke will hereafter give to charity what he has made by it, namely, £3,000 per annum. He surely would not wish to make a profit of the virtue.

It is said that the Duke is immensely rich;—is fully capable of leaving a great fortune to his daughter. We cannot believe this—it is impossible. For, in the present condition of the country, would his Royal Highness have sought to add to its burdens? Would it have been the act of a patriot—nay, of a gentleman?

BOOKS REVIEWED.

THE BOOK OF THE INDIANS; *or, Biography and History of the Indians of North America, from its first Discovery, to the year* 1841. *By* SAMUEL G. DRAKE. *Eighth Edition.* BOSTON. *Antiquarian Bookstore.*

WE know not that we ever rose from the perusal of a work, impressed with deeper thankfulness to its author. If Mr. Drake be one tithe the noble fellow we imagine him, we are satisfied that to a man of his high purpose, we could not say anything more gratifying. To an author quickened with the true inspiration, this is the highest reward. If, as we verily believe, Mr. Drake wrote his book to elevate us and others, rather than himself; then in the above confession he has his recompense. The pen is generally now-a-days but a milder form of the sword—a new means for man to assert his superiority. Most people take to the quill from a vulgar desire for display; a low pedantry of intellect. They write to publish *their* wisdom, not to add to *ours*. An author gives a book to the world with the same sordid motive as a merchant does a dinner to his friends—not because they want it—but simply to show what he is worth. The one exhibits his wit, the other his plate—the reader and the guest are considered by both parties alike, as the stilts to their petty ambition. The host advertises the titles of the most illustrious of his visitors—the author the opinions of the most favourable of his critics. Admiration is the one thing needed—and gaining this, hark! how the silly creatures crow on the small eminence of their own vanity. Most consoling then is it in this miserable state of things, to find a man like Mr. Drake, writing from the better principles of his nature. Every page of his work assures us of the nobility of his purpose. Here we detect no vulgar pride at superior possessions; nor an equally vulgar striving after admiration, by the ostentation of them. All is loving kindness and sympathy; sympathy warm from the heart, and true and beautiful as a child's laughter. Fired with the wrongs of the North American Indians, and commiserating keenly with their sufferings, the one object of the historian and biographer, is to awaken the same feelings in less generous natures, so as to protect them from further aggressions. Praise to such a man for such a work, is simply the wages of benevolence—but benevolence works not for wages; it does its good for the mere sake of the good; from its own instinctive pity for the suffering; and when the applause comes—so utterly unconscious is it of all merit—so far distant from its thoughts was every idea of approbation at the time of the act, that it colours as if detected in a weakness, and "blushes" as it has been truly said, "to find it fame." We fancy we can see the blood leap into the cheeks and ears of Mr. Drake, when he is roused to a sense of his worth. To him we gladly confess ourselves debtors to a large amount. He has revived in us hopes which had become faint in the conflict with the world. He has given us new principles of action—confirming us where we formerly wavered, and inspiring us with an energy to which, till now, we were strangers. His book is a thing to make a man's whole life happy; we are sensible of the boon, and love the donor.

It is a part of our religion that, next to faith in God, is a faith in man;—indeed so intimately connected do they appear to us, that we cannot conceive the one existing without the other. If we love the image, must we not venerate the Archetype?—or, revering the Great Original, yet, can we do otherwise than esteem the portrait?—and crusted as we now see the picture, with all the sordidness of trade, how difficult to detect the likeness—how hard to convince ourselves that amid so much to loathe there can exist the smallest quality to love—how trying to believe, that, rotting beneath all this devilish filth, we may still discover the germs of a God! He then who labours to strengthen our faith in so difficult, and yet so ennobling a creed, labours in the best of all causes: and it is because we feel that Mr. Drake, in his work on the North American Indians, has done this, that we speak thus enthusiastically of the man and the book. He has taught us the divinity of human nature in its most primitive state, and we are most thankful for the lesson. Not that we would lead our reader by this to suppose, that he paints the untutored natives of North America as the fortunate inheritors of every virtue. Far from it; the savages he sketches are savages still; creatures whose feelings are yet unrestrained by law; keenly susceptible of wrong, but equally alive to good; quick to hate, but as sudden to love; powerful in revenge, and yet not less potent in gratitude. This we feel to be the true barbarian, as he is called—the elemental man. Whether we, in our present state, are morally a virtue the better, we have neither time nor inclination to inquire. True, we are superior in intellect,—and, consequently, superior in hypocrisy and cunning. Civilization may have made us something more than savages—but then we doubt whether it has not also made us something less. It may have checked our evil passions, but has it educed our good ones? Have they lost nothing in the exchange from a state of Nature to one of Art? It is *fear*, we fancy, that has made us more gentle, and not *love*. Are we yet truly tame? We are afraid Mr. Drake's account of our intercourse with the Red Indians would give it against us any unprejudiced mind. However, the reader shall have an opportunity of judging for himself. Let him cast his eye over the following extracts, and then inquire of his own heart, which he prefers—Red or White. The civilized man or the savage.

AN INDIAN CHIEF'S CONSIDERATION FOR HIS SUBJECTS.—"At this time the English became more sensible of the real virtues of Massasoit than ever before. His great anxiety for the welfare of his people was manifested by his desiring Mr. Winslow, [the doctor who had previously cured him,] or, as Winslow himself expresses it, 'He caused me to go from one to another, [in his village,] requesting me to wash their mouths also, [many of his people being sick at that time,] and give to each of them some of the same I gave him, saying they were good folk.'"

INDIAN JOKE.—"A white man, meeting an Indian, accosted him as brother. The red man, with a great expression of meaning in his countenance, inquired how they came to be brothers. The white man replied, 'O, by way of Adam, I suppose.' The Indian added, 'Me thank him Great Spirit we no nearer brothers.'"

INDIAN REBUKE.—"Ninigret was opposed to Christianity; not perhaps so much from a disbelief of it, as from a dislike of

the practices of those who professed it. When Mr. Mayhew desired Ninigret to allow him to preach to his people, the sagacious chief 'bid him go and make the English good first, and chid Mr. Mayhew for hindering him from his business and labour.'"

Death Speech of an American Chief.—"When it was announced to Nanuntenoo that he must be put to death, he was not in the least daunted, and all he is reported to have said is this:—'I like it well; I shall die before my heart is soft, or have said any thing unworthy of myself.' With Nanuntenoo, fell into the hands of the English forty-three others."

Indian Hospitality.—"In their wanderings, Captain Amidas and seven others visited the island of Roanoake, where they found the family of Granganemeo living in great comfort and plenty, in a little town of nine houses. The chief was not at home, 'but his wife entertained them with wonderful courtesy and kindness. She made some of her people draw their boat up, to prevent its being injured by the beating of the surge; some she ordered to bring them ashore on their backs, and others to carry their oars to the house, for fear of being stolen. When they came into the house, she took off their clothes and stockings, and washed them, as likewise their feet in warm water. When their dinner was ready, they were conducted into an inner room, (for there were five in the house, divided by mats,) where they found hominy, boiled venison, and roasted fish; and, as a dessert, melons, boiled roots, and fruits of various sorts. While they were at meat, two or three of her men came in with their bows and arrows, which made the English take to their arms. But she, perceiving their distrust, ordered their bows and arrows to be broken, and themselves to be beaten out of the gate. In the evening, the English returned to their boat; and putting a little off from shore, lay at anchor; at which she was much concerned, and brought their supper, half boiled, pots and all to the shore; and, seeing their jealousy, she ordered several men, and thirty women, to sit all night upon the shore, as a guard; and sent five mats to cover them from the weather.' Well hath the poet demanded, 'Call ye them savage?' If the wife of Granganemeo was savage, in the common acceptation of the term, where shall we look for civilization?"

Heroism of Pocahontas.—"Being now satisfied, having gone through all the manœuvres and pranks with their prisoner, Captain Smith, they could think of, the Indians proceeded to Powhatan. 'Here more than 200 of those grim courtiers stood wondering at him, as he had been a monster, till Powhatan and his trayne had put themselves in their greatest braveries.' He was seated before a fire, upon a seat like a bedstead, having on a robe of raccoon skins, 'and all the tayles hanging by.' On each side of him sat a young woman; and upon each side of the house two rows of men, and with as many women behind them. These last had their heads and shoulders painted red—some of whose heads were adorned with white down: and about their necks white beads. On Smith's being brought into the presence of Powhatan, all present joined in a great shout. 'The queen of Apamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, instead of a towel, to dry them.' Then, having feasted him again, 'after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan; then as many as could lay hands on him dragged him to them and thereon laid his head, and being ready, with their clubs, to beat out his brains, Pocahontas, the king's dearest daughter, when, no entreaty could prevail, got his head in her armes, and laid her own upon his, to save him from death."

Noble Conduct of an American Chief to his Prisoners.—"At one place, a monster entertained a party of Indians, and treated them kindly, while, at the same time, he caused a gang of his kindred ruffians to lie in ambush where they were to pass, and, when they arrived, barbarously shot them down to a man! The news was forthwith carried to the Cherokee nation, and the effect of it upon the minds of the warriors, was like that of electricity. They seized their tomahawks and war clubs, and, but for the wisdom of Attakullakulla, would have murdered several Englishmen, then in their country upon some matters respecting a treaty. As Attakullakulla was a chief sachem, he was among the first apprized of the murders, and the design of vengeance. He therefore goes immediately to them, and informed them of their danger, and assisted them to secrete themselves; then, without loss of time, he assembled his warriors, and made a speech to them, in which he inveighed, with great bitterness, against the murderous English, and urged immediate war against them; 'and never (said he) shall the hatchet be buried, until the blood of our countrymen be atoned for. Let us not (he continued) violate our faith, or the laws of hospitality, by imbruing our hands in the blood of those who are now in our power. They came to us in the confidence of friendship, with belts of wampum to cement a perpetual alliance with us. Let us carry them back to their own settlements; conduct them safely within their confines, and then take up the hatchet, and endeavour to exterminate the whole race of them.' This counsel was adopted."

Friendship in Silòuee.—Silòuce was a Cherokee chief, and was introduced by Mr. Jefferson, to illustrate the observation in his Notes on Virginia, that the Indian 'is affectionate to his children, careful of them, and indulgent in the extreme; that his affections comprehend his other connections, weakening, as with us, from circle to circle, as they recede from the centre; that his friendships are strong and faithful to the uttermost extremity.' 'A remarkable instance of this appeared in the case of the late Col. Byrd, who was sent to the Cherokee nation to transact some business with them. It happened that some of our disorderly people had just killed one or two of that nation. It was therefore proposed, in the council of the Cherokees, that Col. Byrd should be put to death, in revenge for the loss of their countrymen. Among them was a chief called Silòuee, who, on some former occasion, had contracted an acquaintance and friendship with Col. Byrd. He came to him every night in his tent, and told him not to be afraid, they should not kill him. After many days' deliberation, however, the determination was, contrary to Silòuee's expectation, that Byrd should be put to death, and some warriors were despatched as executioners. Silòuee attended them; and when they entered the tent, he threw himself between them and Byrd, and said to the warriors, 'This man is my friend: before you get at him you must kill me!' On which they returned, and the council respected the principle so much, as to recede from their determination.'"

Indian Shrewdness.—"In the case of the boundary already mentioned, the surveyors met with frequent difficulties from the various tribes of Indians, some of whom were influenced by the Spanish governor, Folch, of Louisiana. Mad-dog appeared their friend, and undeceived them respecting the governor's pretensions. A conference was to be held about the 4th of May, between the Indians, Governor Folch, and the American commissioners. The place of meeting was to be upon Coenecuh river, near the southern estuary of the bay of Pensacola. When the Americans arrived there, Mad-dog met them, and informed Colonel Hawkins, the Indian agent, that two Indians had just gone to the Tallessees with bad talks from the governor. The colonel told him it could not be possible. Shortly after, Mad-dog asked Colonel Hawkins and Mr. Ellicott, the commissioner, if they supposed that Governor Folch would attend at the treaty; they said, 'Most assuredly.' 'No,' returned Mad-dog, 'he will not attend, he knows what I shall say to him about his crooked talks. His tongue is forked, and, as you are here, he will be ashamed to show it. If he stands to what he has told us, you will be offended, and if he tells us that the line ought to be marked, he will contradict himself: but he will do neither; he will not come.' It turned out as Mad-dog declared. When it was found that the governor would not attend, the chief went to Colonel Hawkins and Mr. Ellicott, and, by way of pleasantry, said, 'Well, the governor has not come. I told you so. A man with two tongues can only speak to one at a time.' This observation has reference to the governor's duplicity, in holding out to the Indians his determination not to suffer a survey of the boundary, while, at the same time, he pretended to the Americans that he would facilitate it."

Indian Speech against Drink.—"'Fathers, Brethren and Countrymen.—We are met to deliberate. Upon what?—Upon no less a subject, than whether we shall or shall not be a people!' 'I do not stand up, O countrymen! to propose the plans of war, or to direct the sage experience of this assembly in the regulation of our alliances: your wisdom renders this unnecessary for me.'—'The traitor, or rather the tyrant, I arraign before you, O Creeks! is no native of our soil; but rather a lurking miscreant—an emissary of the evil principle of darkness. 'Tis that pernicious liquid, which our pretended white friends artfully introduced, and so plentifully pour in among us!'—'O, ye Creeks! when I thunder in your ears this denunciation; that if this cup of perdition continues to rule among us, with sway so intemperate, ye will cease to be a nation! Ye will have neither heads to direct, nor hands to protect you. While this diabolical juice

undermines all the powers of your bodies and minds, with inoffensive zeal the warrior's enfeebled arm will draw the bow, or launch the spear in the day of battle. In the day of council, when national safety stands suspended on the lips of the hoary sachem, he will shake his head with uncollected spirits, and drivel the babblings of a second childhood.' "

AUSTRIA.

BY T. G. KOHL.

THIS volume comprises the first part of the projected book, and the ninth of *The Foreign Library*, an admirable and cheap printed collection of contemporary foreign literature, translated with great spirit, and produced with that care and neatness which characterize the publications of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

Mr. Kohl's original work is spread into five volumes, and is entitled "*A Hundred Days in Austria.*" In the original book, however, there is a tedious minuteness, which, though perfectly characteristic of the German mind, would be especially wearisome and repulsive to the English reader. The translator, fully alive to this, has condensed five volumes into what will make one compact tome; and having very happily caught the spirit of the original, eschews "the outward limbs and flourishes thereof."

Mr. Kohl is a very lively traveller; and though not so profoundly philosophic as we think he believes himself to be, he is an amusing, nay, an instructive writer. His book is full of admirable scenes, painted with a fine feeling of the picturesque. He shows us the very heart of Vienna, and then away into Bohemia and Hungary, painting in rapid succession, the aristocracy of the capital of Austria, and the Magyars and vassal herdsmen and pig-drivers of the magnificent Prince Esterhazy. We have selected a few passages, more for their brevity than for any marked superiority over the general staple of the book, which we can honestly recommend to the shelves of our readers.

PRINCE ESTERHAZY'S PEASANT SUBJECTS.

"The herdsmen were two Magyars, in wide trowsers, short jackets, and broad-brimmed hats, with long black hair, sharply cut features, and sparkling eyes. Most of the German villages, on the Nieusiedler lake, employ these men as herdsmen. We accompanied some of them to their dwellings in the marsh. These were huts of a conical shape, built of reeds, with the floors also covered with reeds and straw. In the midst were some planks nailed together, and covered with hard beaten clay, which served for a hearth. Round this were laid straw beds, with pillows made of blocks of wood covered with sheepskins. The inhabitants of these huts cannot even turn in their beds without feeling the ground shake under them, yet they occupy them all through the winter, and have a perfectly healthy appearance. Their principal nourishment consists of small pieces of beef, rubbed with onions and pepper and roasted; but the pepper—a Hungarian sort called '*Paprika*'—is used in enormous quantities. I swallowed a piece of the meat, and it felt as if I had eaten a burning coal. To this piquant dish they drink the muddy marsh water. When they wish to drink they lie down on their stomachs, and draw the water up by means of a reed. One of them showed me exactly how the operation was performed. He cut a reed, placed it upright, and then stuck it about an ell down into the ground. He then sucked up the water and spit it out, as the first which came was thick, brown, and dirty. The more he sucked the clearer it became, till, at length, finding it drinkable, he drew out the reed, and wrapped a piece of rag round the lower end to serve as a filter. He then plunged it again into the hole and called on me to drink, saying it was delicious. I found one of these reeds sticking in the ground before every bed, and I was told that in the morning when they get up, the first thing they do is to take a drink. On stooping to take a draught of this cool beverage I chanced to take hold rather carelessly of the reed, and they begged me to mind what I was about, as I might easily trouble the water beneath.

"In the whole extent of the Hansag, there are very few people who can read—read books I mean—but they can all read, with great readiness, in the physiognomies of their companions the oxen, and they can also read in the heavens the signs of the coming weather. It is not possible that the nomadic ancestors of these people, can have led a simpler and rougher life than their descendants do, and, perhaps, in all Europe, one could hardly find within the same space a more striking contrast than that of these pastoral regions, and of the luxurious capital, which, with a railroad, might be reached in two hours."

"THE PEOPLE'S MUSIC-BOOK."

As we have taxes and corn-laws for the million, we have, very properly, music to cheer their hearts, if possible, under their burthens. This work is under the superintendence of Mr. Turle, organist of Westminster Abbey, and Mr. Edward Taylor, Gresham Professor; it is elegantly produced, and affords abundant harmony, at one shilling. Indeed, like the birds of the air, it gives music almost for nothing.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "blemish" justly complained of by many correspondents is solely attributable to the printer of the last number. On the conclusion of the present volume, the page in our last, backed with advertisements, will be reprinted.

"O."—"J. S., of Edinburgh."—We acknowledge the favours of our correspondents, of whose powers we have a very good opinion. The poems, however, are not sufficiently wrought out for the printer.

'E. S."—We regret that the article is upon a subject which has been so frequently, and (of late) so ably discussed. Hence, we are unwillingly compelled to decline it.

A communication has been lying this past month with the publisher for "EPHRAIM DULLWITZ."

The portion of the story forwarded by "An Acquaintance" has so much interested us that we should like to see the conclusion, so that the tale might appear complete; for we are no admirers of the "to be continued."

We shall avail ourselves of the favour of "F."

"K."—When correspondents fail to give their address, we have no other alternative for communicating with them, save through our publisher, who has many papers left with him, which, for obvious reasons, we do not particularize.

THE ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE

THE CHRONICLES OF CLOVERNOOK.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE HERMIT OF BELLYFULLE;

AND

Of his Ascent to the Kingdom of As-you-like, by The Flying Bottle.

BY THE EDITOR.

We have yet no truthful map of England. No offence to the publishers; but the verity must be uttered. We have pored and pondered, and gone to our sheets with weak, winking eyes, having vainly searched, we cannot trust ourselves to say how many hundred maps of our beloved land, for the exact whereabout of Clovernook. We cannot find it. More, we doubt—so imperfect are all the maps—if any man can drop his finger on the spot, can point to the blessed locality of that most blissful village. He could as easily show to us the hundred of Utopia; the glittering weathercocks of the New Atalantis.

And shall we be more communicative than the publishers? No; the secret shall be buried with us; we will hug it under our shroud. We have heard of shrewd, short-speeched men who were the living caskets of some healing jewel; some restorative recipe to draw the burning fangs from gout; some anodyne to touch away sciatica into the lithesomeness of a kid; and these men have died, and have, to their own satisfaction, at least, carried the secret into their coffins, as though the mystery would comfort them as they rotted. There have been such men, and the black, begrimed father of all uncharitableness sits cross-legged upon their tombstones, and sniggers over them!

Nevertheless, we will not tell to the careless and irreverent world—a world noisy with the ringing of shillings—the whereabout of Clovernook.

We might, would we condescend, give an all-sufficient reason for our closeness: we will do no such thing. No: the village is our own—consecrated to our own delicious leisure, when time runs by like a summer brook, smiling and sweetly murmuring as it runs. We have the most potent right of freehold in the soil; nay, it is our lordship. We have there *droits du seigneur;* and in the very despotism of our ownership might, if we would, turn oaks into gibbets. Let this knowledge suffice to the reader; for we will not vouchsafe to him another pippin's worth.

Thus much, however, we will say of the history of Clovernook. There is about it a very proper mist and haziness; it twinkles far, far away through the darkness of time, like a taper through a midnight casement. The spirit of fable that dallies with the vexed heart of man, and incarnates his dreams in living presences—for mightiest of the mighty is oft the muscle of fiction—fable says that Clovernook was the work of some sprite of Fancy, that in an idle and extravagant mood, made it a choice country seat; a green and flowery place, peopled with happy faces. And it was created, says fable, after this fashion.

The sprite took certain pieces of old, fine linen, which were torn and torn, and reduced to a very pulp, and then made into a substance, thin and spotless. And then the sprite flew away to distant woods, and gathered certain things, from which was expressed a liquid of darkest dye. And then, after the old, time-honoured way, a living thing was sacrificed; a bird, much praised by men at Michaelmas, fell with bleeding throat; and the sprite, plucking a feather from the poor dead thing, waved and waved it, and the village of Clovernook grew and grew—and cottages, silently as trees, rose from the earth; and men and women came there by ones and twos; and in good time smoke rose from chimneys, and cradles were rocked. And this, so saith fable, was the beginning of Clovernook.

Although we will not let the rabble of the world know the whereabout of our village—and by the rabble, be it understood, we do not mean the wretches who are guilty of daily hunger, and are condemned in the court of poverty of the high misdemeanour of patches and rags,—but we mean the mere money-changers, the folks who carry their sullen souls in the corners of their pockets, and think the site of Eden is covered with the Mint; although we will not have Clovernook startled from its sweet, dreamy serenity—and we have sometimes known the very weasels in mid-day, to dose there, given up to the delicious influence of the place—by the chariot wheels of that stony-hearted old dowager, Lady Mammon, with her false locks and ruddled cheeks,—we invite all others to our little village; where they may loll in the sun or shade as suits them; lie along on the green tufty sward, and kick their heels at fortune; where they may jig an evening dance in the meadows, and after retire to the inn—the one inn of Clovernook—glorified under the sign of "Gratis!"

Match us that sign if you can. What are your Georges and Dragons, your Kings' Heads, and Queens' Arms; your Lions, Red, White and Black—your Mermaids and your Dolphins, to that large, embracing benevolence—Gratis? Doth not the word seem to throw its arms about you with a hugging welcome? Gratis! it is the voice of nature, speaking from the fulness of her large heart. The word is written all over the blue heaven. The health-giving air whispers it about us. It rides the sunbeam—(save when statesman puts a window-pane twixt us and it). The lark trills it high up in its skyey dome; the little way-side flower breathes gratis from its pinky mouth; the bright brook murmurs it; it is written in the harvest moon. Look and move where we will, delights—all "gratis," all breathing and beaming beauty, are about us—and yet how rarely do we seize the happiness, because, forsooth, it *is* a joy gratis?

But let us back to Clovernook. We offer it as a country tarrying-place for all who will accept its hospitality. We will show every green lane about it; every clump of trees—every bit of woodland, mead and dell. The villagers, too, may be found, upon acquaintance, not altogether boors. There are some strange folk among them. Men who have wrestled in the world, and have had their victories and their trippings-up; and now they have nothing to do but keep their little bits of garden-ground pranked with the earliest flowers; their only enemies, weeds, slugs and snails. Odd people, we say it, are amongst them. Men, whose minds have been strangely carved and fashioned by the world; cut like strange fancies in walnut-tree; but though curious and grotesque, the minds are sound, with not a worm-hole in them. And these men meet in summer under the broad mulberry-tree before the "Gratis," and tell their stories—thoughts, humours; yea, their dreams. They have nothing to do but to consider that curious bit of clock-work, the mind, within them; and droll it sometimes is, to mark how they will try to take it to pieces, and then again to adjust its little wheels, its springs, and levers.

Some of these worthy folk may, in good time, be made known to our readers. But our first business is to introduce to them a most wise, and withal jocund sage, dwelling about a mile and three quarters from Clovernook, and known to the villagers as the Hermit of Bellyfulle. It was a happy chance that brought the anchorite and ourselves together. Thus it happened.

An autumn day had died gloriously in the west; darkness came rapidly upon us, and to be brief with our mishap, we had lost our way. We had travelled from ——, a market-town, and as our saddle-bags—for we were upon our choice

gelding—were, strangely enough, stuffed with the lawful golden coin of the realm, our fears rose with our sense of property. Again and again we thought of our gold, and thinking, sweated. To our apprehension, the gelding's legs became as eight; for though we saw no horse following us, yet could we certainly distinguish the sound of eight hoofs. We kept up a sharp trot, and oddly enough, the gelding that half-an-hour before showed signs of weariness and distress, trotted, trotted on as though fresh from a night's rest, corn and beans. As we went on, everything seemed strangely changing about us. The sky that had been black as coal, broke into a mild, clear grey; star by star came twinkling out; the cold, autumn wind blew soft and warm; our spirits became suddenly lightened, when our gelding—it is a most sagacious beast—made a dead halt.

The creature stood fast, and we looked vainly about us. We saw nothing — heard nothing. The animal still stood as upon a pedestal. And now, it pricked its ears—and now, snuffed, snuffed the air. Then the truth, in truth's best sweetness, came upon us. We were close to a human dwelling-place; we were in the neighbourhood of some of the units of the large family of man. Hope could not have deceived us: no, the truth was plain; for we smelt a smell of bacon and eggs.

Now, the gelding had merely paused to awaken our attention to the toothsome fact. This opinion we carry, fast as a clenched nail, within us. For we merely took a deep inspiration, jerked our right knee against the saddle, and Bottom—for such is the beast's name—immediately understood that we had taken his meaning, and with mended step, went ambling on, as though his soul danced to the music of the frying-pan. A most rational beast is Bottom.

Still, we trotted on, down close, winding, mossy lanes—with odd, large, gnarled trees, throwing their arms across the narrow road, and sometimes meeting and hugging one another, like Titan wrestlers. There was something strange in the trees; something, as we thought, half-human: now and then they looked like giants; and now, we thought we saw the red goat-like noses of satyrs among the branches, with a quick jerking of their horned heads. Once or twice, thinking of our saddle-bags, we should have fainted from sheer cowardice; but as Bottom ambled onward, there was an increasing, a sustaining smell of bacon and eggs.

At length, Bottom stopt in a sort of triangular nook. There was no outlet. We looked; was it a glow-worm glimmering through that mass of green? No: it was tallow, odorous, household tallow; or if not, oil from leviathan. We dismounted, and groping our way, at length, through a wilderness of woodbine and ivy, found the door. We knocked.

"Come in," cried a voice, loud as a trumpet.

Melodious syllables! Sweet accents of sweet hospitality. Harmonious to the traveller on the outside, glorifying to the man at the hearth. He has escaped somewhat of the smitings of this single-stick world, who, when he hears knuckles at his postern, can throw himself back in his chair like a king upon his throne, and without a qualm of the heart, cry—"Come in."

In darkness, we clawed about the door; at length we found the latch. In a moment we were at the hearthstone of the greatest animal in the scale of creation—an animal, that cooks.

"And who are you?" cried the master of the mansion.

What a pert, every-day asking is this! What a query to answer! Reader, did you ever, for one moment, say to your own soul,—"Who are you?" You know that you are a something, but *what* thing? You know that there is some living power, some knack within you, that helps you through life; that enables you to make a bargain with an eye to a good pennyworth; that even urges you to pick a wife from a few millions; that walks with you in your business walks, that broods with you at home over your ledger—but what is it? Did you ever try to bring it face to face with yourself? Did you ever manfully endeavour to pluck, for a moment, this mystery from your blood, and look at it eye to eye—this You? It may be a terrible meeting; but sit in the magic circle of your own thoughts, and conjure the thing. It may be devil—it may be angel. No. You will take the chance: you are not curious: you are content to jog on; you know that you are you; but for the *what* you, whether perfect as the angels, or scabbed like Lazarus, why should you seek to know? Rather, dwell in the hopeful sweetness of your no-knowing.

"And who are you?" again asked the man we had elected for our host, ere we had time or thought to answer.

"We are travellers, and have lost our way," said we.

"Sit down and eat," said the master of the mansion. "And then, if the world has left you a light conscience, you can, if you will, sleep."

"I'll first see to Bottom, and then have with you," said we; for there was a ring of truth and good-fellowship in the man's voice, that, as we felt, made us old acquaintances. We crossed the threshold, and taking saddle and bridle from Bottom, sent him to his supper of sweet grass. We then returned to our host.

"And what brought you here?" he asked, offering the dish.

"Bacon and eggs," said we, helping ourselves to the glorious attributes bearing those names.

The man paused, looked down upon us, scratched the nape of his neck, and walked to a corner of his habitation. He then returned with a blushing gammon, which he sliced with the

potent hand of a master. Smiling upon our appetite, he cracked a dozen or two more eggs, and flung them singing into the pan.

We would give a hundred guineas from the aforesaid saddle-bags, we thought, if we could carry away with us a lively portrait of our host. We shall never forget him: he will to our mind always be a stirring presence; but how—how shall we ever fix him upon paper?

"You don't eat," said our host, seeing our knife and fork for a moment idle, as we mused upon the difficulty. "Eat, eat, if you'd be welcome to the Hermit of Bellyfulle."

"Are you a hermit?" we asked, with a wondering look.

"Have I not said it? The Hermit of Bellyfulle, and this my Hermitage; this the Cell of the Corkscrew," cried the anchorite; and he then turned to the pan, his eye melting on the frying eggs.

The Hermit appeared between fifty and sixty—nearer sixty. He would have looked tall, but for his breadth of shoulder and bow of belly. His arms were short, thick and sinewy; with a fist that might have throttled a wild boar or a sharp attorney. Altogether he was a massive lump of a man, hard and active. His face was big and round, with a rich, larder look about it. His wide, red cheeks were here and there jewelled with good living. As gems are said by some to be no more than a congelation of the rarest essences attracted and distilled from mother earth, so were the living rubies burning in the cheeks of the Hermit, the hardened, incarnated juices of the deer of the forest—the volatile spirits of the vine. The Hermit had no nose; none, ladies, none. There was a little nob of flesh, like a small mushroom, dipt in wine, which made its unobtrusive way between the good man's cheeks, and through which he has been known to sneeze: but impudence itself could not call that piece of flesh a nose. The Hermit's mouth had all the capacity of large benevolence; large and wide, like an old pocket. There seemed a heavy unctuousness about the lower lip; a weight and drooping from very mellowness—like a ripe peach, cracking in the sun. His teeth—but that he had lost one, as we afterwards learned, in active service on a Strasburg ham—were regular as a line of infantry, and no less dangerous. His forehead was large: his black hair waning into grey, save that one lock which grew like the forelock of old Time, was raven still. His eyes were small, and so deep in his head, no man ever saw the whites of them: there they were, like black beads sunk in scarlet flesh. Such is the poor, weak picture of the glorious living face: and then every bit of it shone, as though it had been smeared with sacrificial fat. The hermit's voice was deep and clear; and he had a sweet, heart-warming chuckle, which came like wine gurgling from a flask. The very pope of hermits was the Hermit of Bellyfulle.

This worthy anchorite wore no weed of grey—not he. He had a capacious gown of faded scarlet damask, worn—much worn: yet there were traces in it of past beauty; goodly bunches of grapes, antique flagons, and Cupids flaying a buck. This robe was girded about the waist with a thick silken rope; a relic, as he told us, picked up in a pilgrimage. It had been a bell-rope in the best hostelry of Palestine. The nether anatomy of the recluse showed, as we thought, that all the vanity of the world had not died within him, for he wore black velvet breeches; and, moreover, seemed to throw an approving glance at his leg, cased in unwrinkled silken hose of ebon black. His feet were easily lodged in large slippers of cramoisy velvet, with here and there a glimmering of old gold lace.

A hermit would be no hermit without a skull. The anchorite of Bellyfulle was fitly provided with such tangible aid to solemn reflection: for he had the skull of a heathen Paladin, in the which, for the top had been curiously sawn off, and hinged, and a silver box contrived in the cavity—in the which the Hermit of Bellyfulle kept his best tobacco. He moreover showed his horror and contempt for heathenism by sinking the basanet of a Saracen knight into a spittoon.

The Cell of the Corkscrew revealed the magnanimity of its hermit indweller. Its walls were tapestried with sides of bacon, with hams smoked over fires of cedar and sandal-wood. Festoons of sausages hung from the roof, dazzling the eyes and melting the heart of the beholder. Frequent peering forth, with death-grim snout, a boar's head would show itself, to the ear of fancy grunting for the knife. And now, the eye would wander to a squab of flesh—a buffalo's hump—toothsome to rest upon. And then there were tongues, as many as at Babel, hanging on all sides; tongues of deer, of antelope, of Indian ox, smoked and cured by Indian cooks. Glowing and beautiful were a hundred vitreous jars of pungent pickle, disposed about the cell with the finest consideration of colour and effect. There, too, was the delicious olive, in its mild, immortal green, for Bacchus in his after-dinner hour to dally with.

It was not until the next morning that the Hermit discovered to us all the riches, the stores, the conveniences of the Cell of the Corkscrew, and its adjoining messuages. But as we have opened the matter, we will not put it off to a future page, but at once make an end of it. We found that the room wherein we supped was made sacred to knife and fork. By the way, let us inform the reader that those instruments, of huge dimensions, surmounted the mantel-piece. The Hermit, raising his small jet eyes towards them, mildly said, with a slight chuckle, "My lares—the guardian angels of my fire-side."

An adjoining room was fitted round with shelves, on which were pots and packages of preserves and

The Hermit of Bellyfulle.

spices, and baskets of candied fruits, and here and there a case of heart-consoling Curaçoa—soft and subtle noyeau—biting absinthe; nay, all the cordials refined by the inquiring spirit of man from nature's raw materials. "What a delicious smell!" we cried. "I call it my phœnix' nest," said the Hermit, and he said no more. He then took us down into his cellar. We descended some fifty steps into a place of vast extent. "Cut by some good-natured people of the olden time," said the Hermit; "cut out of the living rock. And now, sir, the sun shines on no sort of grape that is not bottled here;" and the Hermit spoke with a voice of triumph, and gently waved the lamp in his hand to and fro, its beams falling upon a thousand and a thousand bottles, that to our excited fancy seemed to laugh like negroes in the sun.

"Simple, thoughtless man, would not think it, but there is much knowledge to be taken from this cellar," said the Hermit.

"With the help of a corkscrew," said we.

"Right; with the blessing of a corkscrew," cried the Hermit. "But for a time treading on the carnal man, there is other, higher knowledge. You will observe, sir, that I have laid out my bottles geographically; from the cyder of Devonshire to the rice spirit of China. In this way, I manage to go entirely round the world once a year."

"Is it possible?" we asked, and we fear it, in a voice of incredulity; for the Hermit drew himself up, and spoke very solemnly.

"Man," said he, "a lie in any place is a poor sneaking thing; still, a lie may be better or worse by its locality. Now the man," and here the anchorite trembled with emotion, "the man who would tell a lie in a wine-cellar, is a wretch unutterable. His heart's-blood, at the best, is bad vinegar."

"It is—it is," said we, feeling the rebuke. "And this is a map of the world, done by Bacchus?"

The Hermit of Bellyfulle, smiling benevolently, gently nodded his head. "You will perceive it. Here, as I said, is the cider, the ale of England. There, France. There, Champagne, Burgundy, Bordeaux. There, the Johannisberg. At the present time, I am in Hungary, drinking Tokay."

"It is delightful," we said, "to meet you in so favoured a place."

Leaving the cellar, the Hermit took us to his farm-yard. Instantaneously we were surrounded by all sorts of poultry. We were particularly pleased with a breed of fowls, of enormous size, and of the whitest and most dazzling plumage.

"You like them?" said the Hermit, observing our look of admiration. "So do I. Were it not that I am almost dead to fleshly affections, I should say they were my passion. They are capons, sir. It is a strange weakness, but I love them dearly; especially with pork, judiciously pickled. I call them, sir," and the Hermit faintly smiled,—"I call them my monks."

We next visited the fish-ponds. "Here, sir," said the Hermit, "are my trout."

"How very large," we exclaimed, as some huge fish darted from under the weeds.

"Now, sir, though you will not venture to doubt my word, others might. I have a great moral experiment going on among these fish. They are entirely fed upon artificial flies."

"Is it possible?" we asked. "For what purpose?"

"To show the sufficiency of the imagination to the satisfaction of the belly," replied the Hermit.

"It will be a great political discovery," said we. "Have you tried the system on yourself?"

Either the Hermit did not hear us, or hearing, disdained an answer; for he walked on, we following. "My orchard," said he, pointing to a very forest of trees, loaded with the fruits of autumn.

"Are you not frequently robbed?" we asked. "Have you no spring-guns, man-traps—"

"Look," said the Hermit, and he pointed to a written board fastened to one of the trees—there were twenty such about the orchard—which board contained a notice, inviting in the prettiest and most paternal words all little boys who might pass that way, to come into the orchard, and eat their fill. They were warned upon no account to take the smallest fruit, but to carefully pick the largest, the ripest, and the best. There were likewise ladders provided that the boys might not injure the boughs, or rend their breeches by climbing. Or if they should chance to tear their garments, there was an oilskin bag hanging from a large walnut-tree in the middle of the orchard, in which bag were needles and thread, to repair for the nonce any gash that might else scandalize the out-door world.

"But do not the birds plunder you?" we asked.

"My cherries, for two or three years, suffered grievously from the rooks," said the Hermit; "but they are sensible birds, sir; very sensible. I bought the cast-off coat of a Jew money-lender, and stuffing it with straw, I hung it upon the highest tree. The rooks are clever birds, sir—they never perched again."

Having shown to the reader the cell and grounds, we have purposely omitted all notices of bed-rooms, pantry, and out-houses, of the Hermit of Bellyfulle, we must bring the said reader back to the first hour of our introduction to the anchorite. Be it remembered, that we are still tired and joint-sore with our journey, and that we have only eaten three rashers, and swallowed half-a-dozen eggs.

To say nothing of the external dignity of the Hermit, it was evident to us, from one single circumstance, that he was a man of superior mind. He never uttered a syllable until we both had supped. In an afterchange of thought, the Hermit

confessed that he admired his guest upon the same high principle.

"A man, sir," observed the sage, "who gabbles at his dinner, may be said to swallow, not to eat. Eating, sir, is as much a mental, nay more so than a physical task. There is, sir, a wonderful sympathy between the brain and the palate. Talk destroys the exquisite harmony between them. All the nobler functions of the soul should be present during every mouthful and; so sublimating it, the wise man eats with his brain, the fool with his mouth."

"You have studied these things curiously," said we.

"It was my prime object in quitting the world. I resolved, upon the death of my fourth wife, to shut myself up from the vanities of life, and write a cookery book—an encyclopædia of the kitchen."

"It is to be hoped," said we, "you have not repented of your magnanimity?"

"No, sir; no. I have been hard at work—but it is the labour of a life. I have toiled ten years, and only got to ducks."

"Ducks!"

"Ducks, sir. Ten years, and only finished four letters: but hope is strong: I have no doubt I shall live to see Z. By that time the ignorant world will begin to feel its mouth water for a sirloin of zebra; and I am the only man who can tell the world how to cook it."

"A sirloin of zebra! Was there ever such a joint put upon a spit?"

"I have partaken, sir, of hundreds; but those feasts were in the blessed region of As-you-like."

"As-you-like! Where may that region be?" we asked.

The Hermit's eyes filled with tears, and he answered, with a broken voice, "I cannot tell—I cannot tell; though I have lived there—have children there—I know not where it is, know not how to seek it."

"How," we asked, "did you first find it out?"

"That, sir, is the strangest story of my life; though I have many, many stories in that box," and the Hermit pointed to a large cedar chest in the corner—"that may some day puzzle the printer. However, sir, all I know you shall know. Brandy or Hollands?" asked the Hermit, pushing the bottles. "Both smuggled, upon my honour," said the sage, laying his hand upon his breast. "Do you take lemon? Here, sir, is a squeezer made of true eremite maple. Sugar; water, hot and cold. And now, sir, you shall have my story. I call it

"THE FLYING BOTTLE.

"I have been a traveller, sir; a great traveller. It was my fortune, when about five-and-twenty, to sail to the Indian Seas. We dropped anchor close to one of the islands to be found in those blissful waters. I went ashore, and every thing about me seemed new and strange, but beautiful, very beautiful. I had wandered from my party, and was alone in a field overgrown with hyacinths, when a bottle suddenly sprang up beneath my foot; and as I walked, the bottle—a black wine-bottle, no more—hopped, hopped like a bird, before me. I ran after it; but the faster I ran, the quicker it hopped. At length, mustering all my strength, I ran until I fairly ran the bottle down. Then smelling at its mouth, for there was no cork in it, I smelt a most delicious odour; I raised the bottle to my lips, and drank. Instantly my hands seemed riveted around the vessel, and two wings sprang from the sides of the bottle. In a moment, I was raised from the earth. I tried to let go the bottle, but my hands were as a part of it; and still the bottle flew and flew like an eagle to the sun; and I swooned, and knew no more until I awoke in a region which the inhabitants told me was the kingdom of As-you-like.

"I looked about me, and I could have sworn that I was in some street in London; for in my boyhood, I had once visited that wonderful and wicked city, taken thither by my grandfather. The houses were familiar to me; the character of the people, their clothes, nay, their language—all seemed known to me; but when I said as much, the worthy folks about me smiled at my delusion; and further, when I told them the story of the bottle, they shook their heads, and said they doubted not I should soon discover my mistake. And very soon I did so. That I should know the language of the people of As-you-like as perfectly as themselves was only a part of the mystery of the bottle. I had drunk it from its mouth.

"It was plain that I was considered a curiosity by the folks, who, indeed, looked upon me with that sort of pity and forbearance which I have known displayed by soft-hearted people towards a Hottentot. It was plain they felt that I had much in common with them all, but was nevertheless of a much lower degree of sensibility and intelligence. It is right, however, that I should confess that this opinion arose from my own coarse habits—from my education, and my manners contracted in my previous life. To me, they seemed the simplest, the most foolish of created things; whilst, as I afterwards discovered, they at times looked upon me with so much aversion, that, had they not been the tenderest, the gentlest people in the world, they would have cast me forth to perish in the streets. But I am forgetting myself," said the Hermit—"I am falling into the common talk of the world about us: it was impossible that even a dog should perish in the streets of As-you-like.

"Before I descend to my own particular adventures in that glorious region, I will endeavour to give you some idea of its government, its religion, its laws, and the social habits of its people. Pardon me, sir," said the Hermit, wiping his eyes

and emptying his glass, "but I cannot touch upon this theme, without feeling my heart melt like butter in my body. Whilst I talk of As-you-like, my spirits sink; I am heavy, to very dumpishness."

Pausing a moment, and clearing his throat, the Hermit proceeded.

"And first, sir, for the order of government. As-you-like is a monarchy; a limited monarchy. At the time I dwelt there, the crown was worn by King Abdomen, almost the greatest man that ever walked. His natural accomplishments were many: he was held to make a more melodious sneeze than any man in the universe. He invented buttons, the people of As-you-like before his time tying their clothes about them with strings. He also invented quart goblets. He was the son of King Stubborn, known as the King of the Shortwools.

"After the king came the nobility; that is, the men who had shown themselves better than other men, and whose virtues were worked into their titles.

"Thus there was the Duke of Lovingkindness; the Marquis of Sensibility; the Earl of Tenderheart; the Baron of Hospitality, and so forth. Touching, too, was the heraldry of As-you-like. The royal arms were, charity healing a bruised lamb, with the legend, *Dieu et paix*. And then for the coach-panels of the aristocracy, I have stood by the hour, at holiday times, watching them; and tears have crept into my eyes, and my heart has softened under their delicious influence. There were no lions, griffins, panthers, lynxes—no swords or daggers—no short verbal incitements to man-quelling. Oh, no! One nobleman would have for his bearings a large wheaten loaf, with the legend—*Ask and have*. Another would have a hand bearing a purse, with the question—*Who lacks?* Another would have a truckle-bed painted on his panels, with the words—*To the tired and footsore*. Another would display some comely garment, with—*New clothes for rags*. Oh! I could go through a thousand of such bearings, all with the prettiest quaintness, showing the soft, fleshly heart of the nobleman, and inviting, with all the brief simplicity of true tenderness, the hungry, the poor, the weary, and the sick, to come, feed, and be comforted. And these men were of the nobility of As-you-like; nor was there even a dog to show his democratic teeth at them.

"The church was held in deepest reverence. Happy was the man who, in his noon-day walk, should meet a bishop; for it was held by him as an omen of every manner of good fortune. This beautiful superstition arose, doubtless, from the love and veneration paid by the people to the ministers of religion, who, from their tenderness, their piety, their affection towards their flocks, were looked upon as the very porters to heaven. The love of the people placed in the hands of their bishops heaps and heaps of money; but as quickly as it was heaped, was it scattered again by the ministers of the faith, who were thus perpetually preaching goodness and charity at the hearths of the poor, and the poor were every hour lifting up their hands and blessing them. It was not enough that the bishops were thus toilsome in their out-door work of good; but in the making of new laws and amending of old ones, they showed the sweetness, and, in the truest sense, the greatness, of the human spirit. During my stay in As-you-like, what we should call the House of Lords, but what in that country was called the House of Virtues, debated on what some of their lordships deemed a very pretty case to go to war upon; and sooth to say, for a time, the House of Virtues seemed to forget that active benevolence which had heretofore been its moving principle. Whereupon the bishops one by one arose, and from their lips there flowed such heavenly music—in their eyes there sparkled such apostolic tears, that all the members of the House of Virtues rose, and with one accord fell to embracing one another, and called all the world their brothers, and vowed they would talk away the misunderstanding between themselves and neighbours; they would not shed blood, they would not go to war.

"And this was ever after called the peace of the bishops.

"The second deliberative assembly was called the House of Workers. No man could be one of these, who had not made known to the world his wisdom—his justice—his worship of truth for truth's sake. No worker was returned upon the mere chance of his fitness. He must be known as an out-door worker for the good of his fellow-men, before he could be sent, an honoured member, to the House. The duty of the assembly was to make laws; and as these were to be made for all men, it was the prime endeavour and striving of the workers to write them in the plainest words, in the briefest meaning. They would debate and work for a whole day—they always assembled with clear heads and fresh spirits every morning at nine—to enshrine their wisdom in the fewest syllables. And whereas, here with us we give our children Goody Two Shoes and Jack and the Bean Stalk, as the easiest and simplest lessons for their tender minds to fasten on, in As-you-like the little creatures read the Abridgment of the Statutes for their first book; so clear, so lucid, so direct was it in its meaning and its purpose.

"Nevertheless, as there were some dull and giddy folk, who, after all the labour of the House of Workers, could or would not know the laws, there were certain meek and loving-kind professors called goodmen guides, answering to our attornies, whose delight it was, for the very smallest imaginable sum, to interpret and make known the power and beauty of the statutes.

And whereas, among us, physicians and surgeons —may the spirits of charity and peace consecrate their fire-sides!—set apart a portion of the day to feel the pulse of stricken poverty, to comfort and solace the maimed and wasting poor—so in As-you-like, did these goodmen guides give a part of their time to the passionate and ignorant, advising them to abstain from the feverish turmoil of law; showing them how suspense would bake their blood and eat their hearts, and wear and weigh down man's noble spirit. And thus, these goodmen guides would, I may say, with a silken string, lead men back to content and neighbourly adjustment. When men could pay for such counsel, they paid a moderate cost; when they were poor, they were advised, as by the free benevolence of the mediator.

"The people of As-you-like had, a thousand years or so before, waged war with other nations. There could be no doubt of it, for the cannon still remained. I saw what at one time had been the arsenal. There were several pieces of artillery; the swallows had built their nests under their very mouths. As I will not disguise anything, I own there were a few persons who, when a war was talked of, the war so happily prevented by the bishops, strutted and looked big, and with swollen cheeks gabbled about glory; but they were smiled at for their simplicity—advised, corrected by the dominant reason of the country, and, after a time, confessed themselves to be very much ashamed of their past folly.

"Perhaps the manner in which the As-you-likeans transacted business was strange; it may appear incredible. I was never more surprised than when I first overheard two men dealing for a horse. One was a seller of horses, the other seemed a comfortable yeoman. 'That is a pretty nag of yours,' said the yeoman. 'Pretty enough outside,' said the horse-dealer. 'I will give you ten lumps for it,' said the farmer (the *lump* signifying our pound). 'No, you shall not,' answered the horse-dealer; 'for the nag shys, and stumbles, and is touched a little in the wind. Nevertheless, the thing is worth four lumps.'—'You have said it?' cried the yeoman. 'I have said it,' answered the horse-dealer. Understand, that this is the only form of oath—if I may so call it—in As-you-like. 'You have said it?' 'I have said it.' Such is the most solemn protestation among all people, from the king to the herdsman.

"The shops in As-you-like are very beautiful. All the goods are labelled at a certain price. You want, let us say, a pair of stockings. You enter the shop. The common salutation is 'Peace under this roof'—and the shopkeeper answers—'Peace at your home.' You look at the stockings, and laying down the money, take the goods and depart. The tradesman never bends his back in thankfulness until his nose touches the counter; he is in no spasm of politeness; not he; you would think him the buyer and not the seller. I remember being particularly astonished at what I thought the ill-manners of a tradesman, to whom I told my astonishment. 'What, friend,' he said, 'should I do? My neighbour wants a fire-shovel—I sell a fire-shovel. If I ought to fling so many thanks at him for buying the fire-shovel, should he not first thank me for being here with fire-shovels to sell? Politeness, friend—as you call it—may be very well; but I should somehow suspect the wholesale dealer in it. Where I should carry away so much politeness, I should fear I had short weight.' A strange people, you must own, these As-you-likeans.

"Taxation was light, for there was no man idle in As-you-like. Indeed, there was but one tax: it was called the truth-tax; and for this reason. Every man gave in an account of his wealth and goods, and paid in proportion to his substance. There had been other taxes, but all these were merged into this one tax, by a solemn determination of the House of Virtues. 'Since Providence has given to us the greatest measure of its gifts, it has thereby made us the chancellors to poorer men.' Upon this avowed principle, the one tax was made. 'Would it not be the trick of roguery to do otherwise?' they said. 'Should we not blush to see the ploughman sweating at his task, knowing that, squared by his means, he paid more than we? Should we not feel the robbers of the man—not the Virtues banded together to protect him?' And thus, there was but one tax. In former ages there had been many; for I was shown in the national museum of As-you-like, several mummies, dry and coloured like saddle-leather, that in past centuries had been living custom-house officers and excisemen.

"There were prisons in As-you-like, in which the idle and the vicious were made to work, and taught the wickedness, the very folly of guilt. As the state, however, with paternal love, watched, I may say it, at the very cradles of the poor,—teaching the pauper, as he grew, a self-responsibility; showing to him right and wrong, not permitting him to grow up with, at best, an odd, vague notion, a mere guess at black and white,—there were few criminals. The state did not expose its babies—for the poor are its children—to hang them when men.

"So dear were the wants of the poor to the rulers of As-you-like, that, on one occasion, in a year of scarcity, the monarch sold all his horses—the beautiful cattle went at 70,000 *lumps*—and laid out the money in building school-rooms and finding teachers for pauper babies.

"And the state, believing man to be something more than a thing of digestion, was always surrounding the people with objects of loveliness, so that a sense of the beautiful might be with them even as the colour of their blood, and thus might

soften and elevate the spirit of man, and teach him true gentleness out of his very admiration of the works of his fellow. Hence, the museums and picture-galleries, and abbeys and churches were all thrown open to the people, who always seemed refined, subdued by the emanations of loveliness around them.

"There were very many rich people in As-you-like, but I never knew them to be thought a bit the better of for their money. They were thought fortunate—no more. They were looked upon as men, who having put into a lottery, had had the luck to draw a prize. As for the poor, they were always treated with a softness of manner that surprised me. The poor man in As-you-like seemed privileged by his poverty. He seemed to have a stronger claim to the sympathies of those, in worldly substance, over him. Had a rich man talked brutally, or domineered over, or ill-used a pauper in As-you-like, he would have been looked upon as we look upon a man who beats a woman. There was thought to be a moral cowardice in the act that made its doer despicable. Hence, it was as common in As-you-like to see the rich man first touch his hat to the poor, as with us for the pauper to make preliminary homage to wealth. Then, in As-you-like, no man cared to disguise the smallness of his means. To call a man a pauper was no more than with us to say his eyes are grey or hazel. And though there were poor men, there was no famishing creature, no God's image, sitting with his bony, idle hands before him, like a maniac in a cage; brutalized, maddened by the world's selfishness.

"For ten years I lived in As-you-like. Ten happy years. I married, became a father, and—"

"And what,"—we asked of the Hermit,—"what made you leave so blessed a spot?"

"I was one day in my garden, strolling about, whilst they were laying dinner. I paused to look at my melon-bed, when out hopped the black bottle. Without a thought I ran after it—woe is me that I did so!—and caught it in my grasp. I felt the bottle mount; I became instantly dizzy, and I know not what passed, but when I came to myself, I was lying on a truss of straw in an English farm-yard."

"A most extraordinary adventure," said we.

"Yes, I've seen a few things in my time," said the Hermit,—"but they must remain for future talk between us."

EUREKA!

I HAD a dream of life—
But it was dreamt upon a weary night!
Ah me! I was a sad and wretched wight,
Oppressed with hopeless strife!

I saw the flowers bloom—
They seemed only wreathing crowns for Death:
And the fair world wherein he wandereth
Seemed but Life's earthly tomb!

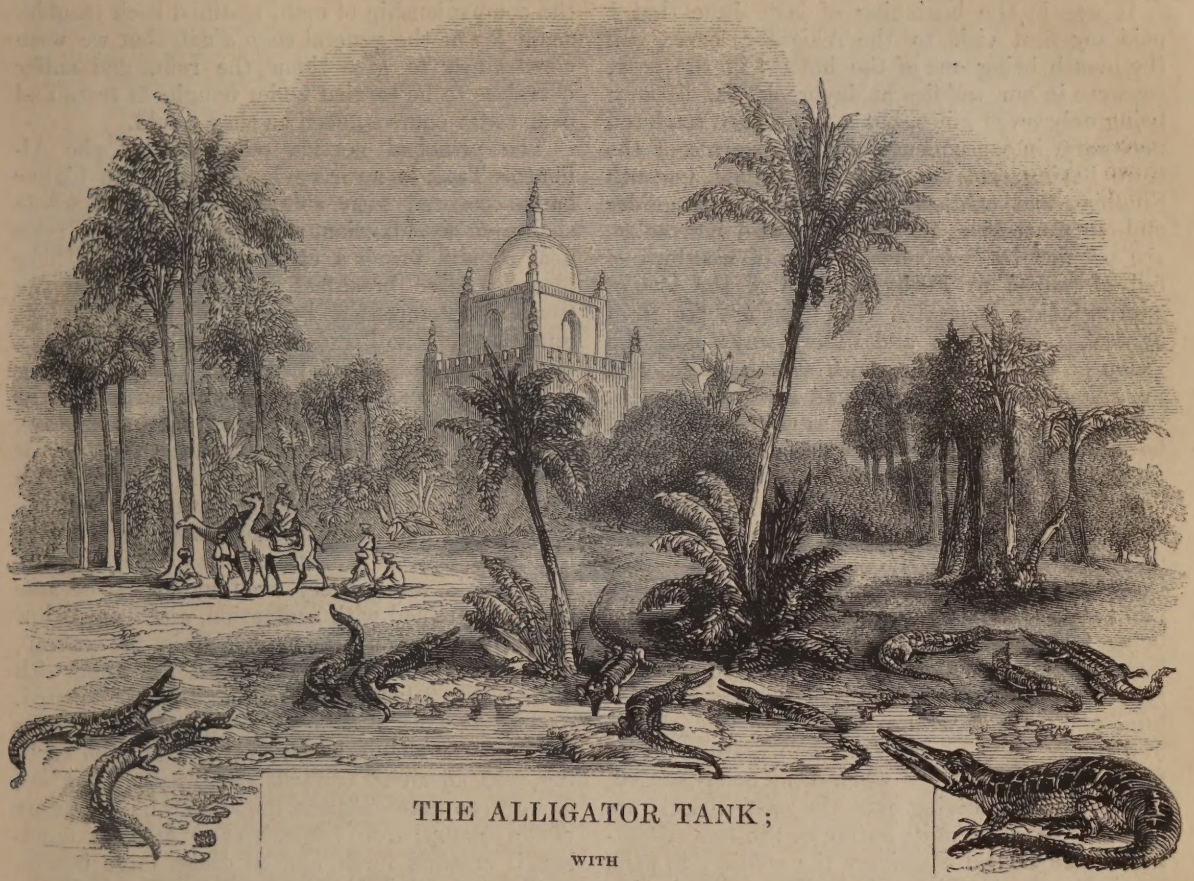
To me no joy was given—
Others were happy in their homes below;
But mine was built of grief and fenced with woe,
And was not roofed by Heaven!

Till once I marked the sun
E'en with his godlike glory cast a shade:
Then soon I knew 'twas earthly things that made
Life's path a darkened one:

And that above the cloud,
And that beyond the overshadowing mountain
Light gushes from its ever flowing fountain,
And Life is sunny-brow'd!

Then from beyond the Dead
Came Angel Hope; she set my spirit free—
She bade dark unbelief for ever flee—
—And he for ever fled!

C. H. W.



THE ALLIGATOR TANK;

WITH

PORTRAITS TAKEN ON THE INDUS.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

IN the year 1838, our object in treating with the Government of Sindh was said to be an interest in commerce; but such interests require the fostering power of peace, and hitherto Sindh has been but a military highway for the troops we have found it necessary to pour into the countries beyond it; being now, however, a British possession, our interests about it will become true and active, and our countrymen will be anxious to learn the lineaments of a people and land, with which so much is associated of British character and advantage.

It is well to "begin with the beginning," and therefore, in attempting to describe Sindh, I shall commence with Kurrachee, its Port, which, for its importance and value, may be considered as the Alexandria of the land.

It is about three years since my first introduction to Sindh, and never has any scene appeared to me so utterly desolate as Kurrachee did upon first landing. Its character is that of a sandy, sterile plain, diversified with a few rocks, and some thorny bushes, while the camp, situated two miles from the sea, is composed of small, comfortless, mud houses, that until sunset are obscured from each other by clouds of sand, which penetrate doors, windows, cooking vessels, and human attire; and yet, notwithstanding its uncomfortable houses, bad water, doubtful odours, permeating sands, capacity for cholera, (which disease is scarcely ever absent,) high winds, and glare, Kurrachee is a favourite spot, and lauded by many friends.—The reason being, that society, which forms every where the charm of locality, is generally of a particularly agreeable kind there, and the minor miseries that the land inflicts, induces sociability where etiquette is impossible.

To those accustomed to Indian life and its peculiar recreations, the chief objection to Kurrachee is the bareness of the neighbourhood, and the difficulty of finding any spot as a suitable resort for people who delight in pic-nics, sport in the sun, or quiet in the shade. And here, there is but one spot to which the weary campites may repair; yet, although solitary, it is re-

markable, and therefore worthy description, as a lineament of Sindh.

It was in the beginning of last June that I paid my first visit to the Alligator Tank, and the month being one of the hottest in the year, we were in our saddles at daybreak, the distance being only seven miles, but a foot's pace rendered necessary, in consequence of the governor of the town having sent two wild, well armed, uncouth Sindhian foot soldiers, to be at once our guides and our protection, for the hills round Kurrachee are peopled by Belooches, a class of worthies so full of hatred to Feringees, and of the love of appropriation generally, that they are far from agreeable in a lone and desert way; and the vision of such a warrior, with sword, shield, and matchlock, mounted on a small and bony tattoo, with heavy turban, and long waving locks, would be very apt to interfere with the anticipated pleasure of a defenceless pic-nic hunter.

A Sindhian is a sociable creature, seldom understanding the meaning of haste, and never doing so on a journey. Every five minutes, therefore, our guides stopped to talk over village matters with friends on the way, and gossip being fatiguing, it became necessary to open a large bag slung across the shoulder of one, and take therefrom all the parts of a cocoa nut Kaliun, put them together, search for the tobacco in a smaller pouch, and then find a stone suited for striking a light on ; when delay being caused, and the sun appearing over the eastern hills, we thought ourselves quite authorised in remonstrating, which caused Messieurs the soldiery to pack up their traps hastily, and shuffle on, but having no heels to their slippers, these shook off in the sand, and caused another halt, whereat, having passed the plain, and being so shut in by a defile of rocks, that to wander or lose the way was impossible, we told the Sindhians to fall back and follow us at leisure.

Black and desert looked the rocks, slippery to the horses' feet, and apparently extending interminably to the great Hallah range which stretches away from Cape Monze, above Kurrachee, to the Fortress of Khelat; but happily, appearances, seldom to be depended on, played here their usual part, and deceived us, but agreeably so in the present instance, for on emerging from the first defile, we saw the distant hills separated from us by a vast plain, and on it an oasis, bright with promise ; clustered together in rich luxuriance were noble clumps of tamarind and banian trees, streams of bright water sparkling under the sunbeams flowing about their roots, and above them all, the white dome of the mausoleum dedicated to Peer Mungar, the Patron Saint of the Alligator Tank. Under a beautiful tamarind tree stood the tent and its apparatus; the white-robed domestics, who had watched our progress from far, were hurrying to and fro with the materials for a substantial breakfast, and the horses, who have more instinct in the East than elsewhere, simply because they are more educated by the companionship of man, testified such troublesome joy at the general *coup d'œil*, that we were constrained to give them the rein, and suffer ourselves to be carried under boughs of trees and over water-courses, even as they would.

The principal portion of ground at the Alligator Tank is an irregular swamp, the higher banks covered with soft grass, and the whole sheltered by luxuriant foliage. A spring rises near it, and forms a calm still pool or bathing place. After breakfast we went down to the swamp, accompanied by one of the attendant guardians of the Peer's mausoleum, and there, a strange scene indeed presented itself. Lying about in the swamp appeared what seemed to us a vast number of trunks of trees, dark, dirty logs, among which on the crisp herbage fed two or three young bullocks, a Hindoo's donkey, and a Beloochee's poney. Suddenly, however, the Moolah waved a long stick he had brought down with him, and uttered a strange sort of call; at the enchanter's wand every seeming block became suddenly endued with animation, and from below and around every little bank within the swamp, came slowly forth huge Alligators, who, with their hideous rolling motion, and widely opened, tongueless jaws, dragged their ponderous bodies from out the slough in which they had been basking, and advanced towards the priest. But not alone were thus obedient the numerous Alligators of the swamp; from beneath every tree surrounding it crawled forth one of these huge beasts, until, to my infinite disgust, I found myself the centre of a circle of Alligators, all resting serpent-wise on their bodies, with eyes fixed on the master-spirit, and obedient to his commands. It was past their usual feeding time; but some joints of kid were thrown to them, which they devoured and scrambled for, with horrible alacrity —unlike the "Suchus," or crocodile, mentioned by Herodotus, whom he found with ear-rings, bracelets, temple, and priests, on the banks of the Nile, our Alligators had neither fine bread nor sweet wine wherewith to finish their repast; but they seemed contented crocodiles these, and waved their claim on dessert, when the first course was sufficiently abundant.

I did not feel particularly at my ease among the open jaws of our visitors; and as they still looked hungry, and the kid was exhausted, I begged the attendant to dismiss them with all courtesy: this he complied with by waving his pole once more ; and as he did so, all the Alligator company turned slowly round, and waddling down the bank, soon recovered their original position in the swamp, again deceiving the eye with their wood-like appearance. The Alligators who prefer shade and dry feet to wet and sunshine, and these are commonly such as have the care and responsibility of a family, resemble so perfectly the roots

of the palm and banian trees under which they lie, that were it not that by a close inspection one may perceive a pair of eyes remarkable for smallness and expression, nothing could distinguish the motionless Alligator from the trunk near which he lies; and by no chance does he move forth, except to receive his portion of kid, or during the hours of night, when the cool air induces to refreshing exercise.

In a small pool, surrounded by rock and vegetation, his body hidden in a cave, and holding himself aloof from all his kind, lies perdu, the mightiest of all the Alligators of Peer Mungar; and on the general principle, I suppose, that common minds are always apt to yield respect to those who think highly of themselves, so this sulky, conceited Alligator is called "Moore Sahib," and given larger rations than all the rest. This self-elected commandant of the crocodile brigade is a petulant, ill-conditioned animal enough, and the people have a wholesome fear of him, which it would be as well perhaps if they had for the rest, although their friends assure one they are perfectly harmless. Generally, indeed, they appear so; but their patience is sometimes urged beyond Alligator endurance, by the ingenious tormentings of the class called, "Griffin," who visit the Tank; and while I was at Kurrachee, a party of these young aspirants to military fame were compelled to take speedily to their saddles, to save themselves against the united attacks of the Alligators, who, excited to revenge themselves on their disturbers, came valiantly forth to the attack, and followed their tormentors some distance from the Tank, at a pace that constrained the gentlemen to a very undignified and speedy flight. The most dangerous feat ever performed here, was by a young midshipman in Her Majesty's service, who, for a wager, ran through the Alligator Tank, at the time crowded with these animals; he did so unhurt, making stepping-places of the beasts themselves. About a mile from the Alligator Tank is a warm spring, likewise surrounded by foliage, where one or two of the race are to be found; but it is a very inferior establishment to the one described.

The ancestors of the Alligators of Peer Mungar were brought from a temple on the Indus, and a not very graceful legend is given of their origin; but the truth is, that like the Nile, the classic river of Sindh abounds with them; and as it is customary both with Mohammedans and Hindoos in the East to encourage tame creatures about the last resting places of these holy men, near the Indus, they have selected the Alligator, as in other localities they have done, monkeys, fish, birds, and even rats, as in Cutch.

The Alligator Tank is a spot of very favourite resort to the native population of Kurrachee, and curiously enough, for I never could learn any reason for it, the people throughout Sindh always select Sunday as their especial holiday, although to the Mahommedans Friday affords them the leisure that the first day of the week does to us.

I have often ridden towards this spot to see the return groups; for they are always picturesque, and afford a very good idea of the Native society of the place. The fat Hindoo, the more bulky the more respectable, with a huge turban, larger in dimensions than is ever to be seen elsewhere, well mounted, oily looking, and well conditioned, with gold bracelets, and a vast seal ring graven with Persian characters, and surrounded by chatting friends all worse dressed and worse mounted than himself—comes first, perhaps, and there is a jingling of bridles as he passes, a pleasantly musical and silvery sound, such as old Chaucer loved among the monks of old, speaking of wealth and ease. A little farther, and we have a relative of the Ameers, mounted on a high-bred mare, wearing the tall Sindhi cap of rich brocade, and surrounded by armed and truculent mercenaries on starved-looking hollow-eyed ponies, with large saddle-bags and blue bead necklaces; and galloping past, at racing speed, on hard-mouthed hacks borrowed from the bakers of the bazaar, come half a dozen Portuguese cooks in fancy waistcoats, with calico trousers and jackets, abstracted from their masters' wardrobes. A camel follows with Sindhian women in Kajavas; the ladies' boddices being particularly full of bits of looking-glass, and their ears of turquois; a lock of glossy hair is parted from the braids which cross the forehead, and is tied to the nose ring; and as they pass, they smile brightly, and chatter, after the manner common to their sex, as men, who fancy they themselves never talk at all, sometimes say. And these, with a few stray foot passengers, old women, and persons of no account, fill up the picture.

Altogether, the tomb of Peer Mungar is a popular spot, and they who bathe and drink water there, and those who eat curry and quaff pale ale, appear to like it equally.

The town of Kurrachee is a miserable place, the only manufacturers cap-makers, I believe,—and so dirty are these productions before they are completed, that any one but a Sindhian would be a bold man to put one on his head, and a still braver person he who went to buy it for himself, inasmuch as round the town of Kurrachee, from tan grounds and fishing huts, there goeth up an aroma, to which the far-famed evil odours of Cologne would be as perfume.

There are good sands at Kurrachee, and people who like high winds, solitude, bad dinners, and sea breezes, may have them there, living in tents upon the rocks, and amusing themselves by studying the natural history of the crab. Not far from this the Ghizree Creek connects the river Indus with the sea, running to within eight miles of the ancient and deserted town of Tatta, at which point of embarkation, when the river is at its

height, the stream is not less than two miles wide, rushing on at the rate of five miles an hour, which rapid current, lashed by the violence of the winds, rouses the waters to the appearance of miniature waves, against whose power the flat-bottomed boats sometimes vainly struggle, while at others it is remarkable to observe the rate of their progression, assisted as they are by a thin, ragged sail, which the Sindhian navigators place *behind* the mast to prevent its parting company, or declining farther assistance to the objects of the expedition.

The boats on the Indus vary from seven to fifty tons; they are strong and shallow, and ride low in the water. Steering is sometimes effected by means of a rudder of the common form, but more frequently, in the absence of a helm, the matter is managed by two ropes fastened one to either side at the base of the rudder, which the steersman guides.

The first time I took up my abode in one of these miserable boats, I looked round and about the rude craft in hopeless despair, but the servants, who certainly next to gypsies know how to make the best use of means and contrivances, soon rigged up a temporary cabin with old tent walls in the stern; and setting aside the perfumes of garlic, ghee, and onions, which rose from the arrangements of the cook—the puffs of green wood smoke that entered at every crevice, and the heat of the sun at 96, no complaint could reasonably be made of our "*Beree*." Luxurious persons from the Bengal Presidency sometimes engage a second boat for the cook and his "properties;" comforts, however, similar to those of the Budjirow system on the Ganges are seldom sought on the Indus; and all persons acquainted with both plans for voyaging would confess how "odious" the comparison would be between the two; while again, all men learned in Indian facts are well aware that the "Qui hies" are wont to travel attended by a pomp and circumstance, the poor "ducks" enjoy not even in their most splendid *dreams* of gorgeous Ind!

The boatman in whose craft I ascended the Indus, was one of the most facetious yet honest of his class. Conceit was the preponderating quality in his character, as a proof of which, after his first salaam, he used the following address:—"Do you know your Nuseeb (fate) is very great in having me for your boatman—there is not such another Sipahi (hero) on the river."

Butcha's favourite saint was Imaum Hossein, and this worthy it was his pleasure to invoke at intervals with great zeal, making it the chorus as it were to his animating addresses. Thus if the crew became weary, and essayed to push the Boat from a sank-bank with less energy than Butcha required, he would rush to the bows, pole in hand, with his shaggy hair straggling beneath his greasy Sindhian cap, his eyes flashing, and his white teeth shining from their dark cell, and with a stentorian voice animate them thus:—"Shah Bash (Bravo), Imaum Hossein!"—"Ai Jurvan Murd (oh, fine fellow), Imaum Hossein! Khodah Pumah (God protect you), Imaum Hossein," and so forth, in a string of similar nonsense.

Another caprice of my friend Butcha's was to affect to know every one he met; with something of the spirit, that a measurer of ribbons experiences when desiring to pass for a man of fashion, he lifts his seven shilling gossamer to the fair occupants of a string of splendid equipages in Hyde Park. He desires it to be supposed that he is known, that he is "*some body*," and so with my poor boatman. Not a man, woman, or child could pass along the river bank, or float down the stream on an earthen vessel, but found a salutation from old Butcha, but if the stranger put the simple question of "Who are you?" he would grow wrath, and vociferate in an angry voice, "May your father be burnt, and who are *you*, not to know the Sipahi of the river?" he was a character, Butcha, and therefore have I introduced him to the reader.

The Fakirs, whom the hand of Moslem superstition cherishes on the banks of the river Indus, would, to delineate, alone occupy a volume; individually, each religious beggar possesses peculiarities distinguishing him in a class, and each class has its own idiosyncrasies. Thus, there is the class of Fakir musical, the class blind, the weak, the sturdy, the aged, the young, the presuming, the dictatorial, the meek, the impertinent, and fifty others. There is also the class martial, armed with sword and shield, whom one may take for wandering and mischievous Beloochees; a strange adoption for a religious mendicant, who surely, with a scripless wallet, should assume a virtue if he have it not, and in his outward seeming be at least a man of peace.

Immense numbers of these Fakirs are always to be found about Tatta, which stands between Kurrachee and Hyderabad; it is now a miserable place, ill supplied and unhealthy, but in old times had both wealth and importance, a fact testified by the immense quantity of splendid mausoleums that remain, all faced and adorned with blue Mosaic tiles, in pattern much resembling the old Saxon which have been found about Windsor Castle, and other places of similar antiquity. These places are the great attractions to the Fakirs, who hover about them, as rats burrow among the ruins of the mansions of the great.

I was very much shocked at Tatta by a result of what the Ameers of Sindh consider a merciful dispensation of justice, in the form of a caged criminal, who for a case of murder has been incarcerated there for the last thirty years, until reason has fled, and madness usurped its place. The murderer was a Syud, an additional reason for his life being spared, but in general it is a rule of the Ameers never to punish capital offences with death. Nothing could be more foul and revolt-

ing than the appearance of this poor wretch, with his cowering form, long matted hair, twisted nails, and glaring eyes, emaciated and senseless, and we felt how far more merciful would it have been to have blown him from a gun, immediately after his crime, than to have kept him thus to become a maniac in the world that he had outraged.

The laws by which Sindh is governed, are founded on the Koran, but abuse is so common that it is difficult to know what they are, or how they will be applied; and if the poor man seeks redress, either from a Syud, or from one of the Ameer's military retainers of any rank, he may be quite sure the case will be given against him; while family feeling frequently shows itself in a form terrible indeed to those unaccustomed to the peculiarities of Mohammedan feeling; I have known a hapless girl fall by a brother's sword, and a robber cut to pieces by his father, lest his crimes should lead to the disgrace of the house.

Several drawings that have appeared of Hyderabad have afforded a tolerable and general idea of what it is, a large brick-built fort standing on a stony eminence near the river, and as desolate and uncomfortable looking a place as can well be imagined. The Ameers had little notion of state, their Durbar being held in a poor white-washed sort of hall, crowded with Beloochee mercenaries, and dirty Sindhian soldiery, while the corners were occupied by Natch girls, who with their hands to their mouths shriek forth Persian songs in the vain hope of conquering all the din. The dress of the Ameers of Hyderabad did not by its richness add any thing to the general effect, for it consists simply of a white cotton garment, with a Tatta scarf about the waist, and a Sindhian brocaded cap, the Beloochee Arms forming their principal ornament. All that the Ameers were wont to pride themselves on in Hyderabad was their artillery, kept in order by an Englishman named Howell, alias "Said Khan," and bad enough it was.

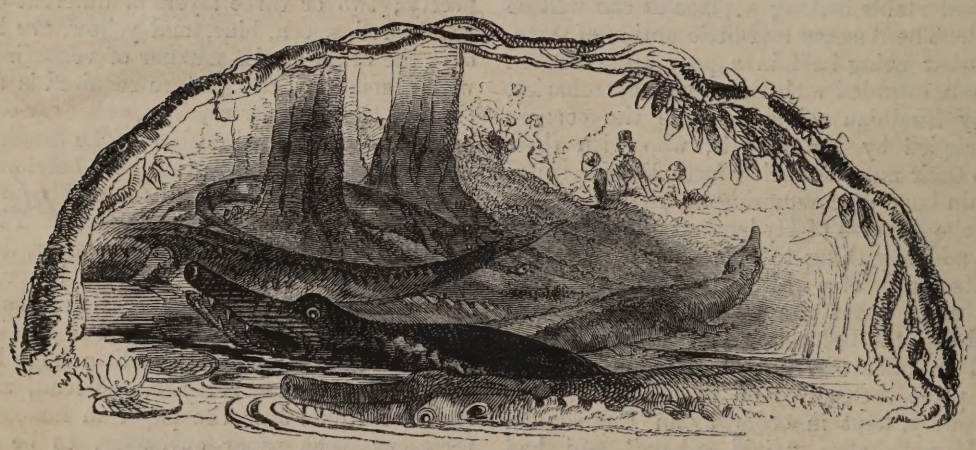
The Bazaar of Hyderabad is worthy remark, as it presents a curious grouping of most of the natives of the N.W.; there, for instance, may be seen the haughty Moslem, mounted on his strong Khorassan steed, decorated with rich trappings, appearing much as he would do elsewhere, but for the strange looking Sindhi cap, and the striped gold and silk Moultaun scarf, which he has wound round an enormous waist, extended to the largest possible circumference by the liberal diet of a gallon of goat's milk daily, and sugar *à discretion*. Then we have the Affghan, with a dark blue cloth wound over his breast, his long matted hair falling in ringlets on his shoulders, his olive cheek tinted by the mountain breeze, and his eye beaming with fire and resolve. The Syud of Pisheen, in his goat's-hair cloak;—the fair Heratee—the merchant of Candahar with loose and flowing garments and many coloured turban, the tall Patan with heavy sword and haughty swagger, looking as if he longed to court offence, and among the rest, the filthy Sindhian with coarse garments and greasy cap, with the small, cringing, miserable looking Hindoo, owning, perhaps, lacs, yet dreading the brow-beating of the Moslem; these present a fair sample of the whole, yet picturesque as the grouping is, we miss the desert Beloochee, with his plaited hair, ponderous turban, sword, matchlock, and high-bred mare. But the freebooter of the plain loves not cities, and is seldom to be seen in them. It will easily be imagined, that while the shawl-merchant of Cashmere, the fruit-seller of Cabool, the carpet-maker of Herat, and the turquoise trader of Meshid, all jostle together on the broad principle of common interest, each varies in language, bearing, and costume. Thus, Persian, Pushtoo, Beloochee, Sindhi, and Hindostanee, are all to be heard in turn, or unhappily for the listener's ear, sometimes together, for good chapmanship requires language, and in the East the gift is seldom exercised sparingly.

The great manufacture of Hyderabad is of small lackered boxes, that are both curious and pretty; two or three layers of different coloured woods, red, green, blue, and yellow, are laid one over the other in the manner of veneering, when with a small awl the pattern required is stamped through the several surfacings, whose varied colours produce the required design. The Sindhians are very fond of these boxes; they keep betel nut, snuff, tobacco, and opium in them, and convert the larger ones into pen and paper cases. The latter must be always of good size, however, for much is required in the East before a letter can be sent—first there is the paper always so ragged edged that scissors are required to clip it; then ink and coarse reed pens, with a huge knife to carve them into form; net, red lead, and gold leaf to sprinkle over the paper in honour of the receiver; then paper envelopes, to be secured with paste, before the Persian signet is attached; and to conclude, a brocade bag to be covered with one of muslin, secured at the mouth with cord and tassels.

The result of the Ameers' government of Sindh, which was a purely despotic one, has been impoverishment to the land, misery to the poor, favouritism and evil among the rich, with ignorance, fear, and oppression to all. The knowledge of art, the learning, the industry, which may in some degree have remained after the Moslem conquest of Sindh in the year of the Hejira 77, and the expulsion of the Hindoos from their rich and beautiful city of Alor, was by degrees utterly lost; the Hindoos who became converts to the creed of Islam, soon felt the oppression of Moslem rulers, and fled to other lands, while those who held firmly to their ancestral faith, were driven to the mountains, to gain a precarious existence as they might, tending their flocks and plundering by turn. All, therefore, that is beau-

tiful, and much of what is useful, is brought from far, and the court of Hyderabad was indebted to Persia, Khorassan, Benares, or the Ports of the Sutledge, for all the fabrics and adornments which are prized so highly by these Barbaric Princes, who, to pay the foreign merchant for his goods, oppresses the native artizan, whose cunning has been lost by the exaction of Sindhian despots.

Sindh, we hope, will now be free from the cruel incubus that has so long oppressed it, although the personal courteousness and princely bearing of the Ameers induce a regret that they could not have been instructed to govern their own country on the rules of justice, instead of depriving them of the power they so long possessed; it would have been good, had it been deemed *politic*, to teach the barbarian lords of Sindh the mutual dependence of princes and their subjects; and that the oppression of a people never yet led to the wealth or true aggrandisement of kings.



THE valleys of the Pyrenees are each possessed of a separate charm,—one being distinguished from the other by some peculiar feature. Thus the Vallée d'Aspe has characteristics which render it unlike that of Ossau, although, in point of beauty, they are the same.

From the high terrace of the fine, boldly situated town of Oleron, a range of snow-covered mountains, startling in their vicinity, disclose a new region, the entrance to which is by an opening at the extremity of a fertile and smiling plain. As soon as the traveller has entered this gorge, he finds himself between high hills covered with verdure and foliage for some distance; as he continues to ascend, the hills rise and begin to assume a more savage aspect, while the hoarse voice of the rushing torrent at their base becomes more hollow, and its course more impatient and wild. This beautiful mountain stream is called the Gave d'Oleron, and is here very wide and full, although the rocks which impede its course prevent it from showing itself in such breadth as at the town from which it takes its name, beneath whose walls it joins its brother torrent, arrived from the heights of Gabas, as green and clear and sparkling as itself.

The colour of these waters is quite enchanting to the eye: nothing can exceed the brilliancy and purity of the soft green hue which tinges them as they pour over the grey rocks in foaming cascades, while here and there, as they lie comparatively quiet in little lakes, between the stony ramparts which hem them in, their tint is that of the deepest and richest emerald. Every step down this delicious valley shows new beauties, and still the charming Gave keeps up its eternal animation.

When summer is in its prime, nothing can be conceived more exquisite than the plain of Bedous, which lies, a piece of table land as it were, in the midst of the rugged passes which lead from it on one side towards Ploron and the Pays Basque, and on the other to Saragossa, and the Spanish wilds beyond. Bedous is now an insignificant village at the extremity of the gorge over which the snowy mountains frown, and overhang it so close that every winter threatens to overwhelm its church and houses in ruin; but just in the centre of the luxuriant lawn, and meadows, and corn-fields which fill up the space between, stands the once important and still *metropolitan* town of Accous, celebrated above all its other attractions, as the birthplace of the poet Despourrins, the Virgil of the Vallée d'Aspe, whose songs are sung by every shepherd of the Pyrenees, and whose fame will never die, at least *there*.

At some little distance from Accous, concealed amongst the mountains, lies the romantic village of Aydious, which peeps forth from its elevated position like a dove's nest amidst a grove of pines. Here, in this secluded spot, lived a widow, with an only daughter, called by all her neighbours by the diminutive of Anesquette, for she was like the lambs she tended in gentleness, gaiety, and the beauty. She had never been into any of villages or towns which border the Gave, and only led her flock to the high hills immediately above Aydious. She had heard that there was a world beyond, but she knew it not, and the idea of extending her wanderings as far as Bedous, appeared to her a thing not to be attempted. Occasionally she looked down from the mountain above Accous, and beheld the spire and tower of its fine church with great awe, and its crowding houses with almost a shudder, rejoicing that it was not her fate to breathe the air of so pent-up a place. There was a town whose renown had reached her, but its fame was of so doubtful a nature, that she almost shrunk from the knowledge of its existence. This was Lescun, situated high up in the mountains far away from the main path through the valley, and only reached by a perilous ascent, by roaring cataracts, and through gorges of rock of terrible height, whose shapes were so strange and menacing, that it seemed as if they were the forms of evil spirits turned into stone, and only awaiting a signal to start out on the unwary wanderer. It was not, however, the rugged aspect of this retreat which was its most revolting feature · those who inhabited it were said to be persons without goodness, religion or mercy; they were held in abhorrence by all, and feared as much as they were hated. It was more than suspected that they lived chiefly by contraband trade; and the only crimes that had ever been heard of in the valley, had their seat in that abode reprobated by all honest and well-thinking persons.

The inhabitants of Lescun, however, concerned themselves but little about the opinion of their neighbours: they were very rich, and were content, provided they evaded the officers of excise, who kept but a careless watch on the frontier, and were not too acute in their scrutiny of the apparently tired travellers, who, arriving from Spain by Urdos, took their way down the valley and struck suddenly off, by almost impracticable paths, to the unseen village, where their toils were ended for the time, and where they rejoiced over the gains which their last trip into Spain had procured them, displaying the merchandize which they had successfully smuggled into France in exchange for that they had carried with them.

However suspicious the characters of the natives of Lescun might be, their reputation for wealth procured them a certain degree of respect from those of the lower towns in the valley engaged in trade, although, in so simple a village as Aydious, they were looked upon as persons to avoid. The mother of Anesquette had a brother, whose business flourished in Accous, and who might be considered a man of the world, for he was frequently obliged to make journeys as far as Oleron itself, to dispose of the wool in which he dealt; he was accustomed to pay visits, rare, but welcome, to his widowed sister; and after an interval of more than a year, one fine summer's evening he climbed the steep hills which separated their abode, and arrived at the cottage where Anesquette's mother was seated outside spinning with great diligence, her eyes occasionally turned towards a mountain path by which her daughter was accustomed to descend when the shades of night were beginning to fall.

M. Galabin was received with open arms by the widow, who instantly commenced regretting the absence of Anesquette, who was, she said, later than usual that night, but would not now be many minutes before she arrived.

"My young friend, the son of Jean Escuré," said M. Galabin, as he introduced a companion, "will, I am sure, not grudge going to the top of the hill to look for my pretty niece; for my time is but short, and I cannot afford to miss her society."

The young man appealed to instantly professed his willingness to go in search of the shepherdess, and his eyes sparkled as he bounded off on his agreeable errand.

"How fortunate!" said he to himself; "I shall at length see this beauty about whom there is so much talk at Accous—they say she is far more beautiful than any girl in the valley. I wonder if she is better looking than Jeannette."

He had not long to speculate, for at a turn of the path, just crossing a little bridge over a rushing stream, he saw before him her whom he sought; but few persons had beheld her as he then did, for perhaps it was the first time in her life that she had been agitated by anger or terror. She was running at full speed, her fine hair flying wildly from beneath the bright tinted handkerchief which bound her head, her colour heightened, and her eyes flashing with excitement. When she saw the young man who was sent to seek her, she increased her pace, as if she at once guessed his errand; and the moment she reached the spot where he stood, she uttered an exclamation of pleasure, and stopped to take breath. As she did so, young Escuré gazed upon her with astonished admiration, and the parallel of the beauty of his acquaintance Jeannette with hers never occurred to his mind, for it even appeared to him that an angel would be unworthy to compare to her. She wore the costume of her mountains, which is peculiarly becoming, consisting of a dark

green petticoat and black velvet boddice and jacket laced with scarlet, a white stomacher, and long sleeves ornamented with bright buttons at the wrists: a handkerchief of many colours on her head, fantastically tied, over which a scarlet peaked hood was generally thrown, but now hung behind at her back. Her pretty little feet were bare, but a scarlet frill adorned the dark leggings which reached to her ancles.

After a few moments' pause, during which she turned a frightened look towards the way she had come, Anesquette acknowledged the courtesy of young Escuré, who stood with his brown berret in his hand, as if awaiting her pleasure. "I am sure," said she, "that you are a friend; do you not come from my mother?" As she spoke, she turned on him a pleased look, accompanied with a smile which completed the fascination already begun. He explained the object of his coming, to hasten her return."

"Oh," cried she, "I should have long since been home, but I have been strangely frightened; however, now you are with me, I can go back without fear and fetch my flock."

These words were charming to the ear of the young man, for they at once associated him with herself, asked his protection, and placed him in her confidence.

"Has any one dared to frighten you?" exclaimed he, his colour rising as he spoke.

"I know not who it was," replied Anesquette, "but I do not doubt he must have come from Lescun, where all bad people live. He is a tall, dark man, with very black eyes, and he darted suddenly out from behind the rocks above there, startling me very much. I thought, however, he would pass on, but he approached and insisted on my staying to hear what he had to say; he told me he had watched me for some time, and that it was of no use my flying away, as he wished to relate to me something very particular. He tried to detain me, but I would not stay; and at last, when I ran from him, he pursued me with strange words, and I quite lost my presence of mind, and was hurrying down to the village as fast as possible to escape him, when happily I met you. Perhaps," she added smiling, "I was foolish to be so terrified; but it is getting late, and he had such a strange, unearthly look, that I could not but think of the giant of the Pic d'Anie, who, you know, is known to come down from his garden at the top of the mountain, and is said to carry off young maidens and sometimes their lambs together."

Escuré walked on with an agitated step, and in no very agreeable mood, in hopes of finding the intruder who had terrified his beautiful charge, but there were now no symptoms of his appearing again, nor had he left any trace of his presence. The flock was gathered and penned for the night, and at length the pair descended the steep together to the cottage. Their long absence had increased the anxiety of the widow, and they were both hailed with embraces on the cause of their delay being recounted. It seemed as if a mutual understanding had immediately sprung up between each of the parties; and before they parted that night, they talked and laughed and related stories to each other as if they had been acquainted all their lives.

"I wonder who the fellow was who interrupted my niece," said Galabin to his young friend, as they went back to Accous; "perhaps she is not far wrong in imagining he came from Lescun, for they are a sad set—the less they see of her the better. I care not much for their society myself, but in the way of business I am often obliged to deal with them, and indeed to-morrow I am forced to go there on account of traffic: this is between ourselves."

"Let me accompany you," said Escuré suddenly, "as I am to be brought up to your trade, it is fit I should know something of its secrets; and I may besides be useful in case of your meeting with any awkward adventure."

Galabin did not oppose the young man's wish, and the next evening they set out together for the wild spot never sought openly by any of the inhabitants of the valley. As they proceeded, Galabin could not resist opening his mind to his young apprentice, for such Escuré was, on a subject which was uppermost in his thoughts.

"I have been considering," said he, "that my niece Anesquette is very pretty and genteel, and it is a pity she should remain always shut up amongst these hills, without being seen by any one;—why such a face as that would make a fortune at court, and who knows but that she might make a conquest of some rich man, and be able to raise the family. My sister is poor, and by and by she may be entirely thrown on me, which would be inconvenient enough—whereas, if my niece marries well, what a difference it would make! I will tell you my idea. The man I am going to at Lescun is a Spaniard, long resident there; he has great wealth, and an only son, who will settle to no business, but is always roaming about the mountains, sometimes disappearing for weeks and months together, and annoying his father, who has a good fortune to give him, but has no pleasure in his society, and wants to marry him and make a home. He would then leave Lescun and settle at Accous, and enjoy the money he has amassed. Now, if this young man were to marry Anesquette—"

"How!" cried Escuré, "would you give her to a dissolute, idle, perhaps wicked, man like this you speak of?"

"Oh, as for that," said Galabin, laughing, "all women must take their chance—he would be the same as another when once sobered down by matrimony; and then think what a match it would be—why his father has bags of gold uncounted."

Escuré sighed, for he recollected that he was penniless, and his father a poor man, with nothing but industry to support himself and a large family. He sighed again, for he had heard something not unlike this before, when the merits of the young heiress of Accous, Jeannette, had been discussed in their family, and his mother had expressed her opinion, that if he followed up his advantage, he might one day call her his bride, for she evidently regarded him with no indifferent eye. Till he saw Anesquette he had listened with satisfaction to these speculations, but a change was now effected in his mind, and he had forgotten the existence of the heiress altogether.

The night was somewhat advanced when the travellers arrived at the door of Mendez' cottage, which was to be the end of their journey. M. Galabin knocked low, and they were instantly admitted. Old Mendez, neither in his habitation nor appearance would have given a stranger any idea of wealth, for dirt and rags were alone conspicuous in his domicile. His sharp eyes twinkled when he recognized M. Galabin, but he looked suspiciously at his young companion.

"My apprentice," said the uncle of Anesquette, "who desires to make your acquaintance."

"And my son's, perhaps?" said the old man; "if he is fond of mischief, it will be a valuable one."

With this sneer he rose, and making a sign, left the apartment, followed by Galabin, who seemed to understand him well. Escuré remained by the half-extinguished hearth, and fell into a train of reflection not peculiarly agreeable. He was shocked at the mercenary ideas expressed by his master, and the dealings he evidently carried on with smugglers, gave him no very exalted opinion of his probity. "Why not be content," he mused, "with moderate gains in an honest course of business?—no good can come of associating with men like this."

He heard, within, voices in low tones, speaking with earnestness, and the chink of money met his ear: presently Galabin re-appeared, and with a somewhat agitated manner, told him, that his business was concluded. And, for certain reasons, it was necessary that they should return at once. "The truth is," said he, "I find that the famous band of brigands which used to infest these valleys, are expected to come back very soon; and, as I have a good deal of money about me, it will be safest for me to get home before they have scent of my visit here. A few stragglers of their party have been seen within a few days, and the rest will doubtless follow."

The pair accordingly set out on their return, though day had hardly broken; and a thick mist still enveloped the mountains. They hurried along by rugged paths by the side of a roaring stream, and had reached the spot where the cascade of Lescun foams and dashes from the projecting rocks, and leaps madly over all obstacles into the valley below, thundering as it goes. The lowering clouds almost concealed the gigantic head of the Pic d'Anie, but suddenly it became distinctly visible above the other peaks, and a flash of light seemed playing round it for a moment, as the veil of clouds was again drawn, and it appeared no more. "We shall have a storm," said Galabin, "this sky always portends one—we shall hardly reach Accous without it."

A low growl which seemed to rise from the caverns near answered this remark—suddenly a violent blast of wind came, roaring down the valley, making every tree and shrub tremble as they bowed to its fury; at the same moment a hoarse voice sounded in their ears, commanding them to stand, and they found themselves in the midst of a ferocious-looking group of armed men.

Escuré and Galabin had neither of them the means of defence; but they did not abandon all chance of escape, for they might possibly by flight elude their enemies; and the thought instantly occurred to them. They were both well acquainted with the mountains, and trusted to their being more so than those who arrested their progress.

They were, therefore, in an instant flying for their lives pursued by several of the band, and had gained considerable advantage of distance, when the robbers, finding it useless to expect to overtake them, had recourse to their carbines, and quietly marked their prey.

"These wretches," gasped Galabin, "are aware that I have received money from old Mendez. He told me his son was in Spain—the old traitor, no doubt, knew better. I am exhausted —they shall gain nothing by my death—take this purse, you are nimbler than I—fly, and save this at least."

He could say no more; but flung a heavy purse to the young man, at a moment when a shot, well directed, struck him to the earth, and he fell bathed in blood: several of the robbers leaped from a height, and had nearly gained the spot. Escuré saw that resistance was useless—that he could not succour his friend, and his only chance for life was to fly. Several shots were fired after him vainly; and, with the speed of an izard, he darted along, and by circuitous ways, at length reached in safety the village of Accous, where he hurried to the house of Galabin, and roused the neighbours—relating the mischance that had befallen him. After some delay, occasioned by their fears, the villagers at length set forth in a strong body; but all their search proved fruitless—they could not find the unfortunate man, nor was there any trace of the brigands to be discovered.

It was in the house of the village heiress, Jeannette, that a rumour took its rise fatal to the future destiny of poor Escuré. This young woman was attached to the handsome young apprentice; and till he had met the beautiful Anesquette, he had apparently been sufficiently sensible of her charms. Not that she contemplated bestowing her hand and fortune on him; but her ambition was to hold him in her chains. Jealous and annoyed to find herself neglected, she first began to speak of Escuré with contempt as a bad young man, whom she had rejected for his ill-conduct; and threw out hints that the death of Galabin might be traced to another source than that in which he had directed the attention of the inhabitants of Accous.

They had returned together from Lescun—there had been no brigands in the valley for a long time, and none had been seen since the event. It was true, Escuré had given up a purse of gold which the dead man had, he said, entrusted to him; but might this not be a blind, and more be secreted.

By little and little these reports were repeated and commented on, until, at length, they were believed, and poor Escuré was an object of general suspicion.

The widowed mother of Anesquette shared in the general opinion, and lamented not only her brother's death, but joined in hatred of his supposed murderer. The only person who would not give credit to the falsehood, was the pretty shepherdess herself, who combatted with the greatest resolution all the accusations brought against him whom she loved the more, the more he was despised by others.

In the mean time everything went wrong with Escuré. His house was burnt by lightning; his little vineyard destroyed by a hurricane when others escaped, and his small property ruined; his mother died and he found himself an outcast and destitute.

It was on a bright starlight night, in the same spot where he had first seen Anesquette by the little bridge over the Gave, that they parted.

"I am going," said he, "my beloved, to join the army of the first Consul, and if I live and return a rich man, I will claim the promise you have so generously given me. Who knows what two years may bring of good fortune—let us hope the best. I feel assured I shall not always suffer under this depression and ignominy, and we may yet be happy."

"I am confident of it," said Anesquette; "I had a dream, and saw you in it a great man in a splendid uniform mounted on a fine horse—you held in your hand a wedding-ring, and gave it me, and we went to church together. Let what will happen I will be yours—and only yours; and when you return in two years, you will find me the same or dead."

Escuré had been gone from Accous for more than a year, when a young merchant from Lescun came to settle there. He was remarkably handsome and attractive, very rich, and carried on great dealings on the frontier. He knew the great world of France, and beyond it; for he could talk of foreign things, and amaze his hearers with his knowledge. It was thought that he intended to make an offer to Jeannette, who, since the departure of Escuré, had been much changed, and had lost her former spirits and good looks. Both, however, revived on the appearance of the stranger, Valdez; and she danced with him at the fêtes, and walked with

him by the banks of the Gave, and seemed quite to have forgotten her former passion.

But Valdez had been seen more than once climbing the steep hills where Aydious lay concealed in its mountain glen; for he secretly sought the acquaintance of the fair shepherdess, whose thoughts had never strayed from her unfortunate and absent lover.

Her mother encouraged the visits of the young Spaniard, whose wealth gave him great charms in her eyes, and she urged her daughter to look on him with less coldness; but Anesquette had imagined that she recognized in him the person who had terrified her on the first evening she had seen Escuré; and, though he denied ever having been in those parts before, she had her secret opinion of him, and her aversion was not to be overcome.

The mother of Anesquette heard with mortification that preparations for the marriage of Jeannette with the handsome stranger were going on, and she blamed her daughter for throwing away so good a chance of a rich establishment. Valdez had even gone so far as to say, that he would at the last relinquish the hand of the heiress, if the pennyless shepherdess would listen to his suit; but she was inflexible, and wept alone, chidden, unhappy, but ever faithful to her secret attachment.

Great was the pomp and gaiety on the occasion of the projected marriage in the village of Accous; and, when the wedding morning arrived, all the splendour of the valley was exhibited in honour of a more wealthy match than had ever taken place in the country. The morning rose brightly; but just as the bridal procession was crossing the square, in front of the church, a low growl of thunder was heard, and the clouds gathering over the sky, rendered the whole valley as dark as night.

"Alas!" said one of the guests, "this is a bad omen! The Giant of Anie is in wrath, and some evil will happen: some one has been in his garden and gathered a flower, and we shall have a fearful tempest."

"It is the 9th of the month," said another, "a fatal day for matrimony. And, above all, the 9th of May—*noces de Mai sont noces mortelles.*"

At this moment a loud shriek was heard, and from the path of Aydious, a woman was seen hurrying along with gestures of despair. As she approached they recognized the mother of Anesquette, who, with frantic exclamations, informed them that her daughter had been forcibly carried off by strange men to the mountains, and she entreated the aid of the neighbours to pursue them, and, if possible, recover her.

The bridegroom appeared much distressed, and exclaimed, that he would be the first, although it was his wedding-day, to lead a party, and go in search of Anesquette. He begged the mother only to wait till the ceremony was over, and then, in spite of the anger and tears of his bride, he would set out.

He did so, and after an absence of several days, for he had gone alone into the mountains much further than any of his companions had ventured, who feared to enter the village of Lescun, Valdez came back moody and annoyed at the fruitlessness of his search.

Anesquette, in the meantime, was safe, but not where he had expected to find her, in his robber's cave, beyond Urdos, where, in an almost inaccessible pass, the band of which the son of Mendez was the Captain held their meetings. She had been placed in a cell scooped in a rock, which seemed sufficiently secure, and had there been left by her captors, till their master arriving, she was to be delivered to him. Fainting and exhausted as she was, they anticipated no escape on her part, nor would it have been possible but for an accident.

Finding herself alone in this dim cavern, and dreading what her fate might be in the power of such men, she had first recommended herself to Heaven, and then climbed up to where a chink in the rock permitted a gleam of daylight to enter. She had just reached the ledge where this opening occurred, when, her foot slipping on the moist stone, she fell, and in doing so a large piece of rock gave way, and she was precipitated into a yawning gulf below. She lost all consciousness, and was only aware of having fallen to a great depth: she felt extreme pain in her limbs, but on rising and endeavouring to move, found herself uninjured and able to walk. She groped her way out of the darkness, and to her surprise found herself in a few moments in a meadow covered with flowers. The change was so great that she could hardly believe her senses, but remembering the possibility of pursuit, she hastened her steps, and traversing several fields, approached a farm-house. Here she was hospitably received by the mistress; and while she remained with her she learnt that the French army was victoriously marching in that direction from Saragossa, and was about to enter France by the pass of Urdos. A sudden thought took possession of her mind, and she resolved to implore the protection of the commander of the regiment which was in advance.

When the church of Accous was next adorned for a wedding, it was for that of the Colonel of that regiment, chief favourite of the First Consul, one of the bravest and most successful soldiers of the French army. He led to the altar the beautiful Anesquette, whose smiles and happiness told that she had no regret for a former lover, whom, however, she had not deserted; for young Escuré, the suspected and persecuted apprentice of Galabin, was the gay soldier who held her hand and called her his wife on that day, exactly two years from the time of parting.

Amongst the services which he did his country,

not the least was that of having discovered the retreat of a noted set of brigands in the mountains, of having cleared Lescun of many suspected characters, and of having caused the apprehension and execution of the captain and several of his band, who confessed the murder of Galabin before their death.

Jeannette, the heiress, wore weeds for some time after this, and the young merchant Valdez was never afterwards seen in Accous; though no one ventured to ask her what had become of her husband.

CURFEW.

The tangled forest glades and hamlets brown of my native country, the woodsman's art, the Norman warrior armed for the battle, or in his festal hall—the Conqueror's iron rule, and peasant's lamp extinguished, all start up at the clamorous peal, and fill the mind with fear and wonder.—*New Monthly Mag.* vol. xx. p. 355.

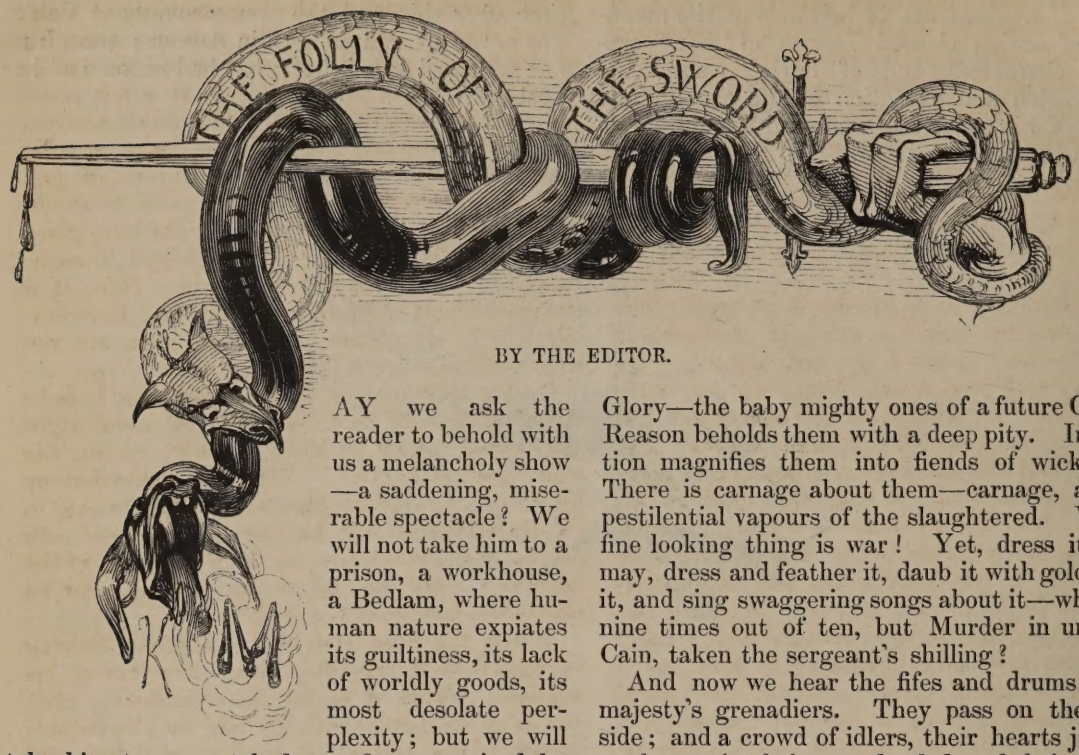
Oh many a vision from the grave of Time
The Curfew's solemn notes can call again;
Responsive to the magic of its chime,
The tangled forest glades and battle plain
Arise—the Norman armed for deadly fight
Or in his castle hall—the cloistered cell,
The Conqueror's iron rule, and peasant's light,
In haste extinguished, when the evening bell
Burst on his startled ear like peal of midnight knell.

And still at eve the mournful curfew chimes
As once it sounded in the Conqueror's day,
A requiem bell for pomp of feudal times
When England bent to Norman William's sway.
And though alike forgot have passed away
Victor and vanquished from the altered scene,
True to their ancient bent, our thoughts will stray
Back to the days when Malnwood's oaks were green,
And at the iron peal, before our eyes
The gloomy terrors of its reign arise.

The dusky shades of evening gathering round,
And shrouding in a veil of twilight dye,
The castle frowning from its moated mound,
The forests old, the "huts where poor men lie:"
While tolling slow with dull and heavy sound
The Conqueror's warning swelling on the gale,
Now loud and clear, now half by wild winds drowned,
Seemed, as it sped o'er mountain, moor, and dale,
To bear the Norman's hests, the vanquished Anglo's wail.

By lamplight conning still the lettered page,
(Day all too short his studies to illume)
The Saxon monk, with mingled grief and rage,
Heard in his lonely cell those sounds of gloom
Swinging their measured tones "with sullen roar
O'er wizard stream and fountain," and in haste
He closed the brass-clasped tomes of monkish lore,
And while his darkened cell in ire he paced,
He gave a sigh to Harold's happier reign,
And wept at thought of Hastings' corpse-strewn plain.

H. A.



BY THE EDITOR.

AY we ask the reader to behold with us a melancholy show—a saddening, miserable spectacle? We will not take him to a prison, a workhouse, a Bedlam, where human nature expiates its guiltiness, its lack of worldly goods, its most desolate perplexity; but we will take him to a wretchedness, first contrived by wrong, and perpetuated by folly. We will show him the embryo mischief that, in due season, shall be born in the completeness of its terror, and shall be christened with a sounding name, Folly and Wickedness standing sponsors.

We are in St. James's Park. The royal standard of England burns in the summer air—the queen is in London. We pass the palace, and in a few paces are in Birdcage Walk. There, reader, is the miserable show we promised you. There are some fifty recruits, drilled by a sergeant to do homicide cleanly, handsomely. In Birdcage Walk, Glory sits upon her eggs, and hatches eagles!

How very beautiful is the sky above us! What a blessing comes with the fresh, quick air! The trees, drawing their green beauty from the earth, quicken our thoughts of the bounteousness of this teeming world. Here, in this nook, this patch, where we yet feel the vibrations of surrounding London—even here, nature, constant in her beauty, blooms and smiles, uplifting the heart of man, if the heart be his to own her.

Now look aside, and contemplate God's image with a musket. Your bosom still expanding with gratitude to nature, for the blessings she has heaped about you, behold the crowning glory of God's work managed like a machine, to slay the image of God—to stain the teeming earth with homicidal blood—to fill the air with howling anguish! Is not yonder row of clowns a melancholy sight? Yet are they the sucklings of Glory—the baby mighty ones of a future Gazette. Reason beholds them with a deep pity. Imagination magnifies them into fiends of wickedness. There is carnage about them—carnage, and the pestilential vapours of the slaughtered. What a fine looking thing is war! Yet, dress it as we may, dress and feather it, daub it with gold, huzza it, and sing swaggering songs about it—what is it, nine times out of ten, but Murder in uniform? Cain, taken the sergeant's shilling?

And now we hear the fifes and drums of her majesty's grenadiers. They pass on the other side; and a crowd of idlers, their hearts jumping to the music, their eyes dazzled, and their feelings perverted, hang about the march, and catch the infection—the love of glory! And true wisdom thinks of the world's age, and sighs at its slow advance in all that really dignifies man, the truest dignity being the truest love for his fellow. And then hope and a faith in human progress contemplate the pageant, its real ghastliness disguised by outward glare and frippery, and know the day will come when the symbols of war will be as the sacred beasts of old Egypt—things to mark the barbarism of by-gone war; melancholy records of the past perversity of human nature.

We can imagine the deep-chested laughter—the look of scorn that would annihilate, and then the small compassion—of the Man of War, at this, the dream of folly, or the wanderings of an inflamed brain. Yet, oh, man of war! at this very moment are you shrinking, withering, like an aged giant. The fingers of Opinion have been busy at your plumes—you are not the feathered thing you were; and then that little tube, the goose-quill, has sent its silent shots into your huge anatomy; and the corroding INK, even whilst you look at it and think it shines so brightly, is eating with a tooth of rust into your sword.

That a man should kill a man, and rejoice in the deed—nay gather glory from it—is the act of the wild animal. The force of muscle and dexterity of limb, which make the wild man a conqueror, are deemed in savage life man's highest attributes. The creature, whom in the pride of our Christianity we call heathen and spiritually

desolate, has some personal feeling in the strife—he kills his enemy, and then, making an oven of hot stones, bakes his dead body, and, for crowning satisfaction, eats it. His enemy becomes a part of him; his glory is turned to nutriment; and he is content. What barbarism! Field-marshals sicken at the horror; nay, troopers shudder at the tale, like a fine lady at a toad.

In what, then, consists the prime evil? In the murder, or the meal? Which is the most hideous deed—to kill a man, or to cook and eat the man when killed?

But softly, there is no murder in the case. The craft of man has made a splendid ceremony of homicide—has invested it with dignity. He slaughters with flags flying, drums beating, trumpets braying. He kills according to method, and has worldly honours for his grim handiwork. He does not, like the unchristian savage, carry away with him mortal trophies from the skulls of his enemies. No; the alchemy or magic of authority turns his well-won scalps into epaulets, or hangs them in stars and crosses at his buttonhole; and then, the battle over—the dead not eaten, but carefully buried—and the maimed and mangled howling and blaspheming in hospitals—the meek Christian warrior marches to church, and reverently folding his sweet and spotless hands, sings *Te Deum*. Angels waft his fervent thanks to God, to whose footstool—on his own faith—he has so lately sent his shuddering thousands. And this spirit of destruction working within him is canonized by the craft and ignorance of men, and worshipped as glory!

And this religion of the sword—this dazzling heathenism, that makes a pomp of wickedness—seizes and distracts us, even on the threshold of life. Swords and drums are our baby playthings; the types of violence and destruction are made the pretty pastime of our childhood; and as we grow older, the outward magnificence of the ogre Glory—his trappings and his trumpets, his privileges, and the songs that are shouted in his praise—ensnare the bigger baby to his sacrifice. Hence, slaughter becomes an exalted profession; the marked, distinguished employment of what, in the jargon of the world, is called a gentleman.

But for this craft operating upon this ignorance, who—in the name of outraged God—would become the hireling of the Sword? Hodge, poor fellow, enlists. He wants work; or he is idle, dissolute. Kept, by the injustice of the world, as ignorant as the farm-yard swine, he is the better instrument for the world's craft. His ear is tickled with the fife and drum; or he is drunk; or the sergeant—the lying valet of glory—tells a good tale, and already Hodge is a warrior in the rough. In a fortnight's time you may see him at Chatham; or, indeed, he was one of those we marked in Birdcage Walk. Day by day, the sergeant works at the block ploughman, and chipping and chipping, at length carves out a true, handsome soldier of the line. What knew Hodge of the responsibility of man? What dreams had he of the self-accountability of the human spirit? He is become the lackey of carnage, the liveried footman, at a few pence per day, of fire and blood. The musket-stock, which for many an hour he hugs—hugs in sulks and weariness—was no more a party to its present use, than was Hodge. That piece of walnut is the fragment of a tree which might have given shade and fruit for another century; homely, rustic people gathering under it. Now, it is the instrument of wrong and violence; the working tool of slaughter. Tree and man, are not their destinies as one?

And is Hodge alone of benighted mind? Is he alone deficient of that knowledge of moral right and wrong which really and truly crowns the man, king of himself? When he surrenders up his nature, a mere machine with human pulses, to do the bidding of war, has he taken counsel with his own reflection—does he know the limit of the sacrifice? He has taken the shilling, and he knows the facings of his uniform.

When the born and bred gentleman, to keep to coined and current terms, pays down his thousand pounds or so, for his commission, what incites to the purchase? It may be the elegant idleness of the calling; it may be the bullion and glitter of the regimentals; or, devout worshipper, it may be an unquenchable thirst for glory. From the moment that his name stars the Gazette, what does he become? The bond-servant of war. Instantly, he ceases to be a judge between moral right and moral injury. It is his duty not to think, but to obey. He has given up, surrendered to another, the freedom of his soul: he has dethroned the majesty of his own will. He must be active in wrong, and see not the injustice: shed blood for craft and usurpation, calling bloodshed valour. He may be made, by the iniquity of those who use him, the burglar and the brigand; but glory calls him pretty names for his prowess, and the wicked weakness of the world shouts and acknowledges them. And is this the true condition of reasonable man? Is it by such means that he best vindicates the greatness of his mission here? Is he, when he most gives up the free motions of his own soul—is he then most glorious?

A few months ago, chance showed us a band of ruffians, who, as it afterwards appeared, were intent upon most desperate mischief. They spread themselves over the country, attacking, robbing, and murdering all who fell into their hands. Men, women, and children, all suffered alike. Nor were the villains satisfied with this. In their wanton ruthlessness, they set fire to cottages, and tore up and destroyed plantations. Every footpace of their march was marked with blood and desolation.

Who were these wretches?—you ask. What

place did they ravage? Were they not caught, and punished?

They were a part of the army of Africa; valorous Frenchmen, bound for Algiers, to cut Arab throats; and in the name of glory, and for the everlasting honour of France, to burn, pillage, and despoil; and all for national honour—all for glory!

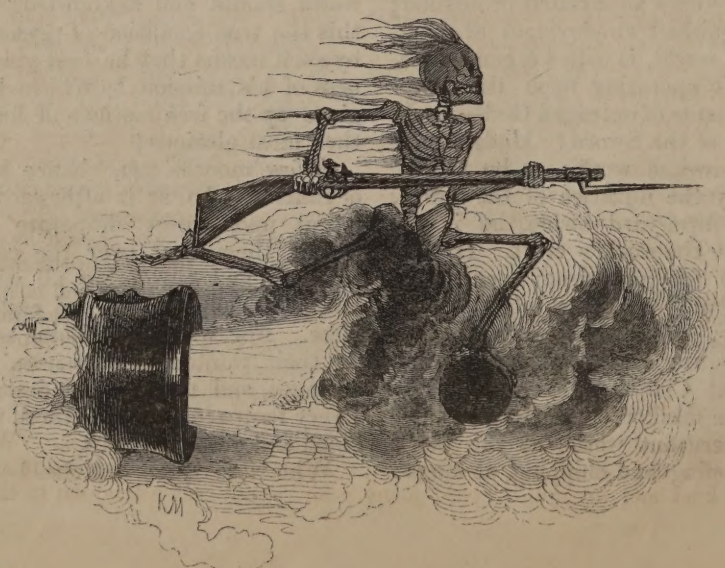
But Glory cannot dazzle Truth. Does it not at times appear no other than a highwayman, with a pistol at a nation's breast? A burglar, with a crow-bar, entering a kingdom. Alas! in this world, there is no Old Bailey for nations. Otherwise, where would have been the crowned heads that divided Poland? Those felon monarchs, anointed to—steal? It is true, the historian claps the cut-purse conqueror in the dock, and he is tried by the jury of posterity. *He* is past the verdict, yet is not its damnatory voice lost upon generations. For thus is the world taught—albeit slowly taught—true glory; when that which passed for virtue is truly tested to be vile; when the hero is hauled from the car, and fixed for ever in the pillory.

But war brings forth the heroism of the soul: war tests the magnanimity of man. Sweet is the humanity that spares a fallen foe; gracious the compassion that tends his wounds, that brings even a cup of water to his burning lips. Granted. But is there not heroism of a grander mould? —The heroism of forbearance? Is not the humanity that refuses to strike, a nobler virtue than the late pity born of violence? Pretty is it to see the victor with salve and lint kneeling at his bloody trophy—a maimed and agonized fellow-man,—but surely it had been better to withhold the blow, than to have been first mischievous, to be afterwards humane.

That nations, professing a belief in Christ, should couple glory with war, is monstrous blasphemy. Their faith, their professing faith, is—"love one another:" their practice is to—cut throats; and more, to bribe and hoodwink men to the wickedness, the trade of blood is magnified into a virtue. We pray against battle, and glorify the deeds of death. We say, beautiful are the ways of peace, and then cocker ourselves upon our perfect doings in the art of man-slaying. Let us then cease to pay the sacrifice of admiration to the demon—War; let us not acknowledge him as a mighty and majestic principle, but, at the very best, a grim and melancholy necessity.

But there always has been—there always will be, war. It is inevitable; it is a part of the condition of human society. Man has always made glory to himself from the destruction of his fellow, and so it will continue. It may be very pitiable; would it were otherwise! But so it is, and there is no helping it.

Happily, we are slowly killing this destructive fallacy. A long breathing-time of peace has been fatal to the dread magnificence of glory. Science and philosophy—*povera e nuda filosofia!* —have made good their claims, inducing man to believe that he may vindicate the divinity of his nature otherwise than by perpetrating destruction. He begins to think there is a better glory in the communication of triumphs of mind, than in the clash of steel and roar of artillery. At the present moment, a society, embracing men of distant nations—"natural enemies," as the old, wicked cant of the old patriotism had it —is at work, plucking the plumes from Glory, unbracing his armour, and divesting the ogre of all that dazzled foolish and unthinking men, showing the rascal in his natural hideousness, in all his base deformity. Some, too, are calculating the cost of Glory's table: some showing what an appetite the demon has, devouring at a meal the substance of ten thousand sons of industry—yea, eating up the wealth of kingdoms. And thus, by degrees, are men beginning to look upon this god, Glory, as no more than a finely-trapped Sawney Bean,—a monster and a destroyer—a nuisance; a noisy lie.



THE LAST STAGE COACHMAN

BY W. WILKIE COLLINS.

THE Last Stage Coachman! It falls upon the ear of every one but a shareholder in railways, with a boding, melancholy sound. In spite of our natural reverence for the wonders of science, our hearts grow heavy at the thought of never again beholding the sweet-smelling nosegay, the unimpeachable top boots, and fair white breeches; once so prominent as the uniform of the fraternity. With all our respect for expeditious and business-like travelling, we experience a feeling nearly akin to disgust, at being marshalled to our places by a bell and a fellow with a badge on his shoulder; instead of hearing the cheery summons "Now then, gentlemen," and being regaled by a short and instructive conversation with a ruddy-faced personage in a dustless olive green coat and prismatic belcher handkerchief. What did we want with smoke? Had we not the coachman's cigar, if we were desirous of observing its shapes and appearances? Who would be so unreasonable as to languish for steam, when he could inhale it on a cool, autumnal morning, naturally concocted from the backs of four blood horses? Who! —Alas! we may propose questions and find out answers to the end of the chapter, and yet fail in reforming the perverted taste of the present generation; we know that the attempt is useless, and we give up in sorrowful and philosophic resignation, and proceed undaunted by the probable sneers of railway directors, to the recital of—

A Vision.

Methought I walked forth one autumn evening to observe the arrival of a stage coach. I wandered on, yet nothing of the kind met my eye. I tried many an old public road—they were now grass-grown and miry, or desecrated by the abominable presence of a "station." I wended my way towards a famous roadside inn: it was desolate and silent, or in other words, "To Let." I looked for "the commercial room:" not a pot of beer adorned the mouldering tables, and not a pipe lay scattered over the wild and beautiful seclusions of its once numerous "boxes." It was deserted and useless; the voice of the traveller rung no longer round its walls, and the merry horn of the guard startled no more the sleepy few, who once congregated round its hospitable door. The chill fire-place and broad, antiquated mantel-piece presented but one bill—the starting time of an adjacent railroad; surmounted by a representation of those engines of destruction, in dull, frowsy lithograph.

I turned to the yard. Where was the oastler with his unbraced breeches and his upturned shirt sleeves? Where was the stable boy with his wisp of straw and his sieve of oats? Where were the coquettish mares and the tall blood horses? Where was the manger and the stable door?—All gone—all disappeared: the buildings dilapidated and tottering—of what use is a stable to a stoker? The oastler and stable boy had passed away—what fellowship have either with a boiler? *The inn yard was no more!* The very dunghill in its farthest corner was choked by dust and old bricks, and the cock, the pride of the country round, clamoured no longer on the ruined and unsightly wall. I thought it was possible that he had satisfied long since the cravings of a railway committee; and I sat down on a ruined water-tub to give way to the melancholy reflections called up by the sight before me.

I know not how long I meditated. There was no officious waiter to ask me, "What I would please to order?" No chambermaid to simper out "This way, Sir,"—not even a stray cat to claim acquaintance with

the calves of my legs, or a horse's hoof to tread upon my toe. There was nothing to disturb my miserable reverie, and I anathematised railways without distinction or exception.

The distant sound of slow and stealthy footsteps at last attracted my attention. I looked to the far end of the yard. Heavens above! a stage coachman was pacing its worn and weedy pavement.

There was no mistaking him—he wore the low-crowned, broad-brimmed, whitey-brown, well-brushed hat; the voluminous checked neckcloth; the ample-skirted coat; the striped waistcoast; the white cords; and last, not least, the immortal boots. But alas! the calf that had once filled them out, had disappeared; they clanked heavily on the pavement, instead of creaking tightly and noisily wherever he went. His waistcoat, evidently once filled almost to bursting, hung in loose, uncomfortable folds about his emaciated waist: large wrinkles marred the former beauty of the fit of his coat: and his face was all lines and furrows, instead of smiles and jollity. The spirit of the fraternity had passed away from him—he was the stage coachman only in dress.

He walked backwards and forwards for some time without turning his head one way or the other, except now and then to peer into the deserted stable, or to glance mournfully at the whip he held in his hand: at last the sound of the arrival of a train struck upon his ear!

He drew himself up to his full height, slowly and solemnly shook his clenched fist in the direction of the sound, and looked—Oh that look! it spoke annihilation to the mightiest engine upon the rail, it scoffed at steam, and flashed furious derision at the largest terminus that ever was erected; it was an awfully comprehensive look—the concentrated essence of the fierce and deadly enmity of all the stage coachmen in England to steam conveyance.

To my utter astonishment, not, it must be owned, unmixed with fear, he suddenly turned his eyes towards my place of shelter, and walked up to me.

"That's the rail," said he, between his set teeth.

"It is," said I, considerably embarrassed.

"Damn it!" returned the excited Stage Coachman.

There was something inexpressibly awful about this execration; and I confess I felt a strong internal conviction that the next day's paper would teem with horrible railway accidents in every column.

"I did my utmost to hoppose 'em," said the Stage Coachman, in softened accents. "I wos the *last* that guv' in, I kep' a losing day after day, and yet I worked on; I wos determined to do my dooty, and I drove a coach the last day with an old hooman and a carpet bag inside, and three little boys and seven whopping empty portmanteaus outside. I wos determined my last kick to have *some* passengers to show to the rail, so I took my wife and children 'cos nobody else would'nt go, and then we guv' in. Hows'ever, the last time as *I* wos on the road I did'nt go and show 'em an empty coach—we wasn't full, but we wasn't empty; we wos game to the last!"

A grim smile of triumph lit up the features of the deposed Coachman as he gave vent to this assertion. He took hold of me by the button-hole, and led the way into the house.

"This landlord wos an austerious sort of a man," said he; "he used to hobserve, that he only wished a Railway Committee would dine at his house, he'd pison 'em all, and emigrate; and he'd ha' done it, too!"

I did not venture to doubt this, so the stage coachman continued.

"I've smoked my pipe by the hour together in that fire-place; I've read 'The Times' adwertisements and Perlice Reports in that box till I fell asleep; I've walked up and down this here room a saying all sorts of things about the rail, and a busting for happiness. Outside this wery door I've bin a drownded in thankys from ladies for never lettin' nobody step through their band-boxes. The chambermaids used to smile, and the dogs used to bark, wherever I came.—But it's all hover now—the poor feller as kep' this place takes tickets at a Station, and the chambermaids makes scalding hot tea behind a mahuggany counter for people as has no time to drink it in!"

As the Stage Coachman uttered these words, a contemptuous sneer puckered his sallow cheek. He led me back into the yard; the ruined appearance of which, looked doubly mournful, under the faint rays of moonlight that every here and there stole through the dilapidated walls of the stable. An owl had taken up his abode, where the chief oastler's bedroom had once rejoiced in the grotesque majesty of huge portraits of every winner of every "Derby," since the first days of Epsom. The bird of night flew heavily off at our approach, and my companion pointed gloomily up to the fragments of mouldy, worm-eaten wood, the last relics of the stable loft.

"He wos a great friend of mine, was that h'ostler," said the Coachman, "but he's left this railway-bothered world—he was finished by the train."

At my earnest entreaty to hear further, he continued,

"When this h'old place, wos guv 'up and ruinated; the h'oastler as 'ud never look at the rail before, went down to have a sight of it, and as he wos a leaning his elbows on the wall, and a wishing as how he had the stabling of all the steam h'ingines (he'd ha' done 'em justice!) wot should he see, but one of his osses as wos thrown out of employ by the rail, a walking along jist where the train was coming. Bill jumped down, and as he wos a leading of him h'off, up comes the train, and went over his leg and cut the 'os in two—'Tom,' says he to me when we picked him up; 'I'm a going eleven mile an hour, to the last stage as is left for me to do. I've always done my dooty with the osses; I've bin and done it now—bury that ere poor os and me out of the noise of the rail.' We got the surgeons to him, but he never spoke no more, Poor Bill! Poor Bill!"

This last recollection seemed too much for the Stage Coachman, he wrung my hand, and walked abruptly to the furthest corner of the yard.

I took care not to interrupt him, and watched him carefully from a distance.

At first, the one expression of his countenance was melancholy; but by degrees, other thoughts came crowding from his mind, and mantled on his woe-begone visage. Poor fellow, I could see that he was again in imagination the beloved of the ladies and the adored of the chambermaids: a faint reflection of the affable, yet majestic demeanour, required by his calling, flitted occasionally over his pinched, attenuated features: and brightened the cold, melancholy expression of his countenance.

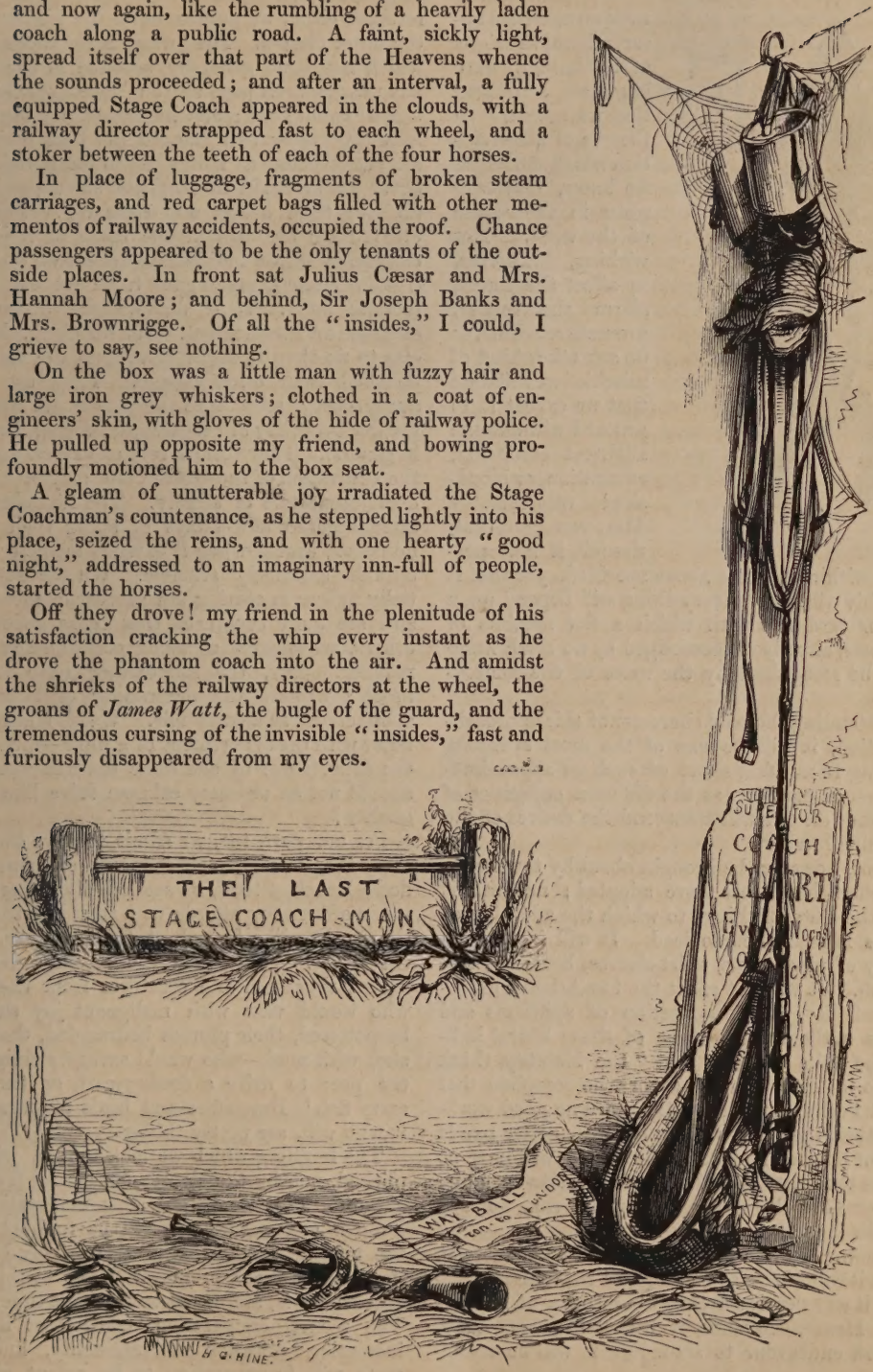
As I still looked, it grew darker and darker, yet the face of the Stage Coachman was never for an instant hidden from me. The same artificial expression of pleasure characterized its lineaments as before. Suddenly I heard a strange, unnatural noise in the air—now it seemed like the distant trampling of horses; and now again, like the rumbling of a heavily laden coach along a public road. A faint, sickly light, spread itself over that part of the Heavens whence the sounds proceeded; and after an interval, a fully equipped Stage Coach appeared in the clouds, with a railway director strapped fast to each wheel, and a stoker between the teeth of each of the four horses.

In place of luggage, fragments of broken steam carriages, and red carpet bags filled with other mementos of railway accidents, occupied the roof. Chance passengers appeared to be the only tenants of the outside places. In front sat Julius Cæsar and Mrs. Hannah Moore; and behind, Sir Joseph Banks and Mrs. Brownrigge. Of all the "insides," I could, I grieve to say, see nothing.

On the box was a little man with fuzzy hair and large iron grey whiskers; clothed in a coat of engineers' skin, with gloves of the hide of railway police. He pulled up opposite my friend, and bowing profoundly motioned him to the box seat.

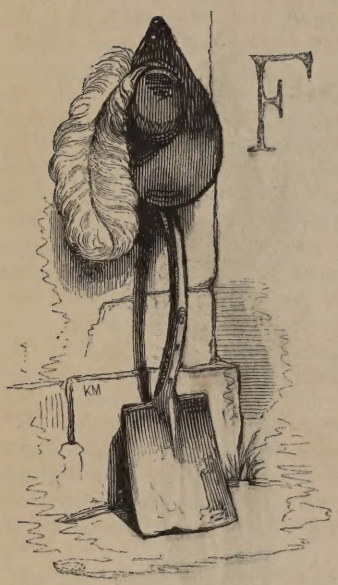
A gleam of unutterable joy irradiated the Stage Coachman's countenance, as he stepped lightly into his place, seized the reins, and with one hearty "good night," addressed to an imaginary inn-full of people, started the horses.

Off they drove! my friend in the plenitude of his satisfaction cracking the whip every instant as he drove the phantom coach into the air. And amidst the shrieks of the railway directors at the wheel, the groans of *James Watt,* the bugle of the guard, and the tremendous cursing of the invisible "insides," fast and furiously disappeared from my eyes.



THE COMING REVOLUTION.

BY PAUL PRENDERGAST.



FROM an attentive observation of the signs of the times, we have become convinced that we are now on the eve of a Revolution which, for aught we know, may take place in the course of the week. Not wishing, however, to affect the funds, alarm the reader, promote rebellion, or do any other kind of mischief, we will state that we expect it to proceed without the slightest confusion, contention, or bloodshed whatever. — Moreover that, though it may possibly occur within the time above specified, yet that it most probably will not. Every thing will depend upon the speed or tardiness with which a few maxims of common sense, already acknowledged by no small numbers, shall be recognized by the mass of the community.

Notwithstanding the mild character of this approaching Revolution, it will be one of the most sweeping kind, tending to nothing short of such an approximation to universal equality, as the different capacities of men will admit of. It will transcend the desires of the most sanguine leveller.

It will not, however, be brought about by the means which levellers heretofore have adopted; nor will it consist in the state of things to which the adoption of such means is calculated to lead. It will involve no universality of pipes, pots, shirt-sleeves, brutality, and bad English. It will not effect the Cis-Atlantic extension of incivility, and propagation of spittoons and slang. Its authors will not be of those liberal individuals who take it hard that "the Nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons;" or who complain that Sir Robert Peel and the Ministry "are no good workmen;"—albeit they may wish them rather better hands at their own business. Our revolutionists will have no wish to see the Duke of Sutherland in fustian mending windows, or Lord Brougham in a paper cap, working a centre-bit.

The coming Revolution will have this advantage, that while it will effectually abolish all conventional distinctions, it will deprive no one whomsoever of his lawful title. Hence, of course, it will please every body. Let us now endeavour to show how it will be accomplished.

In a moral, as well as in a physical sense, there are two ways of levelling. The valley may be exalted, or the mountain brought low. Just so may society be levelled, either by pulling down the higher, or raising the lower classes. The former is the mode of levelling which has been generally adopted in times past. It has usually been productive of much mischief, and has tended to no good; and its agents, for the most part, have deservedly been hanged for their pains. There are yet levellers of this kind to be found. "It was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up," is their axiom and their cry. They bear, to every thing included in the name of Aristocracy, an enmity, in whose indiscriminateness we do not sympathize. There is much good to be got out of the aristocratic body. It is undoubtedly distinguished by elegance and refinement. Its members, having little else to do than to study behaviour, are naturally more polished than other people. They use better language—they sometimes display more taste—and a greater propriety of gesture and bearing than the public in general. They form a sort of natural institution for the cultivation of the Graces, and may be viewed as the dancing-masters of society. The humbler classes are often accused now-a-days of aping their betters—an imitation, except when it extends to their vices, in our opinion extremely sensible. We see nothing essentially vulgar in serving out grocery or measuring tape; and are quite convinced that those actions, like any others, are capable of being performed in a becoming manner. Nay, the Aristocracy have taught us as much; witness the demeanour of ladies who turn shopkeepers at a fancy fair. We should gladly meet a tailor with the deportment of a duke—meaning thereby the deportment of one duke towards another. Why should not an ordinary cabman drive like a cabman of quality?

For our part, too, we admit that we owe the aristocracy thanks for much innocent enjoyment. A walk down Regent Street, or around Hyde Park, on a summer's afternoon, affords us a treat like that of a flower show. We like to look at the fine folks, particularly the ladies. Foul befall the leveller who would dismount those delicate creatures from their carriages; who would view with malignant joy their draperies bespattered, their plumes bedraggled, their dainty feet shot with mud—who would savagely delight in setting the peer to drive a donkey-cart, or the countess to carry fish! Butterflies and birds of paradise, gainsay it who will, are pretty things.

The levelling which we look to see, will be accomplished, not by the depression of the few, but by the elevation of the many. Our expectation is not so Utopian as it seems. It will be fulfilled the moment the many-headed takes it into its head to think for itself, and discard prejudice. And to this consummation society is, and has been for some time, progressing. The mental equalization, consequent upon the still increasing diffusion of rationality, knowledge, and taste, will, in proportion to its extent, efface virtually the distinctions of caste. It has already, indeed, done so in some measure. Nor is it in the nature of things to be otherwise. Mind, as it confers on man his essen-

tial superiority to the brute, so does it form the only real pre-eminence of one man over another. The more general the appreciation of this truth, the less will be the value of nominal honours: and when its reception shall be universal, title will be an empty name. It will then be to little purpose for a man to be called a noble lord, who is known to be a base knave.

The importance attached to rank, as such, bears, at all periods, and in every nation, an exact proportion to the prevailing ignorance. The good old times of universal stupidity in this country, and the present state of things in China, may serve to illustrate this position. Verbal nobility owes all its worth to opinion; think nothing of it, and it becomes nothing. In order to test its intrinsic value, let any one, by an imaginary indulgence in self-esteem, conceive himself for the nonce to be a SHAKSPERE. Will he feel that any title, honour, or dignity that could be conferred upon him by the mightiest potentate on earth, would be aught other than an arrogant impertinence? *Viscount* Shakspere! *Earl* Milton! *Lord John* Dryden! *Baron* Pope! *Mr.* Cæsar! "Worth, then, makes the man, and want of it the fellow;" but what remains is not "leather and prunella," merely; but a counterfeit; a miserable sham. Ought not a man to be ashamed of himself, as a paltry, pitiful creature, who prides himself upon worship which his nature commands not, and which he derives but from the imbecility of his neighbour? Is it not a mean vanity that can batten on the adulation of a fool? What need, therefore, to abolish titles? The wish to do so defeats its own end. It involves the admission that they are real advantages; and thus is a motive furnished to the vanity of many to desire their perpetuity, or the chance of gaining them for themselves. Thus, also, are the titled classes confirmed in the notion of their own superiority, and in the natural resolution to maintain it. But what, were every untitled person in the kingdom to become of our mind to-morrow, would these distinctions be thought of by their possessors? They would be placed in the category of pig-tails; of appendages useless and absurd.

Be it understood that we have no quarrel with a man who would accept a title from motives of interest or policy. If people will be silly enough to think the more of a physician because he has been dubbed "Sir," we can as little blame such a one for availing himself of their prejudices, as we can a traveller, who, in some nonsensical particular, sees fit to accommodate himself to "the natives." But we honour the voluntary chivalrousness of an Abernethy, who, if report speaks truly, threw away the chance of a baronetcy.

We trust that, though we have hailed the coming change in society with rejoicing, no noble lord or honourable gentleman will, after the qualification with which we have stated our opinions, be angry with us. We would curtail no man of his addition; deprive no name of its handle. We are quite willing to call by their honorary nick-names all except those whom we honour in reality. So we shall hope to be excused if we talk of Scott and Byron,—even as we should say, Burns: to be pardoned for dropping the King when we mention Alfred.

Meanwhile the Revolution is advancing. We expect very shortly to see the "Fashionable Intelligence," omitted from the newspapers. We apprehend that men will soon begin to ask themselves the not very unnatural questions, what can it matter to them to be told that Lord Such-a-one had some people yesterday to dine with him? and whether it is to them of the smallest consequence to know that his Lordship's party was composed of the "*haute noblesse*," or only comprised all the Jeremy Diddlers of the Peerage?

That real distinctions should always subsist; that there should ever be an Aristocracy of Intellect and Goodness, is inseparable from the constitution of human nature. For it is not true that all men are born equal; and that they are not so is exemplified in the strongest manner, among the very favourites of fortune themselves. One of the commonest phenomena of high life, is, the sight of a Peer, not in his place in the House of Lords, but in that for which nature has adapted him—on the coach-box.

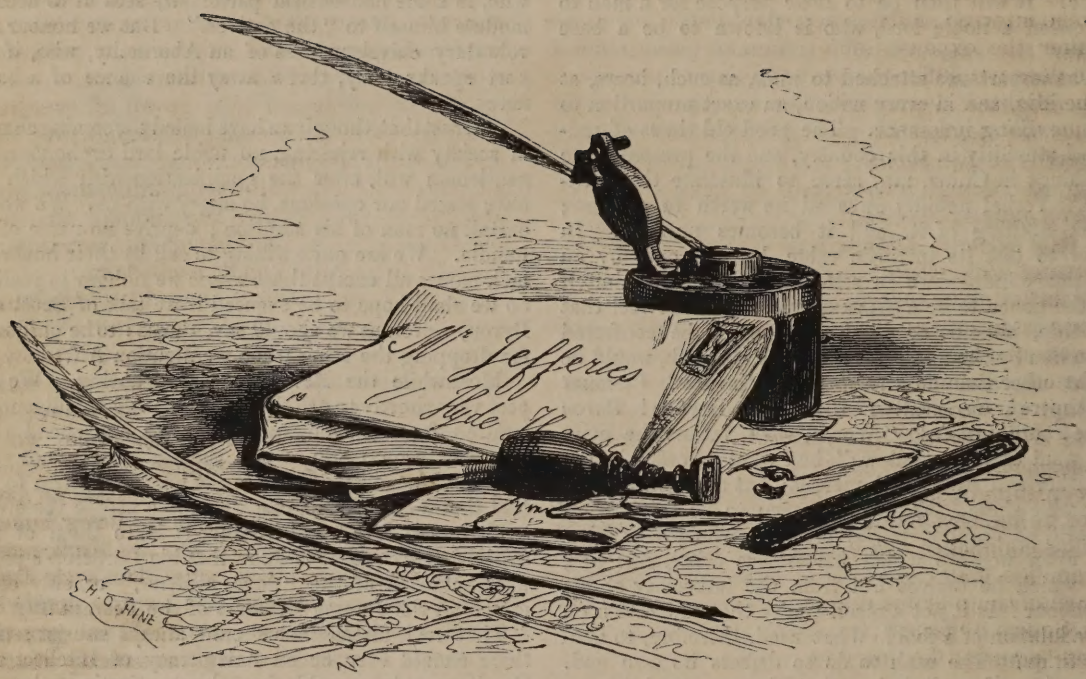
And now let the Revolution come; the sooner, we say, the better;—that Revolution which will equalize all ranks, by exalting human nature in general to the level of the GENTLEMAN.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

BY CATHERINE PARR.

O YES! the world is brighter to mine eyes,
Since I have knelt, O Love, before thy shrine,
Since I have felt within this heart of mine
The well-spring of devotedness uprise!
Nor thee, belov'd one, with its rich supplies
Alone it waters; other hearts than thine
Drink now more deeply, and more fondly twine
Than when my soul knew not its energies.
All things seem nobler, grander, save the lay
That would the mightiness of love express,
And this is weaker, fainter, as each day
Adds to its depth of passionate tenderness.
Like yonder rose that to the earth is bent
By the rich breath of its voluptuous scent.

I WEPT o'er blighted hope! a loved form came,
And bending o'er me with affection's eye,
Spake of the cold world's insincerity,
And my fond trustfulness did gently blame.
Yes, *thou* didst blame me—*thou* who art the same
As trusting childhood, rendering sigh for sigh,
A very prodigal of sympathy!
How worldly wise the maxims thou didst name:
But O, far other than the one thou thoughtest,
Far nobler lesson to my soul thou broughtest;
I read the language of thy beaming eye
Which did the cold words of thy lip belie.
One, one was false, perchance too rashly dear,
But *thy* glance taught me there are *some* sincere.



BY MISS PARDOE.

Not a soul for twenty miles round our neighbourhood but is acquainted, at least by sight, with Mr. John Jefferies of Hyde House. He is what the members of the "Select Club," holden at the Flying Horse, call *an odd fish;* that is to say, a plain, good-humoured, comfort-loving, easy description of man, who is ever ready to enjoy himself, and willing to promote enjoyment among his friends; who sells his corn, instead of hoarding it in his barns against "better times," and who goes to the post-town on Saturdays for sixpence, in the baker's light cart.

The late Mr. Jefferies was a great landholder and a staunch Tory: his son is as noted a squire and as violent a Whig. He purchases all the cheap publications, and reads every Radical journal upon which he can lay his hands; holds forth for an hour together against charity-schools and public hospitals; and concludes by making a larger donation both to the one and the other than any person in the parish, though he declares all the time that he is acting against his own conviction. He is said to have endeavoured in his youth to tempt one or two of the present matrons of the village to become the mistresses of Hyde House without success, and he now revenges himself on them by cramming their children with gingerbread, taking the boys out shooting, and buying the girls dolls. He has twice scandalized the congregation by snoring during the sermon on a dark Sunday, and since that time pays the beadle fourpence a week to rouse him as he passes his pew. Our church is indebted to him for its green window-blinds and crimson pulpit-cover, which he presented to the parish during the time that a third vestry meeting was holding to decide on the expediency of purchasing them; and for this reason, his somnolent lapses have been overlooked by the good curate: in truth, he is the most public-spirited man in the neighbourhood.

There is one old maiden lady still resident in the village, to whom he is said to have been more devoted in his youth than to any of her rivals, but who refused him for a more modish lover, and got jilted for her pains. It is worth a year's purchase to see them together! The repentant fair one ogles, and sighs, and seems even now to forget how many years have elapsed since she frowned denial on his suit, and he shook off her chains. She laughs at his jests, espouses his politics, and smiles at his oddities; while he, on his part, attends to every wish which she expresses or implies, suffers her to slur over her card accounts when she loses, and pays scrupulously when she is a gainer—lets her quietly mark too many holes at cribbage, revoke at whist as often as she pleases, and count honours when she does not hold them; in short, plays off the lover in everything save coming to the point a second

time; and appears perfectly satisfied when he escorts her to church under his umbrella on a wet Sunday, and carries her pattens up the aisle, to lead her to her pew instead of the altar.

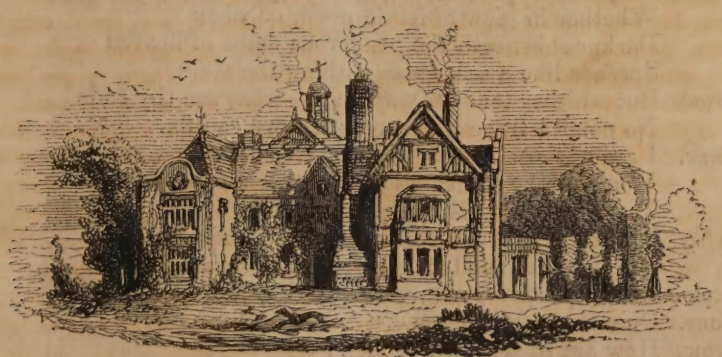
He has selected the exact spot where he wishes to be interred, and has negociated with the undertaker the expenses of his funeral; nevertheless, he does not suffer the idea of dying to interfere in the slightest degree with his enjoyment of existence, but smokes his pipe and drinks his punch as merrily in the chimney nook, on a winter's evening, as though churchyard or gravestone had never entered his head.

His parlour sideboard is on great occasions covered with silver cups and tankards obtained for fatted oxen and prize sheep, and his mantelpiece is decorated with a stuffed squirrel and the brush of a fox. The housekeeper, who is so fat that she can with difficulty preserve her equilibrium on recovering from a courtesy, makes the best syllabubs and short-cakes in the parish, and consequently never lacks guests; she is free of every thing in the house from Mr. Jefferies' strong box to his best bin, and she makes a worthy use of his confidence: no beggar is ever turned hungry from his door; no sick labourer ever wants his bowl of soup or his draught of wine if he applies at Squire Jefferies'; no stray sheep or pig ever gets pounded for intruding on his land; nor did the rosy lass who carols merrily of a morning as she dusts out the best parlour, ever look for another place after she had offered herself at the Squire's!

The old house is like the old housekeeper, unwieldy and overgrown in appearance, bearing tokens of having become so gradually, and really seeming more consequential from its increased size; here a smoking room, and there a summer parlour have been added in the whim of the moment, until the smooth green before the house has almost disappeared. In like manner has the *gouvernante* of Mr. Jefferies increased and expanded during her residence under his roof; and it is a good-natured boast of the old gentleman's, that, with half the labour, and half the money expended on some neighbouring farms and families, every thing thrives at Hyde House. Assuredly, in no establishment in the county does the true old English hospitality shine more conspicuously, or is the good old English comfort more apparent; every thing is in its proper place, and put to its proper use; there is a profusion of every necessary of life without a waste of any; you are not annoyed by a crowd of overdressed lounging servants, seeming as though they almost held in scorn the master whose livery they wear; but many a hat is withdrawn, and many a smiling bow greets you as you pass among the honest well-fed labourers who throng the servants' hall, to reach the Squire's snug back room.

Mr. Jefferies' greatest, indeed his only anxiety, is about his nephew, the heir-apparent to his property; the lad is a fine, high-spirited fellow, but as extravagant as though he had the national purse to fly to for supplies. He comes down every college vacation to visit his uncle, who has determined during the previous half year to read him a severe lecture, and to refuse to pay his debts; but anger is forgotten as Harry Somerton springs from the back of Jesse, the black mare, to embrace his uncle; his large blue eyes flashing with affectionate delight, and his fine, manly brow flushed with exercise—and then, so grown, so improved, so spirited a boy! so exactly what Mr. Jefferies could wish in his successor, that it becomes impossible to lecture him. The old housekeeper loves him as if he were her own child, though many a chiding does he get for mending fishing nets and cleaning fowling-pieces in the Squire's sitting room; but the mad-cap knows that he is forgiven at the very moment when she leaves the apartments, stroking down her nice white apron, though she strives to frown as she goes out, so that altogether, I fear, Master Harry Somerton stands a very fair chance of being spoiled at the great house.

Such is our neighbour Mr. Jefferies, and long may he continue to live among us! for he is a public benefit to the parish—a sincere and liberal friend, a good landlord, and a kind master.



THE OLD PROBLEM.

Discussed by the Poet, the Stoic, and the Fool.

By R. H. HORNE, Author of "ORION," &c. &c.

"*The children of this world are wiser* (*in* their *generation*) *than the children of light.*"

Stoic. Whence comest thou?
Poet. From the clouds.
Stoic. I wonder not:
Thy wild and fiery eyes like comets shoot;
Thy face is wan and hollow as a ghost;
And thy spare dress, ragged and laced by moths,
Seems the old pastime of the riotous winds.
Poet. And thou! I see thy wretchedness of pride;
Thy sack-cloth mantle and thy famish'd maw;
Thy cold and haggard eyes, thy faultering limbs;
Thy parch'd mouth, a dead shell-fish, all a-gape:
Whence then this look and tone of high resolve,
That seem a mask and mockery of thy pain?
Stoic. Pain!—why, there's no such thing—I scoff at pain:
My outward coverings I despise—my looks
Are such as Time bends on the warring world;
Calm—keen—indifferent—but in thine, alas!
I trace the misery of a broken heart.
Poet. What wouldst thou with me?
Stoic. Man of human grief
Unfold thy state; I may befriend thee well:
I'll give thee sage advice.
Poet. I am of those who love, and rhyme, and sigh:

Enter Fool, *peeping from behind a tree.*

Fool (*aside*). So ho! a pearl-stringer and a primitive rock!
Poet. Whose hearts are freighted for deep passion's sea,
Strong in defiance breasting the rough storm,
Yet ever ready when the scorpion world
Fangs its own nature, to dissolve amidst
The human waters of our wretchedness.
I am of those who revel in the dawn,
Lifting their spirits on the dim lark's wing;
Or 'midst the cloud-like mountains rove alone
And breathe deep song to most unearthly ears,
Till the impassion'd man is man no more;—
Who love the sweet spring and the summer air,
Autumn's dead gold and winter's beard of snow,
Inhaling life from all things, and exhaling
Responsive spirit and deep dreamy love:
Whether in glow of fervid noon, or when
Darkness beneath the ponderous dome of heaven
Spreads like a sea, extinguishing the stars.
Stoic. But whither tends thy speech?—what are thy ends?
No point I trace where reason's eye can fix.
Poet. I am of those who by the powers of song
Would make the earth one brotherhood of peace;
Teach virtue, wisdom, and endurance stern,
Till happiness, the goal of men and gods,
Become the footstool of regenerate earth.
Stoic. Peace, peace—I ask, what art thou?
Poet. One whose full soul—
Stoic. How art thou nam'd of men?
Poet. I am a Poet.
Stoic. What!

POET. I have said—a Poet.
FOOL (*aside*). Thou'dst better been a shoe-black.
STOIC. Poet!—that means the essence of insane:
One whose light brain spins webs to strangle reason;
Who sets his passions warring with themselves,
Then cries the world doth kill him! Time hath seen many
Such vain devisers of wild happiness,
Burning with idle loves and empty words.

FOOL. (*aside*). Out on thee, sour one! thou hast no more warmth in thy heart's blood than a pickled cabbage; not to gainsay thee, however, unto the root, the Poet is truly a dream-eater, who angles for golden hope, and pulls up the vanity of self-admiration—the sun i' the water!

POET. Pride hath few words—I shall not scan thy talk.
STOIC. Pride! I'd now laugh did I not scorn all laughter.
Come, thou lost man, I will unhood thine eyes.
POET. Secure in calm superiority
Of heart, perchance of mind, I wait thy words.
FOOL (*aside*). Now comes a hard hitch for the Poet's toe;
Somewhat to break the antic shanks of those
Who dance i' the middle of their own wild dream.
STOIC. Thou art of those who love, and rhyme, and sigh—
Thou art stark mad. Dost love?—women are false;
They point to heaven—then trample on the heart!
Dost rhyme?—men buy thy verses—when thou'rt dead;
What recks a corpse of gold; and, for the rest,
Shall man bear vanity into his grave!
Dost sigh?—thou sigh'st for feverish hope or sorrow;
Both are most vain, they work no change in nature—
Tho' hope may gild the iron mask of fate,
Grief and the past steep the bright dream in tears.
Thou gazest on earth's produce, and dost tell
In measur'd words of things in the highway known,
Open to all; thou flogg'st thy brain until
Spirit and matter shape them to thy mind,
Then to thy vision, when perforce thou deem'st
Thyself a prophet. Thou wouldst make the earth
A realm of peace: alas, thou dost not know
Man's nature 'gainst his brother wars for ever:
Beasts, birds, and fish, men, reptiles, slay each other,
And all that's living, lives by causing death.
POET. Nor cruelty, nor love, the great, the mean,
Is man's sole nature: *every* passion lends
It's subtle fire to form the unbounded germ.
If then o'er childhood's clear tho' passive mirror;
(Passive as lake in spring-time's pregnant smile,
Ere clouds and showers disturb its vision'd trance;)
Evil or good with scenic power be spread,
That will he follow; teach him therefore good.
STOIC. Nay, man hath passions which o'erbounding all
His care-taught childhood, lava-like will burst
Embodied into action. 'Tis most vain
Thou striv'st a creed of human love to spread:
As well pour incense on a giant mad,
Perfume a baboon's straw, give flowers to Boreas,
Or send old Thespis raving to the sea.
Some hearts will praise; more, from self-interest, hate;
Myriads look careless on—but none support!
Then may the dreaming Poet break his heart.
POET. I am content to die e'en for the chance.
STOIC. Thou probest man's heart—spear-wise—dost know thine own?
Thou toil'st in vain for earth, and for thyself;
Art thou not, like thy headstrong rhyming race,
Wan, weak, and poor, and miserably proud?

Fool (*aside*). Oh, the malice of truth—the bitter old soothsayer! It's not enough for king cobweb's proud belly-gall that he poison a young fly in the face; he must needs expectorate upon his family name! The black-pudding swore his blood was traduced, and got no redress from the people.

Poet. True.
Stoic. Doth thy probing touch the germ of change,
From man or nature?
Poet. No—yet such *may* be.
Stoic. So on a "may be" thou wilt live, until
A "not yet" finds thee starv'd?
Poet. Thy spleen doth brood
Upon my state—I speak of human nature.
Stoic. I too would joy, were men as thou believ'st
They might be, and would aid thee could I hope
Such tillage promised harvest; but 'tis seen,
Those who attempt a mighty good to man
Must bite through dragon Interest's brazen scales.
Scorn, chains, and death, have track'd such full-soul'd hopes;
While, bitterer still, the blind and ignorant crowd
For whom they fell, dance first upon their graves
With keen ingratitude and taunts of shame.
I well-nigh doubt if man be worth the saving.
Poet. Age and ill-will have frozen not my heart.

Fool (*coming forward*). The more words the less conviction, in speaker as well as hearer: there's not a whit more truth in that old bubble the ocean, than in the wintry pearl-drop at a fisherman's nose; both are veritably clear to reason, as the eye of philosophy thinks itself. Ten bushels of flints would not pelt a poet off his hobby. Save ye, and save your rags!—by favour of these I judge you're brother rhymesters?

Stoic. Peace—I ne'er made a rhyme.

Fool. Then thou'st spoken little and thought less: the world's as full of rhyme as a rookery, a forest of monkeys, or a quire of alternate echoes. What have we done these last five hundred years and more, but rhyme to the dead? Commend me to the echoes. Cry among rocks "Where shall we dine?" and the answer is a very old chorus—"Tally-ho?"

Poet. Away, good clown; our converse stern rolls on,
And will not slant to touch thy wandering brain.

Fool. That's the driver's fault—ay, and his loss, too, mayhap, for I could give it wholesome refreshment, I warrant.

Poet. What wouldst thou with us and our argument?
Fool. Nought, for mine own sake—to advise I came,
Hearing your clacks were rattling on so merry;
The mill sounds well, the grist is on the road,
And hungry sacks lie piled in flat despair.
Ye deem yourselves sound prophets in your pride,
And seek to rule the world by scoffs or dreams;
Passion torch-tickled, knowledge parrot-plum'd,
Pied fancy and cold palsy at the heart,
And self-complacent visions sweet to man:
Whoop! there they fly!—a most unenvied flock!
Cease brewing physic for a pot-gut world—
Poor ragged starvelings, ye must shortly die,
And some old sacrist with his rusty showl,
Shall tuck ye up!
Stoic. Go rave unto the winds:
Wouldst thou learn aught, then stay; if not, begone.
Fool. I learn!—I came to teach!
Stoic. I bear no earthly pride,
Else should I deign to scorn thee.
Fool. Ah!—no pride!
Thou wear'st a man-skin on thy back?

STOIC. Yet have I
Resign'd all human passions—I am free
From pride, ambition, hope, and fear, and feeling;
Nor cruel, nor humane, my mind affects
All things alike; beast, man, and worms and grass:
Reckless through life of clothing, fare, or fate,
With scarce a choice 'midst earth's companionship.
Shall idiot curses shake a rock-built throne?
Or taunting winds wrinkle a deep-voic'd stream,
That flows through Nature to Infinity?
Let war go forth with all his legion'd fangs,
And glory laugh at crested fratricide;
A vein of gold buys half a nation's blood—
But not one drop from reason, nor from me.

POET. And hast thou blood, who canst not have a heart?

FOOL. How dost thou name thyself?—methinks it must be a strange name that stands type and god-father to all these quiddities of diabolical quietism? He turns his most resolute deaf ear to me, which is the first veritable token he hath given of good listening. An effort against a strong sense is very apt to double its action. Fair play is the safest play—though this is just what the world cannot understand—nor very few of its *crack* teachers.

POET. He is a philosopher.

FOOL. He's the Fool's elder brother then—I do glory in mine ancestor, though his history requires scholarship to exfoliate. An old kite flew over a corn-field, and quoth he, "All this is mine," so he shook his tail over it comet-wise, to manifest his contempt by quaint baptism; when a stray ass looked up, and winked him down by pure fascination. At last an Arcadian swineherd caught him, and claps me him over head and ears in quick-lime and analysis, to the special blinding of his eyes, the rotting of his heart, the tainting of his breath, and then let him loose to criticise humanity.

STOIC. I cannot feel nor fear the laugh of man.
My being blends with the infinite universe,
Self-conscious; nought my contemplation claims
Save virtue, passionless, secure and high.
The ills I cannot ward or change, I'll bear
Silent and stern—but shed no human tears.
I gaze upon the earth as on a scene
Of passing shadows. Man, the puppet, moves,
Wired to the hand of secret-working nature,
And blindly figures thro' his antic life
Vaunting of will, unconscious of the law
That hoops him in; but the dim phantascope
Unveils it's subtle actions to my ken.
Man's ignorance and pride, wild hope and fear,
Rear gold-based temples for his suppliant prayers:
I love not—hate not—curse not—nor adore!

POET. Dost thou not live?—didst thou create thyself?

STOIC. Power breathes around—instinct and all-creative!
This I acknowledge and revere. None know
It's elements:—that which pours torrent fire
In volumes down the vast sun's roaring shell,
Or calls forth verdure i' the first leaf of spring
That on the hill its little green flag waves,
Are fathomless alike. The dead-eyed dream,
And shapeless gloom of unsubstantial night
In ante-natal being—the blind present—
And Death's grey ocean populous in souls,
Rolling towards Eternity—man's thought
Shall compass never.

POET. By this what gain we?
A journey thro' dark woods, and safe return—
A perilous voyage of imagination,
Harrowing the unknown seas—discovering nought—
Wrestling Impossibility, for a fall!

Each in his own way, all are visionaries:
I now see plainly man's philosophy.

FOOL. He forgot to add the frailty of rhyme: the old hawk dropt his bell.

POET. Peace, folly.
FOOL (*to the* STOIC). Thou'rt a dark lanthorn; leading men i' the field
When moon and star are sous'd in blinding clouds,
And near arriv'd upon the central point
Thou leav'st 'em in the quag: a lean close wick
Raying forth little light—which fools puff out.
STOIC. Away, thou voice.

FOOL. Not so—'tis now my turn to waggle on a perch. First, here's the full-fledged animal called a Poet, who often standeth topsy-turvy, with a green head and a fiery tail, like a macaw, or a bulrush at sunset. He hath as many different sights as a fly, and sometimes he perambulateth the heavens, nose upwards. He liveth frugally upon a cast-off crust, but taketh snuff with the Gods.

POET. A frost lock up thy tongue; wilt cease?

FOOL. When I've finished my poem. The rhymester makes wreaths and rigmaroles, which the million passeth by as heedless as a huntsman over a hip-and-haw hedge. He hath a lover's eye for the world, and the world turneth its back to him—an ugly answer enough; but the pride that stuffs his ragged coat till it bursts, cannot keep him out of the mire. Then storms he like an oracle out of repair.

POET. Cease—thou grow'st drunken with the lees of sense.

FOOL. Only ten cantos more before the comments. The philosopher walks about the earth like a rhinoceros—caring not a straw for any man. But for thee, thou grief-worn harlequin—thou life-dream of a prodigal—

POET. This is some pest of a critic!—hear'st him rave?
Thou'rt marble.
STOIC. So—he could not move me less.

FOOL. The beggar's dog had a diamond-studded collar, and laughed at the skeleton pearl-diver. Oh! thou fly on the outside of a honey-shop—thou who vaultest above mankind, but art ever ridden by the night-mare; or, like a fine tight-rope-dancer, who, being constantly stung by a flea, catches him, and falls.

POET. Jove! Jove!

(*Takes the* FOOL *by the throat. They contend.*)

FOOL. Oh, my craw!—thy fingers do falcon me unmercifully. Have I uttered a word untrue, 'bating its uncourtliness?

STOIC (*aside, with suppressed rage*). Would he were beaten dreadfully!
POET. Down i' the mire!

FOOL. See how thou bespatter'st thyself—fifty yarns of rhyme will not cover it. Oh! I'm as low as pig could wish.

POET. Rise, for it shames me to have felt thy speech—
Weeds of disgrace spring from my trampling thee.

FOOL. For mine own share, I would willingly pocket the disgrace, so I could be rid of the disagreeable—provided no man knew it. Few are knaves in their own eyes, and those few glory in't. But for the argument which I have unweeting offended unto the teeth, I pray ye to let me opinionize a moment.

STOIC. Say on; I'll listen patiently to prove
That human pride with wisdom ne'er conjoins.

FOOL. Thou tak'st great pride in thy wisdom's humility, methinks. Quoth the Poet, I'll chaunt purifications and nostrums for the world's wickedness. Thou may'st—nay, look not so surgeon-eyed—thou may'st thresh Ursa Major with the North Pole, but thou'lt ne'er make him take pills. The Poet saith he hath got the true faith at his fiddle-stick's end; and the Stoic affirmeth that no one will follow the tune, or twang chorus.

STOIC. I tell thee, Poet, that one-half of men
Are brain-blind; th' other, knaves who sway the rest:
How shall we atoms bias such a mass?

FOOL. One dolt breeds thousands, one wise man a few:
Just as an ass benighted wakes a chorus,
While Leo roars and hath but one response.
STOIC. Then thou affirm'st that wisdom shall sway all?

FOOL. In good faith so, but not thy wisdom, nor Poet's wisdom, but the World's wisdom. Now will I wager my comb and gills that I know where to strike the spur. Ye both act in the comedy of the Cloud, while I rake the dunghill for facts; and from thence do I affirm Æsop's jewel may be made to wink. Facts, I say—facts!

(*Echoes from the city walls repeat "Facts! facts!"*)

POET. I hear the baseborn echoes.
STOIC. Thou know'st our calling:
But what is thine—what art thou—how dost live?
FOOL. Ye rave against the world—it says you're mad!
But I rave *with* the world, therefore am wise.
I never did a thing in all my life
For abstract good, nor e'en to please myself,
But for the world's best pleasure—good or ill.
My work was wanted, I supplied the want,
Changing with every change, but not till then.
Serving the tide, the tide serves me, and thus
I laugh, grow fat, and trade on moral sense.
STOIC. Though thou wert meaner than the eyeless worm,
I'd trace thy slime if leading to Truth's throne.
How wouldst thou compass our desire?
POET. Ay, speak.
FOOL. Come, then, join friendly hands, and praise the Fool!
There lies a secret, like a mouse in his hole,
Which must be drawn forth by the peeping tail.
STOIC. So that advice prove good, I reck not whence.
POET. Ye elemental gods and spirits breathe down
A holy ardour through me; let your voices
Among the waters and the winds be heard,—
"Go forth to war amidst the evil world."

FOOL. There's a tail for a peacock to unfold to his green friends! Threaten the huge world, eh? The flea shook his trunk at the elephant, and there was great talk of bloodshed among naturalists.

STOIC. The Poet's ardour burns above his judgment:
No flashing hopes should blind the eyes of doubt.
The world roars round upon a golden pivot;
Nought less shall cozen Fortune of a smile.
Couldst thou but look into futurity
Thou'dst blanch to see upon the grave of Time,
Genius and Poverty sculptur'd in stone.

FOOL. A hard shower for a newly painted signboard,—and then he comforts one's heart with masonry!

STOIC. Man's brutish blindness will not see—he hears not,
Ponders nor comprehends his happiest path:
Methinks he would not if he might be saved!
POET. Let fear and doubt grow to the weeds—I'll on!
STOIC. Thy task I'll join tho' hopeless of success;
Death laughs at man, the Stoic laughs at both.

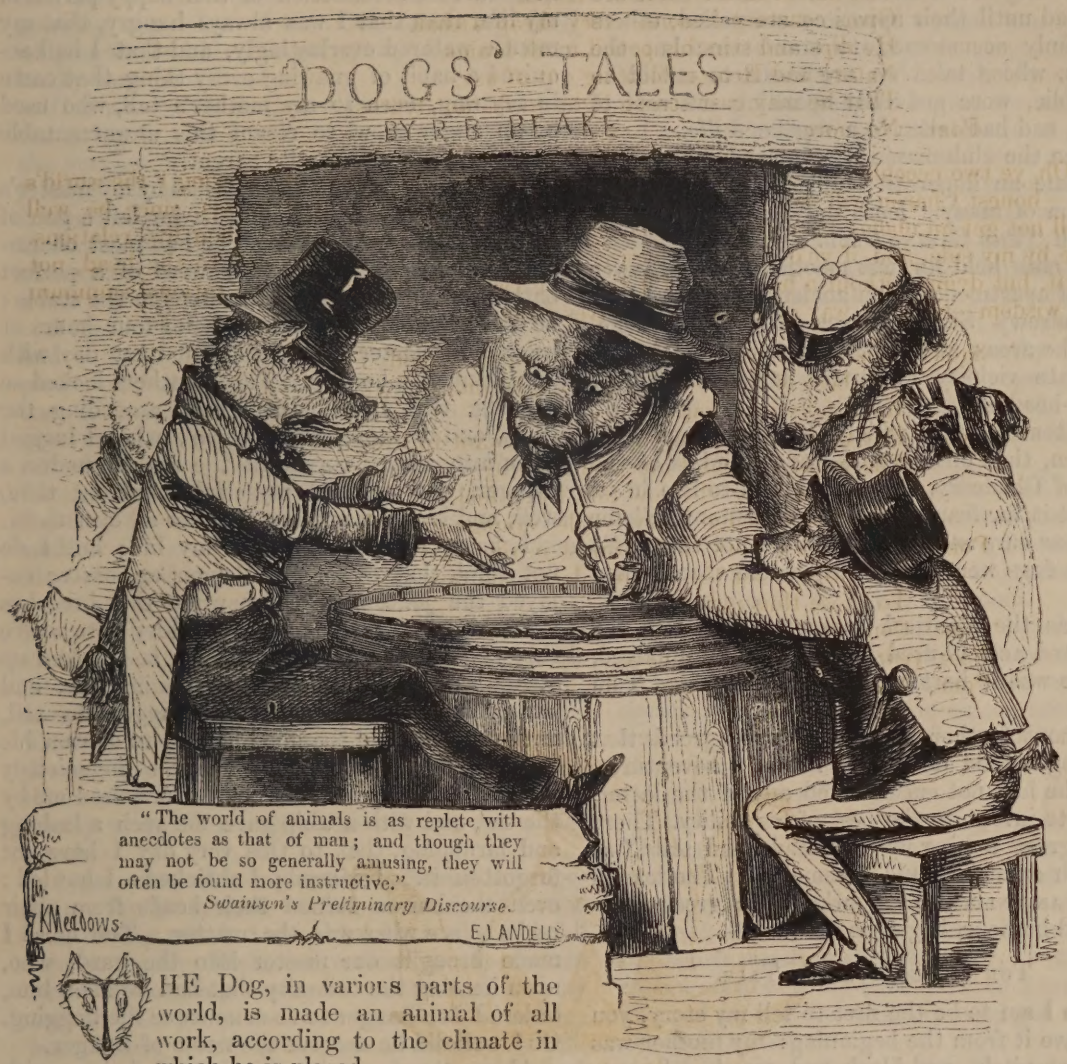
FOOL. No—thy philosophy doth, but the fool laughs at them from his sleeve, and at himself into the bargain; which is the quotient and proof of truth and wisdom. Where trip ye, lo! I follow; and if my tipplers at the new tun do not far exceed those of you both, I shall be a defaulter by miracle.

POET. But while thy nature freezes every thought,
How shall we join and concentrate our power?
STOIC. Nought is without its contrary, saith the sage:
At intervals opponents reign supreme
O'er the same being: 'tis e'en so thro' nature.
POET. Then happy earth thy dawning bliss behold!

FOOL. Meantime, my friends, ye asked me for advice,
And answered it yourselves with favourite fancies.
The universal caricaturist, Hope,
Gives constant lessons—very cheap withal.
He dips and stirs his pencil in all brains,
Nature and Reason blotting out of use,
That he may cast strong light on distant truths.
POET. No more.

FOOL. Oh, ye two eccentrics! who spin round an orbit of your own, in lieu of following i' the world's deep rut,—honest Charon will swab out his punt for ye with double-knotted curses, since he well knows he'll not get an obolus from men who bequeath rhymes and round saws to their live relations. But amble by my side, and if ye'd fain live happy, and drive in a prosperous nail to the head, not clenching it, but dying without a hair shirt, I'll teach ye (who are threadbare) the rational summum of earthly wisdom—the best way of making yourselves fools.

STOIC. This were most worldly, and a temporal good.
The best of temporal wisdom oft becomes
Rank folly in a generation's lapse.
FOOL. But then we're dead—and now we want to live!
The world is what I am, and I am it,
In all save this—I know that I'm a fool,
Which knowledge is my fertile 'vantage ground.
POET. Let all men work their utmost in their day;
The present for the future; leave the rest
To those thus influenced.
STOIC. Content.
FOOL (*with a low bow*). Content.
POET. Man's only consolation is his heart.


DOGS' TALES
BY R B PEAKE
"The world of animals is as replete with anecdotes as that of man; and though they may not be so generally amusing, they will often be found more instructive."
Swainson's Preliminary Discourse.
K Meadows
E. LANDELLS

THE Dog, in various parts of the world, is made an animal of all work, according to the climate in which he is placed.

Throughout Europe, he has long been the Watchman.

In Portugal and Turkey, he is the Scavenger.

In parts of India, he is taught to carry a flambeau, or lantern, and there he becomes the Lamplighter.

In England, and elsewhere, he has been the cook's assistant, as a Turnspit. The humane Kitchiner never troubled him.

Round the agreeable neighbourhood of the North Pole, he is the Post-horse, living on fish bones, without a bit of horse flesh to support him.

In France and Belgium he is the Smuggler, with all the duty, and no profit.

In China, also in several Islands of the South Sea, his body is fattened as an article of delicate food.

In this huge metropolis, there are a number of strange dogs that do not contribute to the public revenue, by the tax which would be laid on them; from the simple cause of their being without ostensible owners.

We may be credited or not,—that we leave entirely to the fancy of the reader,—but we beg to quote a passage from Slade's Travels in Turkey, Greece, &c.: speaking of the dogs of Constantinople, the author says, "As they subsist entirely on charity, and what they can pick up, instinct teaches them the necessity of a division of labour; and therefore, in the same manner as a well-regulated society of beggars has separate walks for its members, they divide the city and suburbs into districts.

"Were a dog found in a strange quarter, he would infallibly be torn in pieces by the resident dogs; and so well are they aware of this, that no argument, not even a bone of roast meat, will induce a dog to follow a person beyond his district: a singular and authenticated fact."

With this preliminary authority we may be

allowed to remark in addition, that dogs are as various in their private character as human beings; they are of all sizes and ranks: some are pampered until their appetites are palled, others are grimly accustomed to starvation; but the animals, whose tales we are about to unfold to the public, were generally speaking outcasts of society, and had taken to a vagabond life.

When the club-mania commenced in London, it became an imperative object for the accommodation of many "loose dogs" about town, to establish "THE CANINE CLUB."

This club held its first meetings in the lower range of apartments of an ancient house in Little St. Andrew's Street, Seven Dials, (entrance, down the area; subscription, gratis,) and in the immediate vicinity of sundry tripe and baked sheep's-head shops.

The tenement in which the stray dogs met, had been, time out of mind, under the ban of the Court of Chancery. No one dared to live in it, or to let it, for fear of incurring "contempt;" for which our curs and other dogs did not care. So far, the dogs were more independent than human beings.

It was the identical messuage in which the celebrated and ill-used Monsieur Tonson lodged, when he was so harassed by that town-rake, Tom King.

Without further preface, it was agreed that each dog should detail his life and adventures, and if he had not encountered any of the latter, he was to invent, to the best of his ability. There was a great tossing up of "heads and tails," as to which animal should commence. The lot fell upon "AN UNLUCKY DOG," who, with great urbanity and humour, began as follows:—

THE UNLUCKY DOG'S TALE.

Since I am to be the first to tell my story, you shall have it from the beginning: my mother was a pointer pitch, coal-black and comely; I never knew my male parent, but I have some notion that he followed the profession of a shepherd's cur; and his humble but enamoured addresses were accepted by the pointress, seeing that she could not well avoid them, as she wore a handsome chain round her accurately proportioned neck, with the other end of which she was attached to her domicile, a neat cottage-formed residence, called a kennel.

I had four brothers and sisters of various different sizes, but I was the only one of my family that in the least resembled my mother; and I soon missed all my little round woolly misshapen companions, and never to any certainty ascertained their fate; only being a shrewd dog, I conjectured that the master of these puppies, having a decided detestation of hydrophobia, determined on accustoming these animals, early in life, to taking water, and in doing so, drowned them.

My mother being well fed, I was soon in a thriving condition, and grew apace: I have little further recollection of this happy period of my life, than that I was always hungry, that my mouth watered everlastingly, and that I had acquired a habit of gnawing every thing that came in my way, even to my mother's tail, who used by an angry growl to resent this unwarrantable liberty from a child to its parent.

My first disgrace was occasioned by my master's man of all work, Joe Banger, having left a pair of leather inexpressibles, which he had most charmingly clean-balled, until they were of a perfect batter-pudding colour, on the steps in the stable; he had been employed on them for four hours at least, and master was going out next day with Mr. Conyers's hounds. These leathers looked so inviting, that I could not resist ascending the steps, and dragging them down; when I lugged them into a dark corner of the stable, under a manger, and enjoyed myself by shaking them well, and biting a number of holes all over them.

I never had such fun in my life; but I do not think that either Joe Banger or master enjoyed the joke at all, for when the breeches were missed, there was a great outcry as to where they could have possibly vanished; so I looked up at Joe with a knowing and glistening eye, and barked as loud as I could, and wagged my tail, until I at last had the good fortune to attract his attention to the spot where I had so ingeniously nibbled the leather; whereupon Joe seized me by the ear, and with a whip gave me such a lashing and larupping, that to this very day I have not forgotten it. I winced: I shrieked: I howled: even the horses turned their heads from their racks to see what was the matter. The noise I made brought our master into the yard, who, upon hearing the calamity that had befallen him, ordered Joe Banger to re-commence the flogging. Oh! well did he deserve the name of Banger.

My mother crept into her kennel shaking with fear, but occasionally peeping out with some anxiety, whether for the terrible correction of her dear little doggy, or having some remote notion that she was going to be soundly chastised herself.

Then I was tied up by the throat, and not properly understanding the nature of the fastening, I nearly choked myself forty times in an hour.

This event gave me the character of an unlucky young dog: and the next affair that happened proved that I was one; for one morning early, when the poultry were wandering and picking about the yard, my tender mother made a sudden snatch at a fine old cock, and pulled his tail right out; the cock escaped with the loss of his semi-circular plumes, some of which most unluckily were blown across the yard to the corner where I was tied up; when, as usual, in my simplicity, I began to play with and nibble them, considering a feather a mere trifle; when Joe

coming down from the loft in which he slept, saw the cock looking like a monstrous fool without his tail, and he also beheld unlucky me in the act of gnawing a portion of it. Out came the fatal whip again, and Mr. Banger operated on me more lustily than he did before.

This was barely forgot, when my master, who was going to take a walk of some nine miles for the purpose of angling for chub, determined that I should accompany him, that he might see what I was made of. Never shall I forget my delight in having that horrible halter removed from my throat, and being aware that I was about to have a run across the fields.

Notwithstanding the rebuffs and beatings I had endured, I followed my master with sincere pleasure; but being unused to go out with any one, it happened that he was always stumbling over me, treading on my paws, or kicking me out of the way. When we got into a field, I saw for the first time in my life a cow, with her calf. I own I was rather frightened at so large an animal as the cow appeared to me; but thinking that the calf was a mild looking little buffer, I went up to have some fun with it; when somehow or other, the cow got her horns under my ribs, and I soon felt myself flying in the air like a bird, only I came down at some distance, heavily on my back. I got up and shook myself. Turning round to have another look at the calf, I saw the cow coming at a canter again after me, flourishing her tail in all directions; so I prudently wriggled myself under a fence, out of her reach.

I perceived that my master admired my ingenuity, for he smiled. After a couple of hours' run, during which I caught a butterfly, and fell into a muddy ditch, we arrived at the stream where the angling was to be commenced, and my master with great patience unpacked his tackle; but nothing could induce me to keep at a sufficient distance from the water, but another flogging with the rod.

My master then baited his line with some ox-brains he had brought in a tinpot with him, and started off on his pastime, ever and anon favouring me with a menacing look, if I gave the slightest indication of following him.

A turn in the river took him out of sight, behind a plantation of osiers, when observing that he had left the pot of brains on the bank, and that the flies were beginning to buzz and hover over it, I went to drive them away, and unluckily smelt the bait; in two seconds the whole of it was licked up and swallowed.

Presently I saw my master returning: he had walked nine miles, there was no possibility of procuring more bait, he had no brains, and he had nine miles to go home again: his time and his sport lost; and all through me, accursed, unlucky puppy! He resolved to shoot me.

Sulkily he put up his angling apparatus, and returned towards his domicile by a different route, for the purpose of procuring some bread and cheese and ale.

He accordingly entered a small inn, and called for what he wanted, and was served in a very dilatory manner by a red-haired, blowsy female, who seemed distressed by having too much to do.

I scented something in the house of exquisite savour, which proved to proceed from a dinner of the parish officers of Great Framinglam, who had met to arrange their accounts and affairs, and to fix the day for the next feast, as well as to settle a very considerable diminution of the allowance of food and clothing to the paupers, in conjunction with a rise of the poor's rate, to meet the tavern bills. These worthy functionaries had dispatched a substantial repast, at which a turbot from Billingsgate had assisted; and were now taking their wine and punch, while deeply deploring the severity of the times.

I saw my master munching his bread and cheese moodily; he was too savage at my conduct to deign to throw me a crumb: so, finding that he was not communicative, I took the earliest opportunity of wandering out of the room.

In the passage, on a wooden bench, stood a pile of about three dozen dirty plates, placed on each other, that certainly had been very incautiously deposited there; for on the bottom plate but two, was the picked drum-stick of a fowl, which put the whole quantity of crockery rather out of proper equilibrium.

I had not partaken of anything since the brains. The leg of the fowl was extended from the plates most temptingly, and I made a snap at it, pulling it away—it was mine, but what was the consequence? down came the three dozen plates off the bench smash on the tiled floor. I never heard such a clatter in my born days, so I involuntarily dropped my tail between my legs, and scampered off with the bone.

"Whose cursed dog is that?" bawled the red-haired waitress; "Drat the dog, whose is it?" no reply: "There's at least five and thirty shillings' worth of plates broken all to pieces."

At last, it occurred to the landlord to ask the gentleman who had the bread and cheese in the parlour, "if the dog was his'n?" My master, who had overheard the whole affair, thought it politic to disown me.

Oh! how I enjoyed that fowl's bone—how sweet was the marrow; but alas! how soon it all vanished; I wished that fowls had as many legs as spiders. But now I perceived my master trudging homewards, so I ran after him; as I passed the public house, the blowsy maid set up an outcry against me; a shower of stones quickly followed me, and a brute of a blacksmith threw his hammer at my carcase so dexterously, that the heavy blow knocked me over and over. I however contrived to hobble home after master, on three legs.

My master was, I think, deciding upon my fate, whether I was to be hanged, shot, or to take a little Prussic acid; when a letter arrived from a friend who had taken a cottage in one of the numberless colonies on the western outskirts of London, and who asked the assistance of my master to procure him a yard dog.

Thus was I reprieved: the size of my bony paws, and the width of my jaws, denoted, for I had not done growing, that I should be a large dog.

So the next morning I was to be tied under the waggon of the Hatfield Broadoak carrier, and thus to be conducted on my way to my new place. The journey to town *under* a waggon is extremely irksome; I wanted to run after the birds, but I only knocked my nose against the revolving wheel; the road was very dusty, and I had the advantage of the scrapings of the heavy hoofs of four horses sent constantly into my eyes; if I paused for a moment to avoid it, I endured a pull at the neck, which I verily thought would take my head out by the roots. A flock of sheep met the waggon, which was then stopped by the driver, and I had to bear with the affrighted hustle of some hundred and fifty of these woolly creatures, when presently the drover's dog, who had the charge of them, sprung upon me, turned me over on my back, and bit me through the ancle.

At length, after a wearisome journey, I was untied from the cart at an inn in Bishopsgate Street, and was not a little surprised at the appearance of the vast metropolis: here I found that I was to be received by my new master, who was a sharp looking little man, suffering from some nervous affection, for he winked his eyes, and gave a sniff with his nose, several times in a minute. He paid the driver for my carriage, such as it was, and humanely gave me a drink of water from a stable pail: he then led me out of the yard with the same chain and strap with which I had been decorated for my travels, and we proceeded together for a short time with mutual regard. Presently I discovered that I was the stronger animal of the two. He looked at me, as much as to say, "You have the advantage of me," which I returned with a glance, "I intend to keep it;" and I shortly put this principle in action; for, passing a butcher's shop, I raised myself on my hinder legs, attracted by an agreeable scent; I snapped at a veal sweetbread, and swallowed it almost whole. The butcher came out, and demanded the value of the article; and it was not until my master was threatened with the introduction to a "P No. 158," that he could be induced to pay eighteen pence for my slight repast.

After a fidgetty walk, we at length arrived at the villa residence of the family, where I was introduced to the yard; and was almost immediately, through the kindness of the lady of the house, accommodated with some mutton-chop bones, and a lump of outside rind of bacon, full of black bristles.

"This is a place after my own heart," thought I; "it will be my own fault if I am not comfortable."

The name of my new, nervous master was Pennyfeather: both he and his amiable spouse imagined by my appearance, and what I was likely to become, that they had been fortunate in popping on an eligible yard-dog; but *nous verrons*, as I once heard a French puppy say.

After I had been domiciled for a week, I was voted, not only by every member of the family, but by the neighbouring inhabitants, as a thorough nuisance; for whether I fancied I was learning to sing, or whether it proceeded from habit, I howled long and dismally, daily, at daybreak. A gentleman next door, who had invalids in his house, called and remonstrated, that for seven mornings his family had been deprived of sleep, and suggested that it would probably prevent my vocal efforts if I was let loose. Mr. Pennyfeather, who had been equally annoyed, was ready to adopt any plan to keep me quiet; he accordingly released me from my strap and chain, for which I was so grateful that I scratched his velvet waistcoat all to pieces, and tore his eye glass from his neck. He let me out at the gate into the road, where I amused myself for some time walking behind a policeman, who wondered what I wanted. I then saw three boys in paper caps, and clothes spotted with colours in distemper; they looked merry fellows, so I thought I would go and have some fun with them, particularly as each of them carried a large slice of bread and butter for breakfast. I soon discovered that they were young artists belonging to a paper hanging manufactory; they invited me into their *atélier*, and while one of the boys tickled my palate with small pieces of bread, the other ingenious artists applied their stencil plates on each of my sides, and down my back, and produced with their sized colours a most elegant drawing-room pattern all over me; white ground, with roses, keeping me near the fire on which their distemper colours were warming. I soon dried into a picturesque appearance; then, painting my four legs a very light green, and covering my ears and tail with a coating of Dutch metal, they turned me out of the manufactory. I must say that I felt my skin sticky and rather tightly drawn, and the Dutch metal on my ears dazzled my eyes, but I resolved to make my way home. On my way I discovered that I attracted considerable notice. A milkwoman with her pails, on seeing me, set off running as fast as she could; I thought it was to entice me to follow her, so I scampered after her. She was a little, superstitious Welch woman, and subsequently owned that she took me for one of the devil's imps; she loosened her yoke and pails as I approached her, and dropped them. As

I always had a predilection for milk, I certainly did not neglect the opportunity of drinking to my heart's content, and overturning both tin cans. I then went quietly back to Mr. Pennyfeather's, and sat on the steps at the door until the family should arise.

One of Mr. Peter Pennyfeather's nervous peculiarities was an utter dislike to have anybody staring about his premises. I, thinking that it was growing late, reminded Mr. Pennyfeather of the time of day by uttering a prolonged yell; this brought the heads of the neighbours and their domestics out of windows and doors, and they all seemed wonderfully surprised at my appearance.

A crowd of work-people going to their employment, and a number of gaping idlers, male and female, now stood round Mr. Pennyfeather's door, evidently delighted with the gay fancy pattern with which I was decorated; and indeed I looked as if I was attired in a rich Turkey carpet, but the gold ears and tail were the objects of general remark. Pennyfeather, hearing the buzzing conversation outside, to his horror, perceived that some novelty had collected a large number of spectators in front of his house. I became impatient, and standing on my hinder legs, with my fore paws on the door, I by accident touched the knocker with my snout, which gave rise to a double rap. This feat caused a prodigious roar of laughter from the mob.

The affair was soon buzzed about, and the dairyman who employed the Welsh milkmaid, called on Mr. Pennyfeather for the sum of seven shillings and eight pence, for the milk I had overturned and destroyed.

Peter Pennyfeather called a cabinet council with his better half and family, and it was unanimously agreed that I was to be got rid of—then was debated the how, or when. It was thus decided.

The butcher's boy knew another boy, who was acquainted with a man who was looking out for a yard-dog at Richmond. This was enough; at seven o'clock at night the butcher took a half crown in his pocket and me in a strap. I was delivered to the man, a costermonger, who immediately put-to a valuable five-and-twenty shilling horse to his cart, to the seat of which I was tied, and I had rather a jolting ride to Richmond.

Arriving at the gentleman's house, who was looking out for a yard-dog, there was some demur about taking me in, as it was imagined from my appearance that I had the distemper—and I had it sure enough, although I was hearty and healthy.

Well, a bargain having been struck up, I was left by the costermonger, and fastened to a staple in the yard.

Now, I am a dog of steady principles, as all the foregoing facts must abundantly prove; and I did not cease to recollect the kindness of the Pennyfeather family, so I determined to make my way back again. I set to work diligently to gnaw the strap through, bolted over a dwarf wall, into the garden, jumped on a spring gun, which exploded without putting a shot in my locker, though it shattered about forty panes of glass in a newly-erected green house; I scratched my way safely through a holly hedge, which took off a considerable portion of my paint and gilding, and I was soon again on the high road. As I passed the market gardeners' labourers going very early to their work, I observed that they invariably got out of my way, and seized the first large stone they could find.

I no sooner made my way back to Mr. Pennyfeather's door, than I thought it would be proper to announce my return by a long melodious howl.

The butcher's boy was immediately sent for, and catechised. He swore that he put the dog in safe custody on the preceding night, and promised in the evening to come and take me away again. The lad was indignant at having his honour suspected, but secretly made up his mind to sell me to somebody else.

At eight o'clock the butcher arrived, and putting on a stronger noose, he led me through the lanes to Kensington, at the moment quite undecided how he should dispose of me, when chance put in his way an advantageous offer. In the High-street he overheard a woman, an itinerant purveyor of dogs' and cats'-meat, bewailing, that somebody had enticed away the dog that had drawn her cart for three years, and that the loss was irreparable to her. She had, however, the harness and a muzzle with her, and the butcher taking the lady aside, he exhibited me, when, after much haggling, she agreed to purchase me for eighteenpence. In a trice I was harnessed and muzzled. I felt a piece of cold rusty iron stretched across my tongue, and strongly fastened to my head-gear; this was attached to a strap bridle, and the lady wishing the butcher "good night," lugged me off in triumph.

I passed about three months in this miserable state of bondage, beaten and starved; for upon the principle of the adage, "That the shoemaker's wife is the worst shod," so the cats'-meat dealer's dog was the worst fed. I never had a morsel given to me that could possibly be sold.

There was not the slightest increase of respect or affection between my mistress and myself. At length I was relieved from her tyranny. In the course of her rambles she had formed an acquaintance with a fat hoary old cripple, who at some early period of life had the misfortune to lose both his legs. For many years after that, he obtained a good income by playing on a cracked clarionet, seated in a go-cart drawn by a single dog. This dog could go no longer, seeing that he died; and the cart would not go without the dog. In brief, I was promoted to the cart, *vice* Cæsar deceased. Here, however, began new troubles. For, oh, such a clarionet!

It has been asserted that dogs do not like

music, that at certain notes many will howl. As regards myself, I now had the opportunity of proving the fact.

My present master,—oh, what an inexorable slave driver!—I had to drag his heavy trunk, surmounted by a capacious chest, all over the streets and suburbs of London; all day, drag, drag, drag, by the sides of the gutters. The old rascal had two instruments; his cracked clarionet, and a hard thonged whip. With the one his intention was to amuse the public, with the other to torture me. Whenever he ran down several notes in "Moggy Lauder," I invariably howled, I could not help myself: then out came the other instrument; and the tone and flourishes of that about my ears were distinctly heard, and the music was of such a nature, that it was as distinctly felt.

My master was a musical hypocrite of uncommon tact; he knew the houses well where he was encouraged, and where he was sure to be paid to go away. He was perfectly aware at what residence the 104th Psalm would be acceptable, or where "Nix my dolly pals, fake away," would be preferred. Oh! how I have execrated the old impostor, when he has turned from a low public house, seethed in gin, where he has been clarioneting, "The black joke," and going round the corner, where he knew dwelt what is called a serious family, he would plaintively commence the "Evening Hymn." Dog as I was, I scorned him.

My tale is coming towards an end. I had dragged my old bagpipe of a master out of the Hyde Park end of London; and toiled on, he getting all the pence, I all the annoyance, until I came to the corner of a well known lane, that recalled my early reminiscences. He was in the middle of blowing "The blue bonnets over the border," when I was seized with an irresistible desire once more to behold the inmates of a house wherein I had passed some felicitous hours.

Without, therefore, caring for my driver, (who by the way was drunk,) I set off at full speed down the lane, dragging the cart and musician behind me, and followed by a number of boys, who had surrounded us, out of curiosity.

Some of the little Pennyfeathers seeing this strange sight, ran in to tell their parents: and the old lady and gentleman ventured out to the door, he winking and sniffing as usual. I stopped suddenly before the house, so suddenly, that the intoxicated clarionet player fell over, and upset the cart, tearing away a portion of the harness, from which I rapidly disengaged myself, and instantly set up my well known and much dreaded howl. I was so altered in my person, that it was with difficulty that I was recognized; the favourite howl, which I repeated, effected that.

Here was a *tableau!* My master's trunk and clarionet prostrate in the gutter; all the Pennyfeathers in mute astonishment, in various attitudes; I, mad for joy at my release, jumping up to lick Mr. Pennyfeather's face; his utter horror thereat; the arrival of the butcher's boy, attracted by the crowd, with a cleaver in his hand; the advent of two policemen to convey the remains of the drunken beggar to the station house; my determination to be again received as an inmate; Mr. Pennyfeather's decided objection to that measure, expressed by showing the butcher's boy another half-crown; the butcher's boy's attempt to seize me; my boundless anger excited; the butcher's cruel grasp revenged by my biting him through the hand; the butcher's upraised cleaver! Oh! oh!—it fell, and though intended for my head, cut off two-thirds of my tail!

Maddened with pain I ran, I know not whither, but out of reach of my pursuers—looked on the world with disgust—and became a vagrant as you now see me.

Here the Unlucky Dog turned round, and remarked,

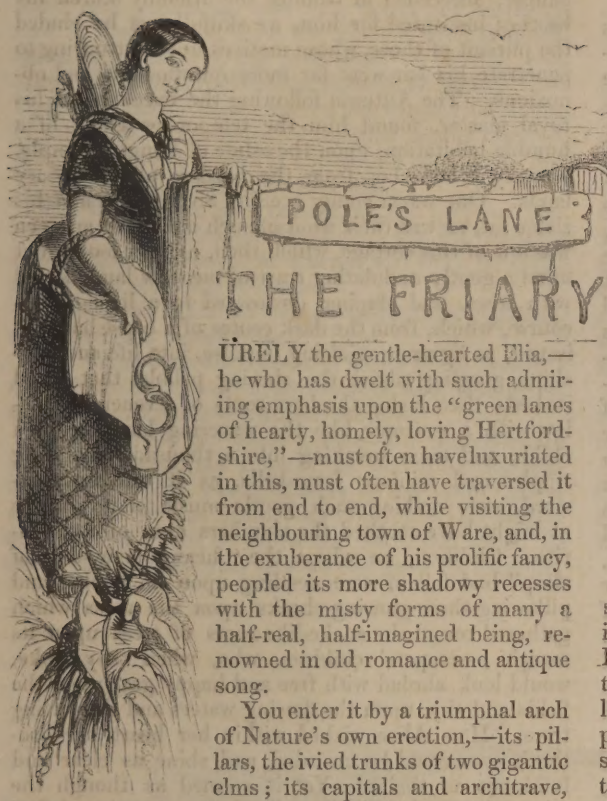
"This is the end of my Tail."

SONNET.

I saw a bravely freighted argosie,
With a fair wind o'ercome an adverse tide:
The furious waves that dashed against its side
But wet the sails, and caused more sturdily
The ship to buffet with them; and to flee
More swiftly to the haven its true guide
Points to as Home, there quietly to ride
Calm resting amid stars on a still sea!

Methought mine heart that ship, and the fair wind
The constant whisperings of heaven that fill
The soul with power from the Almighty Mind
To buffet with the seas of human ill,
To overcome,—and leaving storms behind,
Anchor amid the stars so calm and still.

C. H. W.



THE FRIARY

SURELY the gentle-hearted Elia,—he who has dwelt with such admiring emphasis upon the "green lanes of hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire,"—must often have luxuriated in this, must often have traversed it from end to end, while visiting the neighbouring town of Ware, and, in the exuberance of his prolific fancy, peopled its more shadowy recesses with the misty forms of many a half-real, half-imagined being, renowned in old romance and antique song.

You enter it by a triumphal arch of Nature's own erection,—its pillars, the ivied trunks of two gigantic elms; its capitals and architrave, the interlacing boughs and tangled foliage of those twin guardians of the avenue. Look what a glorious canopy this green cathedral hath! how mysterious a gloom, pierced here and there by drops of golden light, broods over all the long perspective of its stately aisle,—how the sunshine flashes at uncertain intervals, and slantingly, upon its rugged mossy pillars, changing the ivy-leaves to glittering patines of shining silver,—how others frown in all the grimness of their cheerless shadow, because unvisited by those bright rays, and how, when you have reached the end of this arcade—this lofty pile of Nature's masonry,—how does the broad and steady flood of sunshine bewilder and oppress your dazzled eyes, and drive you back, almost perforce, again to revel in the green and mellow atmosphere which dwells unceasingly beneath that densely woven roof of trees.

Hard by the northern outlet of this lane stands an isolated mansion of venerable aspect, familiarly designated as "The Friary." The ancient monastic character of the edifice is still evident from its high-stepped roofs, its multitude of gables, buttresses, and foliated pinnacles, the massive mullions, and rich tracery of the windows, and the grotesque and hooded figures that here and there peer forth at various angles of the copings. Sharing the general fate at the dissolution of the monasteries, its territorial appendages were alienated, itself dismantled, neglected, and gradually falling to decay. A subsequent possessor, in the reign of Elizabeth, averted its impending fall, re-edified its ruined walls, and soon rendered its desolate chambers—silent for many a long year—vocal with the cheerful echoes of childhood's merry laugh, and the sweet music of woman's gentle voice.

Pleasant is it in the glowing evenings of the gorgeous summer, to saunter down Pole's Lane, and, leaning idly on the weather-stained fence which severs the Friary garden from the road, to watch the shadows of the trees as they creep, with a rippling motion, noiselessly and steadily, from roof to roof, and pinnacle to pinnacle of that grey pile. Crimsoned by the setting sun,—its fretted windows glistening and sparkling in the fading light,—flowers shedding upon its walls, in their hoary age, the glory and the grace of youth,—it must be a dull or a dim eye that will not kindle into admiration while reposing on the sweet picture formed by that old Friary, in its frame of foliage, with a little flowery wilderness spread out in bright and fragrant beauty just before it.

Another and a nobler mansion detains the present owner from the Friary, and an old domestic grown grey in the service of the family, keeps "watch and ward" within its precincts. Let us enter, if only for the luxury of pacing up and down its lofty and superb old hall.

Hath not the world gone back with us? Live we not in the heroic times of old? Were not those hacked and ponderous suits of mail at Cressy? Did not those torn and faded pennons stream proudly in the wind at Naseby's bloody fight? Could not the Roundheads bear unwilling witness to the temper of those goodly brands, and to the might of the loyal arms that wielded them? In this dusk solitude, where the hollow echoes of your very footsteps sound strange and startling, doth not the presence of that long array of faces—limned, some of them, by men of high repute—induce a sense of mute companionship you care not to disown, and would not willingly relinquish? And is there not one which stays your step and fascinates your gaze—one which compels and rivets your attention? It is a face of eminent and surpassing beauty, resembling in the general outline of its features that of the merry monarch, yet characterised by an expression of touching melancholy, resulting from the total blindness of the cavalier pourtrayed. Like the portrait of Ginevra:—

"He who observes it—ere he passes on
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up, when far away."

You turn to your aged cicerone to inquire if she is familiar with the history of one stricken with so mournful a calamity, and she will respond, perhaps, in some such terms as these :—

In the chapel of the Fancourts—that dim and quiet nook, wherein the westering sun peeps fitfully before it sets, and then withdraws again, as though its cheerful light could find no tarrying place amidst the tombs that sepulchre, and the effigies that would perpetuate, the memory of mouldering mortality—in this, repose the ashes of Sir Herbert Fancourt. Dying, he left two sons—the one inheriting the Friary and its broad domains ; the other, his father's blessing and—his sword. More, too, the good old knight bequeathed—a portion of his own high, haughty spirit to the landless boy ; while the softer and more plastic nature of the mother descended, with her beauty, to the elder born. A sister, younger than each, fell likewise with the heritage to young Sir Herbert's charge. Both loved fair Alice—how could they less ? but between themselves the bond of brotherhood was slender and frail indeed ; and years that should have strengthened, served only to relax and weaken it. As the younger grew to manhood, the bitterness and the abasement of dependence became more irksome and intolerant, in proportion as the sphere of his desires enlarged, and the painful humility of his position became more prominently manifest. The writings of Harrington and his contemporaries had imparted a peculiar colouring to his character ; and with the sanguine earnestness of a political enthusiast, he hailed the outbreak of the Parliamentary War with delight, as the first step towards the regeneration of his country, and hence was readily induced to join the standard of the sturdy, iron-armed Republicans. Sir Herbert, with the hereditary loyalty of his race, embarked his sword and fortune in the cause of Charles. Through all those troubled times, the brothers clung with desperate fidelity to the rival parties whose interests they had respectively espoused. Reverses had not weakened the loyalty of the one, nor success cloyed the ardent and adventurous spirit of the other ; and strange was it to observe how most unequally Fortune had dealt with these two brothers. Sacrifice of home and patrimony, alienation of kindred, and, worse than all, the loss of vision, in a chance encounter with the Roundheads, had been the guerdon of the elder's loyalty ; military rank, emolument, and the gift, from Cromwell, of his brother's confiscated property, were the rewards showered freely down upon the young Republican. Equally strange it was to note how, with the altered complexions of their fortunes, the character of each had undergone a striking change ; how, gloomily brooding on his blindness, penury, defeat, the triumph of the Roundheads, and the murder of the monarch, there sprung up in Sir Herbert's mind something of his brother's fierceness and bitterness of feeling ; and how, upon the part of Edgar Fancourt (so was the younger named), there had arisen a compunctious sorrow for the past ; a welling-up of dormant, hidden springs of love ; a yearning, as it were, towards the playmate of his boyhood, and the neglected counsellor of his impetuous youth.

An outlaw and a fugitive, Sir Herbert and his sister (the constant companion of his wanderings), shifting his abode with every fleeting rumour of portending danger, succeeded in baffling the friendly search his brother instituted for him, as skilfully as he eluded the pursuit of those, whose motives in endeavouring to penetrate his lair were far more questionable and obnoxious. The Autumn following the execution of his royal master, found him the temporary tenant of a humble habitation, upon the estate of Bengeo Temple, scarcely a bow-shot from the borders of the Friary lands. One warm sunny evening Sir Herbert and his sister sat, as was their wont at such a time, at an open window of this cottage, which then, as now, looked out upon a gently undulating tract of meadow land, dotted with trees, and sloping downward to a little watercourse, which, from the dark centre of a copse hard by, issued, as by some rejoicing impulse, into life and sunshine, gurgling above the shining pebbles that paved its bed ; then laving the bare roots of a venerable willow with a murmur like the wavering laughter of a child ; and anon breaking into a thousand sparkling ripples and rainbow foam-bells, as it wandered onward, ever making such gentle music in its course as might have soothed the slumbers even of a Sybarite. Children, on whom the "heavy honey-dew of sleep" had fallen, were nestling upon its banks, and pillowing their glowing cheeks upon the moss which gathered round the snake-like roots of trees upon its margin ;—reapers' children, who, when they woke, would look abroad with free and happy gaze upon the fields and sky, upon the flowing waters and the waving trees. How Alice wished within her heart her brother's eyes could be unsealed, and shine as clear and luminous as theirs ! Yet it seemed as though the stir of the freshening air ; the sleepy murmur of that watercourse ; the low rustling of green boughs ; and the faint odour of closing flowers, soothed and consoled him in his darkness ; for a quiet smile—rare visitant !—played momentarily upon his channelled face.

Relapsing into his habitual reverie, he was startled by the sound of approaching footsteps, and, in another moment, by the unexpected entrance of his brother to the chamber. Bending down to kiss the flushed and startled girl, who knelt beside the blind man's chair, the intruder paused, as if to read upon his brother's countenance what might be passing in his mind ; and then, as though discerning in the close shut lips and lowering brow no tokens of a friendly greeting, he said in tones of earnest but subdued expostulation :—

"Have you no welcome, Herbert, for your father's son ?"

"Say rather for a traitor, who has brought dishonour on that father's name, and ruin and contumely on his children," was the rejoinder.

"You judge me harshly, brother, as God shall witness ; I am guiltless of an evil motive in the warfare I embarked in."

"Tush ! your presence wearies me ; why thrust yourself upon me ? Was it to witness the beggary and degradation you and the rebellious regicides, your fellows, have brought upon me ?"

"Herbert, I have sought you long and unsuccessfully ; and now that Providence has led me hither, nothing shall sunder us until I render you the act of justice which I owe you,—nothing divert me hence until you once more call me 'brother,' and until I win from Alice, the assurance of a sister's love."

"Whither does all this mockery tend?"

"Mockery! Herbert; if ever in the thoughtlessness of youth your brother mocked you, I pray you pardon him; and, pardoning, believe he would not mock you now." And drawing from his breast a scroll of parchment, he unrolled it, and proceeded. "Brother, look here," then hastily checking himself, he added, "I—I had forgotten. Alice, observe, our brother's sentence of attainder is reversed—his forfeited estates restored. See, among others, here is Cromwell's signature; and Herbert will now enjoy his own again."

The sister's face grew radiant, as her eyes ran hurriedly over the extended document; but the brother's countenance underwent no change, and when he spoke it was with apathetic coldness.

"The boon has little value, coming from regicides, and through a traitor's hand."

The Republican advanced still nearer to his brother's chair, leant his arm upon his shoulder, and, sinking his voice to an impressive whisper, said:—

"Herbert, for our father's sake—for the reverence you bear towards his memory, as well as for our gentle mother's sake, whom, looking on our sister here, I seem to see revived again,—do not reject the proffer of a brother's love, or spurn the restitution which he offers you. Remember how we two grew up together, how often, side by side, we knelt together at our mother's knees, and stood together by our father's bed, when, blessing us before he died, he bade us cling to each other steadfastly, and cherish the motherless girl whom he bequeathed especially to you——."

He would have urged his suit more earnestly, but his utterance was checked. Hot tears were swelling from his brother's sightless eyes, and a trembling hand outstretched to meet his eager grasp. What need of further words, when in the cordial pressure of that hand, so long withheld, and in those tears which then fell thick and fast, the younger son of old Sir Herbert Fancourt could perceive the mute assurance of perfect reconciliation and unconditional assent? The errors and estrangement of the past were forgotten and forgiven, and there was hope, and union, and the reassembling of the old household deities to bless the future.

"So," ends the aged cicerone, "after that, they lived together for many a year in the old Friary; both brothers remaining single throughout their lives; but Alice married, and a troop of fairy children soon sprung up to gladden the ancient mansion and point t heir tiny fingers at the portrait of their uncle, blind Sir Herbert."

J. S.

THE FRIARY.

THE IDEAL AND THE ACTUAL.

AN ARTIST'S ANECDOTE.

T was my first picture. Sketches, drawings, outlines without number, I had struck off, sleeping and waking; but this was to be a *picture*, yes, my first embodied thought, my imagination's opening design.

Ardent fancy, youthful sympathy, led me out to one point. One subject only charmed my ambition in that its wild and lovely morning—it was the idea of The Poet! More glorious to my intellectual vision was he than sage or sovereign, the greatest of the earth—statesman, conqueror, philanthropist. Nay, even the abstract idea of heavenly beauty in woman, of the radiance that surrounds the innocent faces of children, was only captivating so far as it was allied to and identified with the inspiring grandeur of poetry, the sweetness and majesty crowning the poet's brow.

I resolved to paint "The Poet," and I was fortunate beyond all my hopes in obtaining a truly eligible model, a most auspicious sitter. Very poor and humble was the lad, but right regal in poetic intelligence.

My work advanced a little way, and a critic of consequence came to see it. He threw one glance upon it, and made one objection—it was fatal to the design.

"You have committed," said he, "the grand error of making your greatest of men the thinnest likewise. There is no law of nature or custom by which the bard must necessarily be lean. You are confounding a scarcity of flesh with a superabundance of spirit, and assume possibly that the total absence of fat involves the presence of something ethereal. You would confound the deceased Homer with the late living skeleton. This will never do. Your poet must be fatter, or he will fail ludicrously. His eyes have no room for rolling in those bony sockets; his frenzy, at present, means nothing more than a sharp appetite. Give him flesh; the public will never know him to be a poet else. It is true, the world had a trick formerly of starving the fraternity to death; and, in the last age, a pair of lustrous eyes, surmounting a few bare bones set Surgeons'-hall fashion, would have passed upon canvas for a legitimate bard. But, in these days, bards are thriving, jovial, corpulent fellows enough; and a starved poet is a vulgar error. Fatten, fatten."

I was too young to care much about criticism; and, in this case, I was too confident, in my own true conception of the poetical, to care about it at all. I saw that of the two errors, his was the vulgar one; for it had reference to the vulgar world, and exhibited a tendency to confound the truly great with the truly stout. I took another look at my extremely thin and intellectual model, and felt that I ran no risk of missing the ethe-realized while painting the attenuated. To work then I went more gaily, and more secure, than before.

Yes, he was indeed thin—very. I had never before noticed how incredibly thin he was. Until the call for fat was critically raised, I had been unconscious of the amazing lankness of his illuminated visage, the astounding slimness of his youthful limbs, the famished look of his whole frame. The spirit seemed to "o'er-inform" its fragile tenement of clay. He seemed rather more than ghost, but less than flesh and blood. It was as though the Apparition and the Man had met each other half way, and agreed to a compromise. Shadow and Substance had settled their differences at last, and one could not now laugh at the other;—the meeting was wonderful, the effect unique.

Yet there he sat, the personification of every idea, the deepest and the most exalted, that could possibly be formed of "The Poet." The poet shone out in him, body and soul. His lean face was covered with a rich lustre; his hand, upraised, resembled the lady's in the "Siege of Corinth."

> "It was so white and transparent of hue,
> You might have seen the moon shine through;"

and his limbs might have reposed upon a summer cloud without sinking further into it than others do into a feather bed. My utmost triumph would be attained, if I could but succeed in transferring the tender yet magnificent image before me, heightened by those necessary effects which the secrets of my art taught me, to the canvas on which the hues of truth now began rapidly to glow.

My sitter attended regularly, never missed; nor did I fail, on my part, in doing justice to his face, his form, his action, to the sentiment that threw a halo of poetry around him, to the soul that gave majesty to his slight, spare, languid frame. I looked on my canvas, and all the poet was there. I had accomplished, with nice art, that delicacy of structure, that refinement of the mere mortal substance, which was no less essential to success than the rapt glance or the speaking smile.

"There is at least none of the grossness of the flesh there," I whispered to myself; "it is all spiritual. My sitter and my own ideal of the

poet are actually as one. No, the figure is not at all too thin. Oh, surely the object that would embody a heavenly nature should have as little clay about him as possible. The poet should never be fat. It is a sad mistake to give one's angels too much *embonpoint*."

Yet, as I approached my ideal, and seemed about to complete my picture, I found there was much more to do than I expected. Every day showed me some distinction between my sitter and my design upon the canvas, that had not previously been discovered. Every look convinced me of the necessity of some fresh touches not previously essential. But it was a labour of love—the toil indeed was ecstasy; and on I went working. Weeks flew, nay, months rolled on, and still left me heightening and altering, filling up and enriching—in a word, perfecting my picture—until at last the dream was a reality, the picture was finished, the poet breathed in colour, life looked from my canvas.

A crowd gathered round it on the day of exhibition. I expected many opinions, but only one was expressed. With a single voice the many decided that I had aimed at drawing a Dutch Apollo. They unanimously charged me with having stolen Dickens's Fat Boy, and clapped a pair of wings on his broad shoulders!

Fat! Well, I had anticipated objections to the colour and the drawing—the fiery visage and the skeleton figure; but to discover in my dainty, delicate, refined, ethereal youth, the counterpart of the Fat Boy——

I listened, and to my utter and inexpressible astonishment, they were all in earnest. So in a short time was all the world. Everybody had heard of prize-poems; and everybody saw in my design the representation of a prize-poet obese as a prize-ox!

And all the world was quite right! The objection had no sooner settled in my head, than my eyes opened upon my extraordinary mistake. Unconsciously, indeed, I had followed the advice of my critic friend to corpulency; and I now for the first time plainly saw—as clearly revealed as it had been hidden from me before—the maddening truth that my slim and all but winged divinity had become, under my fastidious and fondly-labouring pencil, heavy, lumpish, fat. My flying fish was a porpoise.

But under what magical influences had I committed such an error with my eyes open, producing the very effect I would religiously have avoided! Under none. I had found my model slight, spare, and spiritual—I recognised in him the very person of the true poet—and I continued month after month to transfer to my canvas all that my searching eye could detect in his corporeal mould and in his mental nature. Alas! I very innocently *paid* my model the sum agreed upon at the close of every sitting! I was very foolishly stone-blind to the natural effects of so many half-crowns dropped into the pocket of the hungry.

He was at first poor and pinched; thought, study, and the fiery mind working out its way, seemed to have wreaked their vengeance upon his frame; and I gratefully paid him double for his sitting again and again. He then began to pick up, as they say; but my eye, deceived by the original image reflected, and left glowing on my mind, beheld not this slow slight change. His limbs grew by insensible degrees much rounder, but to me they daily appeared the same; his sunken cheeks now plumped, his throat and shoulders prospered more and more, and his chest gradually got on in the world; yet I saw still the same pallid, thoughtful, passion-lighted visage, the same fragile and delicate body, the same thin wan hands, though they were by this time deeply dimpled with fat round every knuckle.

He grew wide apace, and daily received the fee with a truly unpoetical punctuality, and daily did he return, with the *mens divinior* more profoundly embedded, I should say rather engulphed, in a world of happy, conscious, and luxuriant flesh. As regularly, therefore, week by week, did I alter and add to my design, expanding my outline, filling my hollows, and fattening my poet; wondering still to find how far I was from the point I seem to have approached—that there was ever something fresh to do, and that before I had worked many days at the head the body needed a new enlargement. I began at a consumption and left off at a dropsy.

Thus do all of us too often toil to realize the truth of our young dreams, blind to everything, throughout the anxious and unrewarding work, save the one glowing and exalted image, which enchanted us at first, but exists no longer; and thus does the comfortable and sympathising world laugh at our labour of love, recognising in our poetic vision a satire and a burlesque, and in our cherubim and seraphim nothing but fat boys with feather jackets!

MODERN ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

The present age is unquestionably one of "accomplishments;" they meet us at every turn, and present themselves under every form. There are none of condition so low as not to possess some recommendable qualification, the result of study or skill. A case in point occurred a few nights since. On the breaking up of the crowd at the Opera, after witnessing the wonderful gyrations of Cerito, I supped at the "Blue Posts,"—a familiar haunt on such occasions, and that act performed, I was lighting my cigar at the bar previous to leaving the house, when a gentleman suddenly entered, followed closely by something very small and very black, which, on closer inspection, turned out to be a juvenile *Fâkir*,—Anglicè, a sweep, whom having introduced, his conductor disappeared.

"Oh! go along," cried a female voice from the bar, "we don't want any nonsense,—there—get away with you at once."

The poor little fellow looked wistfully in the girl's face,—nothing but the whites of his eyes were visible, but they pleaded hard for permission to remain though he said nothing.

I have always had a strong feeling in favour of the race of small British niggers,—they *seem* so innocent, and *are* so black; and when the "Bar" reiterated the order to go, I interposed and told the sweep to stay.

"What did you come in here for, my little man?" I asked.

"Gen'l'm'n brought me," was the only reply.

"But what to do?" I repeated.

"Stand on my edd and sing."

"Stand on your head and sing,—that's a new fashion;—what can you sing?"

"Jim along Josey," was the brief rejoinder.

"Well," said I,—giving him a penny piece,—"it seems you mustn't do it here; give me a taste of your quality outside."

Those who know the Blue Posts are aware that there is a small vestibule formed by a glass door about four feet from the street. Here he proposed to exhibit, but first he dived his hand into his breast, and began to tug at a string which was round his neck, and presently there came to light a small canvas bag, into which he carefully stuffed the penny;—it had been empty till then!

The size of the purse, and the stowage of the coin recalled to my recollection the scene of Yorick and the fair Grizette,—and I would bet a penny to a French crown that the reader was reminded of it himself, before I named the comparison.

While he was securing his *money* (!) I asked him—

"What countryman are you?"

"Don't know," he replied, with the happiest indifference.

"Where were you born?"

"King Street."

There is a nest of sweeps in an alley close to Almack's where they burrow like rabbits. A few bricks, the thickness of a chimney only, separate the belle of the season from the black little sweep.

Diamonds and white satin on one side of the wall; teeth like pearls and a bag of soot on the other.

I pursued my inquiry, "What is your name?"

"Bill Murphy," returned my laconic friend, in the spirit of one who knew the full value of words and wanted none.

"Then you're an Irishman?"

"No;" he replied, "I'm a chummy."

As this was a distinction on which he seemed to pride himself more than on that of belonging to "the inviolate island of the sage and free,"—I inquired no further, but desired him to sing his song.

"Stay," said he, "let's see where's the P'lice-m'n,"—and he darted to the door and peeped right and left, while I internally wondered what there could be in common between a Policeman and "such small deer."

Having satisfied himself that the coast was clear, and that the infraction of the law which he was about to commit, and *I* to abet, might be performed with impunity, he made a summerset on the door-mat, and balancing himself on his head, struck up the popular song of "Jim along Josey," keeping time to the inflections of the verse and the exigencies of the measure by a rapid and effective pantomime with his legs.

I freely confess that when the performance was over, I rewarded him with a piece of silver—more proportionate to the size of his purse than my sense of his merits. I was old-fashioned enough to term it a groat,—*he* called it a "Joey."

I have pondered deeply on the subject since then, and it strikes me as highly problematical whether any member of any of the learned professions could do what Bill Murphy accomplished with so much ease: and yet they, for the most part, have been, like him, groping their way through intricate or dirty passages all their lives.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

CHANGE FOR THE AMERICAN NOTES.

BY A LADY.

This is a lively, pleasant volume, written in a spirit of good-will towards England and her institutions, though in no manner avoiding the social iniquities which, in common with the "Lady" herself, English writers—at least those worthy of their mission—expose and deprecate. The "Lady" tells us that our besetting sin is selfishness; that we are a money-adoring nation; that we are worshippers of rank and titles; that, with our boasted philanthropy, with all our large benevolence towards the benighted infidel, we suffer ignorance of the most brutalizing character to destroy the great mass of our fellow-subjects; and that with bishops preaching from English pulpits, in aid of the Chinese,—we have unregarded horrors in the hovels of Paisley and the cellars of Manchester. All this is a miserable truth, again and again expressed by Englishmen themselves; and the "Lady" is only another eloquent witness to the abomination. We subjoin a few paragraphs from the work, in the belief that they will be the means of sending the reader to the book itself, which we cordially recommend for its pleasantness of manner, and honesty of purpose.

MORAL INFLUENCE OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS.

And men—ay Julia, and women too, crowded to the sight until the choked-up street refused admittance to thousands. They boast of their civilization—these Englishmen—and the most attractive spectacle to the mass, is a felon's death! Justice in England should have a halter added to her effigy: an execution here is a pageant, a show, a cheap and popular excitement,—genuine agony, to be enjoyed gratuitously,—real convulsions. Oh! hanging's your effective, your only tragedy.

In twenty years or less, I do believe our American custom in inflicting the dreadful penalty of death, will prevail in England—that is, if capital punishment be not altogether abolished. The criminal here hardens his heart for the last part he has to perform in public. Numbers, of whose guilt there could be no doubt, have died asseverating their innocence. Good did. And why? Because every one of these men (callous as they might be) shrank from facing the crowd as a murderer confessed, and hoped for their sympathy if he perseveringly declared his innocence—and he did so declare it, and his last breath was—a lie!

ENGLISH "SULKS."

The English rarely open their mouths for any purpose but to eat and drink whilst they travel. I found this the case, not only in this short trip, but in my journey to the North and elsewhere; they are as fond of taciturnity as the Americans are of tobacco; and for my single self, I cannot see the good of either. Many an American will sit "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy" with his weed, but he never forgets the attentions due to the other sex; whilst many an Englishman sits "wrapped in dismal thinkings," forgetful or neglectful of every thing but himself.

> "And with each breath he draws, he seems t' inhale
> Gloom thrice distilled;"

but he dispenses with the potent weed. I care not to dwell upon this subject; but it really appears that the main discovery which clever men have crossed the Atlantic to make, and which ladies have carefully recorded in their diaries, is, that the Americans—I must use the vernacular—spit. Were I asked a national characteristic of Englishmen, I should say they—sulk.

ENGLISH SHOPMEN.

In many of these shops (never called stores here) the attendants are dressed nearly alike; all must have white neckcloths, or something of that kind—why not put them into livery at once? Then their pertinacity to sell is so tiresome, that I have given up visiting several shops on that account; the salesmen *will* show you new things, newer than ever was novelty before, and *such* bargains! I purchase a few pairs of gloves, and am leaving the glittering counter, heaped with rich stuffs in most admired disorder. "Something quite new in figured satins, ma'am," interposes the shopman. "I want nothing more at present." "Yes, my lady, certainly; beautiful silks, the latest fashion in Paris." "Nothing more at present, good mor——" "Laces, your ladyship, the newest patterns," etc. etc. etc., and so on through the whole stock, if you choose to listen; they assume that if ever a lady purchase a ribbon, she must of necessity want a new shawl!

ENGLISH CONTEMPT OF HISTORICAL RELICS.

London has the appearance of any thing rather than an *old* city—it looks modern enough for an American one; there are not many places to call forth veneration, or awaken historical associations of a remote era; Westminster Abbey and Hall, the Tower, Lambeth Palace, St. Saviour's Church in Southwark, the Temple Church, must be nearly all. Part of this is no doubt owing to the Great Fire in 1666, but far more to later innovations. I am aware that it is sometimes impossible to preserve the relics of other ages, but the English do not care whether they are preserved or not. Whether a house was occupied by John Milton or John Doe, is to them a matter of perfect indifference. A far better feeling pervades in Scotland; which the English laugh at, and impute to the inhabitants of Northern Britain as a fault, calling it *nationality!* Had these people dwelt in Rome for the last three centuries, how they would "have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride." What havoc they would have cried as they let slip the dogs of improvement! Woe to the Coliseum's might! Woe to the Arches and the Temples! The Lunatic Asylums in every country in Europe would have been crowded with antiquaries driven mad. The world may rejoice the modern Romans are not as the English.

MONARCHY.

You need not fear for my republican orthodoxy. I am not likely to fall in love with monarchy, and cannot understand how some of these European people have been dazzled by mere contact with a monarch. I can account for it, where the sovereign is amiable, fair, and gracious, like Queen Victoria; or a mighty conqueror, with intellect on his massive brow, like Napoleon; but take, for example, Johnson's interview with George the Third. Though the Doctor did write virulent pamphlets against American independence, he is not an unpopular author among us. Well: he encounters George the Third in the palace library; the King asks a few questions about the two Universities; two controversialists—Warburton and South; two reviews—the Monthly and the Critical; and pays the lexicographer a very commonplace compliment; the King withdraws, and the Colossus of English literature forthwith pronounces him as fine a gentleman as Louis the Fourteenth, or Charles the Second! The homely, domestic, agricultural George compared to Louis le Grand, or to the wittiest, most engaging, and most profligate of Britain's kings! Are we to understand that a fondness for boiled mutton and broad farce are the principal elements in the composition of a fine gentleman? If Johnson be right, how very wrong every one else must be.

HOUSEHOLD SERVANTS.

Sometimes female servants continue many years in one place, but not frequently; the attachment that used to subsist between master and servant, and which in many country places might be the relic of a feudal clanship, is known no longer, or in only a faint degree; nor do I think there is any thing like the attached feeling to the family, often manifested by negresses in the slave states of America. Do not think the worse of the female domes-

tics of England, if they are generally selfish; recollect, the character of menials is formed by that of their principals. A really good intelligent English servant is indeed a treasure, which an American can well and almost enviously appreciate.

BRITISH RULE IN INDIA.

I remember when we returned from Abney Park we visited the India House; it is situated in Leadenhall-street, and open to visitors at certain hours on Saturdays: here meet the Indian Governors—the British merchants, who are literally princes. We saw a collection of Eastern curiosities, the detail of which might not interest you much. Mr. Dickens states the interest he felt in viewing, at Harrisburg, the treaties between the Indians and the Whites—the poor natives not appending their signs manual, but graphic—a sketch of the distinguishing *sobriquet* of the chief, the Great Turtle, or the War Hatchet; indeed, the contemplation of the ever-progressive change in the being and numbers of the red men is most painful; but when of late the North American Indians have agreed to the cession of territories on terms stated, they have fully understood the nature of the compact.

Had I been of the bolder sex, I might have asked them at the India House to gratify me with a sight of the treaties of cession, on terms of purchase or exchange agreed upon, between English officers and Hindoo rulers. Really those who live in such a very glass island, should not throw so many stones at the people of other countries. I am convinced the Hindoos are happier under the British rule than under that of their fierce, treacherous, and cowardly native princes; but the mildness or equity of the sway is no justification of the means of its attainment,—the means are easily defined—a judicious mixture of force and fraud. The English say their settlements are the harbingers of civilization and Christianity throughout the East: to derive revenue from the worship of Juggernaut, and to restore the gates of Somnauth, seem odd ways of introducing Christianity; but 'tis an odd people. Some one applied to England the poet's line on man—

"The riddle, jest, and glory of the world;"

the world may admit the claim of England to the two first attributes, but as to its being "the glory"—tell it in Paris—and my ears ache at the mere supposition of the voluble negativeness, if there be such a word, that would ensue.

CHARITY OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

If the aristocracy used their money as well in aiding as they use their tongues unprofitably in talking about the poor, in or out of Parliament, what a happy nation would England be! As it is, look into its hospitals, its prisons, its workhouses, into its suffocating courts and alleys, where in every room a family struggles to breathe; read official reports of its squalid manufacturers, its pallid children working hard task-work in factories, when they should be in the school or the play-ground,—and then talk of its happiness. I know no right a rich man has to complain of the poverty around him, unless he has personally laboured to diminish the sum; if he have not, "the poor cat i' the adage," (whatever it be) is not a more pitiable animal. That few do so endeavour, the prevalent poverty sufficiently proves.

I cannot account for this supineness, unless by supposing an opulent Englishman would rather see his brethren want than sacrifice any of his selfish and senseless pride in his unused wealth, or abate a single luxury if he do use it; there are exceptions, no doubt, and the proverb tells us the strength of exceptions. That "property has its duties as well as its rights," is what the English are fond of saying, while they act a negative. A quibbler might assert that when the taxes upon incomes, wines, servants, and carriages are duly paid, all is accomplished; these being the *duties* to which it is admitted property *is* subject! You say I dwell much upon this; it is so glaring that I cannot but write of the monstrous anomaly.

The Liberals here form a party. "Liberal" is a party gathering word; they are the Whigs of old, more liberal than the Tories, it is contended, in granting popular rights; but nearly the whole aristocracy, it appears to me, "to party give up what was meant for mankind;" they hoard their thousands among themselves, or squander them in their own personal pleasures, and care less for the labouring poor of England, than for the lazy poor of the Western or Eastern Indies; it is, indeed, distance that lends enchantment to *their* views of charity or munificence.

HELPLESS CONDITION OF ENGLISHMEN.

In no country in the world, so wretchedly as in England, can a young woman, reared so as to be unfitted for domestic service, support herself safely or honourably; if she have not accomplishments, many and *showy* enough to obtain her the situation of a governess, I do not know what she can do to earn bread and water. The English profess to regret this, and "selon leurs règles" see no means of altering it, and so pronounce it *impossible;* they make not a single effort to amend the matter, and cry, "Impossible," "impossible!" An Englishman would pronounce it "Impossible" to relieve his starving foster-mother, as he was on his way to purchase a pipe of port of some curious vintage to be bottled for the revelry of after years—"impossible!" How is it known to be impossible? Gas-lights and steam-vessels were at first pronounced "impossible." Nay, the establishment of Christianity itself was declared "impossible" by the misbelievers—the evil-doers—the credulous in many gods and goddesses of old. Impossible! How English adjectives are misused!

ROYALTY AND ITS DOINGS.

Royalty needs many adjuncts, many adventitious aids to give it due weight, to make it appear a mighty thing—a visibly powerful thing—standing aloof and above the every-day world—above aristocracy itself; but subject the while to the vulgar passions and bodily sufferings, hunger and cold excepted, of the many. The simplicity of a republic prefers to appeal directly to the public mind; but royalty will rather dazzle the public eye, whilst its high-sounding titles fill the ear. It is surely no small testimony to the excellence of republican institutions, that outward show may be dispensed with. "The stone," says Lord Bacon, "had need to be rich that is set without foil."

The very walkings and drivings, and luncheons and dinners, of royalty, must be chronicled, as if they were attributes of superior beings, or as if it were greatly daring of princes to walk, or ride, or eat. Why do not these courtly scribes go further, and if it be so essential to the satisfaction of the Queendoms to chronicle the dinner and the guests, why not detail the dishes also? Or tell if the appetite, like the rank of royalty, soars beyond the reach of ordinary humanity? And why hear we not of the sportive raillery—the well-natured *badinage*—the flashing wit, or the eloquent discussion that doubtless ever render the gracefully-arranged dinner and dessert tables in royal halls scenes of intellectual repast, as of delicious viands? Why are these things kept from loving subjects? Surely the courtly chroniclers do but half their duty; telling of dinners, isolated dinners, and nothing more, save the names of the honoured guests; not a dress is described to make ladies admire—and sigh; not the composition of a single dish vouchsafed to pleasure the also sighing gourmand; and from all that prodigality of wit, not a single witticism to enchant the sprightly; not a reflection to interest the grave. O fie! fie!

ENGLISH THEATRES—THEIR AUDIENCES.

I cannot conceive how any lady, excepting of course Mrs. Trollope, can pronounce the behaviour of the Americans in their public theatres ruder than that of the English! In an English theatre no provision is made for the superior accommodation of ladies; they do not sit, as of right, in the front row of the boxes, nor do they either of right or courtesy experience the attentions they do in an American theatre.

From the little I have seen of the theatres, I mean to speak of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, as well as of the Haymarket, which ranks as high for good acting; the audiences are very indifferent judges of power in dramatic composition, or skill in histrionic impersonation. I have known the finest touches of nature and poetry in one of Sheridan Knowles's plays passed perfectly unnoticed. The judicious few who can appreciate them may not give their pleasure publicity, for the very limited demonstration of applause would instantly be checked by the indignant audience. "Silence," they would cry. "Order!" "Shame!" whilst an allusion to some of the vile popular vulgarisms of the day, with an appropriate grimace to set it off, "stealing and giving odour," was sure to be rapturously greeted. It was understood,—and it is so grateful to a dull people to feel they understand anything. The same with respect to acting—the exquisite by-play—the quiet subdued expression of emotion is hardly recognised.

EDUCATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

I can hardly believe that even parliamentary reports tell true of the ignorance of England, when I know that Connecticut alone has a permanent school-fund of nearly two millions and a half of dollars; whilst it was found at the last census there were little more than five hundred adults in that small State who had not been taught to read and write, and *they* were chiefly foreigners—the population being rather more than three hundred thousand. New York, with its fund of more than ten millions of dollars for educational purposes—but why dwell upon the truism, how well the scholastic culture of American citizens is cared for as a general rule? And what is accorded for the purpose by the wisdom of the British Parliament? An accumulation of—talk, and a small sum of money—so small a sum as 30,000*l.*—150,000 dollars for the nation, mind! not for one of the counties; and even that was refused last session or the session before. One anxious to find fault might say it was illustrative of English legislation, that the bills granting 70,000*l.* for new stabling at Windsor and this mite for education were sent up on the same night in the House of Commons—the stables were voted, the schools were not!—the people could wait it appeared, not so the horses.

INFLUENCE OF MONARCHY—THE QUEEN.

It is matter of cool remark here, that the personal character and habits of the monarch were of great importance, not in the nice adjustment or delicate management of the state machine, (toward which in truth the character of the Sovereign personally seems of singularly little moment,) but in its influence on morals, manners, and tastes. The domestic virtues of the present Queen and her Consort being a model that all her subjects may study and imitate, is said to have produced a beneficial effect upon society. Now it appears to me, *that* cannot be a very commendable institution in a Christian land which gives such power to the example of *any one*, any frail being of mortal clay, though called "Majesty" in the respect, and "most religious and gracious king" in the prayers, of his people; but such a thought never occurs to the English.

I would describe the Queen more particularly to you, but really I think portraits of Her Majesty are or were as common in New York as here; in how many a room does she hang side by side with one whom her grandsire little loved? Wonderful in England, as well as in America, is the ingenuity displayed in misrepresenting her prettiness. The Duchess of Kent is a stately-looking lady, much taller than her daughter. The Queen Dowager, although six years younger, looks older than the Duchess, I think; but then she is slim, and has the air of infirm health. The King of Hanover, who is now in England, is a tall, officer-like man. I suppose here it might be accounted republican or *mauvais ton* in me were I to express my opinion that he would look better shaven. I once saw the Duchess of Cambridge and her family, in a private box in Covent Garden theatre; the Princess Augusta of Cambridge (lately married to a Duke of the great German family) is *embonpoint* and good-humoured looking. It is seldom Royalty is seen in the national theatres; why the Opera House is preferred I cannot presume to say—its amusements are (undeniably I think) more sensual than intellectual, and therefore of a grosser nature. The royal party, when I saw them, seemed to enjoy themselves much, for they laughed very heartily. This is not always, indeed not often the case, with your elegant aristocrats; for in public places it is common to see them, really or affectedly, listless and indifferent, hardly to deign a passing notice of the amusement they have assembled to witness. I have known their, not *sotto voce*, conversation mar the enjoyment of those near them, but this demeanour seems to be considered the very acme of refinement; it is indeed refinement pushed up to rudeness; something on the same principle, I might be told, as becoming "dark with excessive bright"—coarse with excessive fine. These may be occasionally the manners of lords—they are never those of gentlemen.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Cousins," in our next.

"E. B."—We can only hope that our fiction is the shadow of the "coming event," and that we may "be there to see."

Communications are left with the publisher for "Lady Incognita"—"L. H. M."—the writer of "The Forsaken's Last Rebuke," &c.

"The Kings of Timor," &c. are declined.

We have received the poetic favours of "G. R." Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and will, at the earliest opportunity, find room for some of them.

We regret that we cannot give a corner to "Roger Sly." His MS. is left with the publisher.

"G. M."—The story, though prettily told, is deficient in general interest. The MS. is left for the writer.

"Inquisitor."—The communications are too brief for our pages.

"Wm. H."—It is with very great unwillingness that we decline the favour of our correspondent. But its length would involve the necessity of a "to be continued," which, for a season at least, it is our wish to avoid.

Where can we address a line to "An Old Acquaintance?" We by no means think that the subject, at present occupying our correspondent's attention, would be "too sombre" for our pages.

Various communications lie for correspondents with the publisher.

An accident occurring to the illustration of "The Boys of London," compels us to defer the article until next month.

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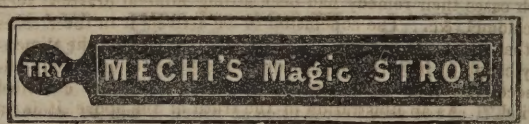

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I am, Gentlemen, yours respectfully,

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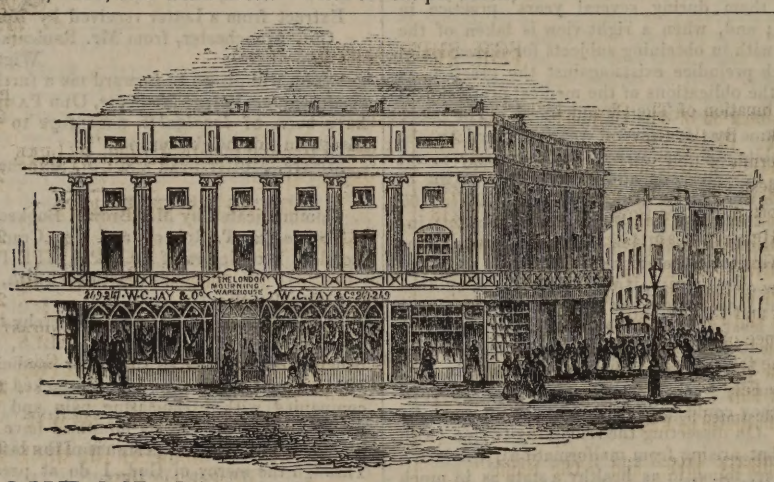

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FOR SEPTEMBER.

	Page
The Continuation of The Chronicles of Clovernook. By the Editor	239
I. The Hermit of Bellyfulle Philosophizes on Hog's-flesh and Shirt Buttons	242
II. A Short Story of a Cow and a Sow	243
III. The Hermit takes his Guest to Gossip Hill	245
IV. The Grotto of the Cup and Cake	247
V. A View of the Village of Clovernook; its Church and Churchyard	247
VI. Penance of the Villagers	251
VII. Some talk of The Valley of Naps and Shadow Fair	251
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.	
"The Mulberry Tree," and "The Name." By the late E. William Elton	253
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.	
Morning and Evening Twilight. By Catherine Parr	255
Beaus of England. By Laman Blanchard	257
Illustrated by Charles Martin.	
Boys of London—The Butcher's Boy. By Mark Lemon	258
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.	
Sonnets	261
A Day at Hanwell Lunatic Asylum. By Luke Roden, M.D.	263
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.	
A Portrait	270
The Cousins; or, Woman's Revenge. By Walter Clegg	271
Illustrated by Meadows, Hine, and Standfast.	
The Geologist of Castleton. By Miss Costello	280
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows and Hine.	
The Blacke Arte. By Mourant the Monk	284
Illustrated by Hine.	
An Evening on the Mountains of Savoy. By Luke Roden, M.D.	286
Illustrated by Brown.	
Everybody's Master	289
Illustrated by Hine.	
An Autumnal Day in the Country	292
Illustrated by Hine.	
Notices to Correspondents	294
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.	

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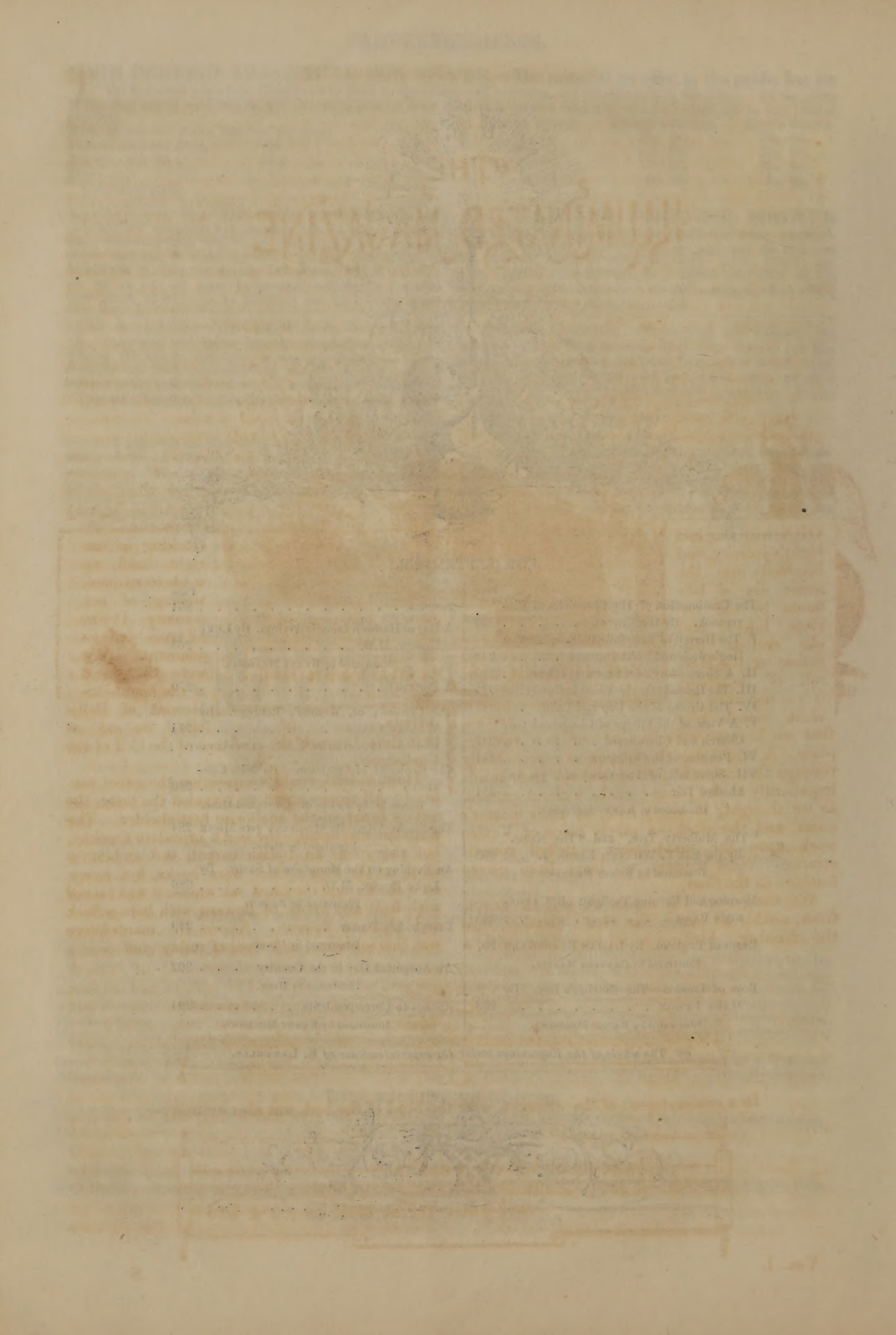


THE ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE

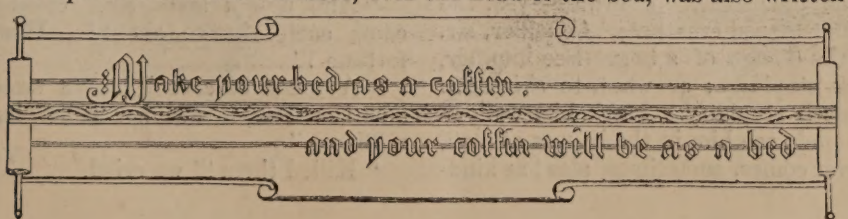
BY THE EDITOR.

ORN with our last night's journey, and beguiled into the sweet sin of late hours by the curious liquor and eke curious discourse of the Hermit of Bellyfulle, it was not until the clock struck nine that we became conscious of our new resting-place. A bright day shone upon us reproachfully through the casement; flowers shook their heads impatiently at the panes; cocks without crowed, as we thought, in angry note, at their master's guest, and the clock—a pretty piece of Venice work upon the mantelpiece — ticked remonstrance. With a jump, we leapt from goose-feathers to the floor.

We flung open the casement, and the sweet, fresh, nimble air came, like God's blessing, into the chamber. Sinking in an easy chair, with a stocking in our right hand, we made stern questioning of our memory. It was all true—true as adamant. We were the guest of the bounteous Hermit of Bellyfulle; we sat, at that time, beneath the roof-tree of the Cell of the Corkscrew.

How, indeed, could we question the sweet reality? All things about us revealed the taste, the mellow heart, of the anchorite householder. The chamber was small—the bed a primitive truckle; but there was an Indian carpet, soft as lamb's-wool, on the floor; there were books, not many, on a shelf; and the black oak wainscot was carved with fruit and knots of flowers, with here a flask and there a flaggon. Above the mantelpiece was this sentence, in letters of ruddy gold:—

In a compartment of the wainscot, over the head of the bed, was also written:—



As we pondered on the philosophy of these lines, we looked dreamily about us, and for the first time saw in a corner of the chamber a little door. Above it was carved a small delicate hand and arm in the action of beckoning, with what seemed to us a string of pearls about the wrist. Throwing down our stocking, we opened the door, and heard distinctly the sound of running water. We descended two or three low steps, and following our ear, went through a narrow, winding, sloping passage, cut, as it seemed, out of rock, the floor covered with rushes and moss. In half a minute we stood beside a brilliant fountain, tumbling and glittering in a large natural basin—a hollow of the rock. The sky was sapphire blue, and flowers, carefully tended, grew around the edge of the spring: and there, too, was short greensward, tender to the feet. Towels, dried on beds of thyme, were spread on a sort of garden-seat, with slippers, dressing-gown, and other covering. We at once apprehended the meaning of the beckoning hand, and with short preparation plunged into the spring.

In due season, we returned to our chamber. Touching was the care of our host! A small tankard of hot spiced wine stood upon the table, filling the room with aromatic sweetness. Was not this the very heart of hospitality? As we hastily prepared ourselves to meet the eremite, we heard voices; and, as we thought, the sweet, low voice of woman. Could it be the Hermit's wife? He had said nothing of so blissful an appendage to Corkscrew Cell; nevertheless, it might be. We quickened our speed; for, thought we, Madam the Hermitess may be waiting breakfast.

We hastened to what we will call the refectory. The Hermit was seated in his chair; the breakfast—it would have put a stomach into a mummy—was laid out, widely and bounteously. As we entered, the Hermit raised his face, scarlet with eating, from a platter; and his little black eyes twinkling welcome, he nodded, and gasped from his full mouth—"*Salve!* Sit and eat."

One hour at least had run to the past, ere another word was spoken. "That brawn, sir, was cured in Paradise," were the next words uttered, as the Hermit pushed away his platter, and fell like a pillow in his chair. "The hog, sir, is a wonderful philosopher."

"Philosopher!" we cried, for the moment inattentive to the truth delivered.

"Philosopher! We call him filthy, ugly names; brand him as a foul and doltish thing. It is like the hurried ignorance of men. I look upon the pig, sir, as the philosopher of brutes—yea, the Diogenes of four-legged creatures. Consider, sir. Contemplate the doings of a hog. See him, sir, with his frank stupidity; or what, to skin-deep thinkers, seemeth stupidity. Mark him wallowing in gutter-mud; see him in the haunts of men, even where fever comes, sometimes, alas! as kindest handmaid to poverty. See him, with his broad, quivering snout snuffing at the thresholds of very beggars. With what gust will he munch a cabbage-stalk! With what a grunt of gratitude will he take unto himself the leavings of the veriest poor! There is nought that tooth can pierce, that goodman hog will turn aside from. He will get fat and flavour from a dunghill; nay, in hopeful discovery, shove his snout into a cinder-heap. These are bad habits; nasty, foul, degrading practices. And yet, sir, what comes of them? Why, this, sir—this;" and the Hermit struck the flat of his knife on a huge wedge of brawn. "Your philosopher considers, and takes experience of man; and only as he is curious in all the doings, from noblest to basest of the animal, is he, the said philosopher, worthy of his gown. He elaborates and refines his experience, gathered from highway and alley, and hovel, and cellar; and then out of the very juices of this digested wisdom, he leaves an oral system, or a written scroll. Now, sir, what the brawn is to the hog, is Plato's book to Plato; a sweet and unctuous lump, drawn and rarefied, and elaborated, from even the foulest doings of the world for the world's better wisdom. When my lady sees Master Pig munching and wallowing in a ditch, she curls her nose and lifts her shoulders at his nastiness. And lo! when the same pig's leg, fragrant with sage and patriarchal onion, smokes upon the board,—the same lady sendeth her plate three times. It is even so with philosophers, and the true men of the world. They have lived and died despised in alleys; and afterwards are fed upon in tapestried chambers. I never look upon a hog, even in his foulest plight, but I consider him tenderly, affectionately, as the living, pauper laboratory from which in good season men may carve most toothsome sweets. It is in this spirit, I—as I take it—judiciously class philosopher and pig."

"True," said we; "there may be affinity." Then resolving to know if it was the voice of woman we had heard, we returned to the swine-flesh and the lady glanced at by our host. "Your figure of the lady and the pig's leg," said we, "reminds us of a question we had to ask. Pardon us, if we are bold; but heard we not, ere we entered, the small, musical pipe of the other sex?"

"My laundress, sir," answered the Hermit; "she lives in Clovernook. In the wicked, noisy, topsy-turvy world you come from, she was a lady in her own right, with broad acres and sacks of gold."

"And now a laundress," cried we. "How came such change about? What cruelty of fortune?"

"A touch of conscience—a sweet touch, sir. The Countess, it was her belief, had killed two milliners."

"Killed them!" we cried.

"Not a statutable, Tyburn-killing," answered the Hermit; "not what would be called killing by twelve men bolted in a box; but what, sir, a jury of angels may look very grave at, and more, return a most uncomfortable verdict upon."

"Pray, sir, explain the case," we said.

"Phoo! the story's as short as short-cake," said the Hermit. "Her Ladyship would take no answer: it was a birth-day, or a court-day, or a gad-about of some sort; and her Ladyship, at a short notice, was to be very fine indeed. There were three girls, milliners, all sick and wasted at the time, with fading eyes, hectic faces, and deep coughs—death, sir, croaking and wheezing in their throats. The last work two of the girls did was for Lady Swandown. She went to the show, whatever it was, with almost the last sigh of the girls in her fine dress. The two girls died, and her Ladyship—she is yet a fine woman, sir, in the rich fulness of some forty-five—forswore the drawing-room world, and coming here to Clovernook, brought the surviving sister with her."

"Is it possible?" we asked.

"You shall see the Countess Swandown; though in Clovernook she is simply called Dame Diaper. Ha! it is a pretty sight to see her tending Mabel, as we call her here, the last of the sister milliners: to see the Countess petting and nursing her, and walking with her down the green lanes; and when the poor thing is too weak to walk, it is indeed pleasant to see the Countess drawing the sick milliner in a little, light, easy sort of a coach."

"A sight indeed!" we cried.

"Yes," said the Hermit, with a grave look; "when we think of the poor things already killed, and the creature yet suffering, it is a sight, I think, to please the very cherubs. You shall see them both, sir; both Dame Diaper and Mabel."

"But you said the Countess—that is, the Dame—was laundress here?"

Countess Swandown.

"I should say, a sort of lady-laundress; a clear-starcher. She has taken the work by way of penance; and bringing all her genius to bear upon it, has elevated a mere knack into fine art, sir. My cravats and ruffles are very pictures. You heard us talking? Ay, sir, the old story—the old grievance, sir, 'twixt man and woman," said the Hermit.

"And what is that, sir?" we asked.

The Hermit, shaking his head and groaning, cried—"Buttons."

"Buttons!" said we.

The Hermit drew himself closer to the table, and spreading his arms upon it, leaned forward with the serious air of a man prepared to discuss a grave thing. "Buttons," he repeated. Then clearing his throat, he began: "In the course of your long, and, as I hope, well-spent life, has it never come with thunderbolt conviction upon you, that all washerwomen, clear-starchers, getters-up of fine linen, or under whatever name Eve's daughters,—for as Eve brought upon us the stern necessity of a shirt, it is but just that her girls should wash it,—under whatever name they cleanse and beautify flax and cotton, that they are all under some compact, implied or solemnly entered upon amongst themselves and their non-washing, non-starching, non-getting-up sisterhood, that by means subtle, and almost mortally certain, they shall worry, coax, or drive all bachelors and widowers soever into the pound of irredeemable wedlock? Has this tremendous truth, sir, never struck you?"

"How—by what means?" we asked.

"Simply, by buttons," answered the Hermit, bringing down his clenched fist upon the table.

We knew it—we looked incredulous.

"See here, sir," said the Hermit, leaning still further across the table. "I will take a man, who, on his outstart in life, sets his hat acock at matrimony—a man who defies Hymen and all his wicked wiles. Nevertheless, sir, the man must wear a shirt; the man must have a washerwoman. Think you, that that shirt, returning from the tub, never wants one—two—three buttons? Always, sir—always. Sir, though I am now an anchorite, I have lived in your bustling world, and seen, ay, quite as much as any one of its manifold wickedness. Well, the man—the buttonless man—at first calmly remonstrates with his laundress. He pathetically wrings his wrists at her, and shows his condition. The woman turns upon him her wainscot face, and promises amendment. The thing shall never happen again. The week revolves. Think you, the next shirt has its just and lawful number of buttons? Devil a bit!"

Starting at the word, we looked, we fear, reproachfully in the Hermit's face.

"Pardon me; let it be as it had never been said," cried the anchorite—a deeper tint dawning in his face, and his eye looking suddenly moist. "Pardon me, but the heart has strange chords; even buttons may sometimes shatter them."

We bowed, and begged the Hermit to proceed.

"Well, sir," said our host, after an effort, "week after week the poor man wrangles with his washerwoman: from the very gentleness of even maidenly complaint, the remonstrance rises to a hurricane of abuse; and still the washerwoman, as it would seem bound by her oath to her unmarried sisterhood, brings home no shirt complete in all its buttons. Man—the fiercest of his kind—cannot always rage. He becomes tired—ashamed of clamour. He sighs, and bears his buttonless fate. His thoughts take a new turn. In his melancholy, his heart opens; he is softened—subdued; and in this, his hour of weakness, a voice—a demon voice—whispers to him, 'Fond, foolish man! why trust thy buttons to an alien? Why helplessly depend upon the needle and thread of one who loves not thee, but thy shilling? Take a wife; have a woman of thine own, who shall care for thy buttons!' The tempter is strong. The man smiles distrustfully, but still he smiles. That very night—it so happens—he goes to a house-warming. He is partner at cards with Miss Kitty. She never did look so toothsome. And then her voice—'twould coax a nail out of heart of oak. The man thinks of his buttons; and before he leaves the house, Kitty has been brought to confess that she doesn't know what she *may* do—she may marry, or she may not."

"Is it possible?" we cried, with a laugh.

"Sir," said the Hermit, "'tis not a thing to idly laugh at. Take fifty matches, and be assured of it, if you sift 'em well, out of forty, at least, you'll find buttons in some shape at the bottom of 'em."

"It may be," we said.

"It is," cried the Hermit with emotion. "Asses are led by their noses; men by their buttons."

There was a dead pause. The Hermit had us in a clinch. We felt ourselves beaten, and therefore flung our discourse once more upon swine's flesh. "It is delicious brawn," we cried. "Blessings have fallen upon the man who reared it."

"Perhaps," said the Hermit, with a faint smile, "the fellow knew well how to feed hogs. Understand me; I am no unbeliever in the efficacy of blessings: potent are they, sweetly potent where they fall. Yet, sir, like all goodness, they are sometimes terribly libelled in the world. I have known men by the very lithesomeness of their backs, and bronze of their faces, get fat and golden. Well, sir, to what have they sworn they owed all their grease and prosperous yellowness; forsooth, to the blessings that fell upon them—blessings rewardful of their piety. These men, sir, I know it, have, in a business way, picked pockets, yet declared they owed their substance to the untiring fingers of their saints."

"Very like," said we.

"Sir, it *is*," said the Hermit; "and the brawn before us brings to my memory a little story that may shadow forth this truth. I have noted down the tale, and 'tis there—in that cedar chest, as I have said, with a hundred others. Do not stir; I think I can remember the little history, without rummaging the papers. I call it—

A SHORT STORY OF A COW AND A SOW.

You were never at Naples, sir?—No? Well, I will not commiserate you; I will not triumph; I will spare your feelings. Naples! If, sir, there be a place where a man may forget taxes and all the tribulation of what with great gravity we call civilized life, it is—always excepting my own Clovernook—it is Naples!

Saint Anthony is a great fellow at Naples: a saint, sir, of the first water. Perhaps, I am wrong in the epithet: water being rarely a test of saints. Monks, who are to saints what porwiggles are to frogs, for the most part abominating that pauper fluid. No matter. Saint Anthony is a great gun at Naples, whatever he may be elsewhere: for saints, like fox-hunting lords of the manor, though they may make a terrible clatter in their own neighbourhood, are sometimes held dirt cheap in other places. Well, sir, Saint Anthony in his mortal days had a kindly yearning, a love, a gentleness, a pity towards every thing that lived; beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles. What Atticus was to Cicero, Saint Anthony's pig was to Saint Anthony. Great was his power over animals; most melodious, most convincing his speech; as was proved by his sermon to the fishes, which touched them all alike, the hard roes and the soft. Saint Anthony died—but to this day Saint Anthony lives in Naples. Once a year, with reverent care, people bring to him their various four-footed chattels; yea, the two-legged birds, to boot, that they may be soused with water blessed at the shrine of Saint Anthony; the said water being fatal to measles, mange, glanders, pip, and every other malady that walks, or flies. Do you laugh, sir? I am sorry for it. Call it superstition if you will; superstition hath uglier blotches than this. There is, to my mind, a fine spirit of humanity in this custom; nay, a beautiful piece of natural religion. Men, who acknowledge its sanctity, thereby acknowledge in the very hog that grunts about them, a something cared for by the Divine Schemer of things: it is a creature, part and parcel of the wondrous whole; a thing to be used tenderly by men, seeing it is not despised by a saint. The water of Saint Anthony, thus sprinkled and falling upon brutes, must cool the pride of humankind, showing, that although it is the highest piece of heaven's work on this earth, it is not the sole piece. And thus, the peasant taught by the love and benevolence of Saint Anthony towards his horse, is taught a tenderness for the creature which otherwise he had not known. He, Pietro, has his saint to guard and bless him, but—to

Pietro's mind—so have Pietro's cows and sheep: and so, the saintly care about all, brings all into a narrower circle.

Therefore, at Naples, great is Saint Anthony. Fine ladies send their lap-dogs to be sprinkled, and they yelp back with blessings about them. Parrots are soused, and lo! they scream defiance at the pip; and if limited before in their vocabulary, have full soon in their throats a very dictionary.

Gano was a Neapolitan farmer; a heavy, stupid, yet withal, a most religious man. Not an animal that called him master, that was not sprinkled, once a year, with the water of Saint Anthony: and thereupon, the ewes yeaned twins, the hens never failed of eggs, and multiplication was ever triumphant in his dove-cote! Though Gano could not drive all his stock to the shrine of Saint Anthony, he never failed once a year to purchase of the priest a sufficiency of water, wherewith to sprinkle his property at home; and all things throve with him accordingly.

Gano had bought a young sow; a spare thing,—but with the blessing of Saint Anthony and plenty to eat, the sow, it was the belief of Gano, would plump and fatten. Gano failed not to drive the sow to Saint Anthony's water, where, at Gano's special intercession, it was doubly sluiced. Gano drove the sow home; and thoughts of ham and bacon, and savoury sausage, sang sweetly in his brain as he meditated upon the blessings of Saint Anthony. Weeks passed away, and nevertheless the sow did not fatten; no, it somewhat pined and shrunk. There was some devil in the pig! So, at least, thought Gano.

A short while after, Gano bought a cow. Had she been sprinkled by Saint Anthony? No. It was almost no matter; she was so fine a cow, without aspersion. Her black skin was like Genoa velvet; and then so sweet, so gracious a look about the head! More than all, every day she gave a flood of milk. Leagues about there was talk of Gano's cow.

As it sometimes happens with men, so did it happen with Gano's cow. Just as her fame had spread around, and brought many folks to see her, her merits became less: she began to shrink; and for milk, less and less was drawn from her night and morning. It was well for the faith of Gano that it was so: for looking, as in his infidel moments he had looked, upon the sleek carcase of the cow,—the animal unblessed, unsprinkled by Saint Anthony, and comparing it with the spare condition of the sow that had been washed almost from snout to tail by the efficacious water, Gano —the saints forgive him!—began to consider within himself, whether, after all, Saint Anthony was so indispensable to the health of a farm-yard. Weak, wicked Gano!

Still the cow dwindled, and as it dwindled, still —it was strange, or rather it was by no means strange—still the sow increased. The cause was plain. The blessings of Saint Anthony were working in the marrow of the swine; the saint was covering its bones with flesh; and in a short time, the wonder and admiration before bestowed upon the cow—were offered to the pig. It was prophesied by some that the cow would die; but it was no matter: the added value of the sow would more than make good the loss; it was so wonderful in its fat—so beautiful, yet mighty in its proportions. Still the sow fattened, and still the cow gave no milk.

'See you not,' said old, pious neighbours to Gano—'see you not the blessings of good Saint Anthony? How have they descended upon the swine! whilst for that unblessed, misbegotten cow—cut her throat, burn, consume her; otherwise she will bring a curse upon your cattle, and blight upon your crops.' Gano felt the rebuke; acknowledged the evil dwelling in the cow, the goodness fattening in the swine. If the cow should die, it would be a just punishment on her presumptuous owner.

Matters went on, and even the fame of Saint Anthony increased with the fat of the sow. Never had the saint's-water been so highly prized. At length, the true cause of the sow's fatness was discovered; and thus it was.

Very early one morning, Gano rose, and going to where the cow was stalled, saw the sow lying on its fat belly beneath the cow, with the teat in its mouth, milking, milking with all its might, and grunting complacently at the larceny!

Gano, though astounded, and on the instant suspicious of the truth, said nothing to his neighbours. It might have been the first time that the sow had so behaved itself. He would wait and watch. He did so: and six mornings, at the same hour, he saw the sow in the same place, milking, milking, and grunting the while! Almost every ounce of swine's fat was due to the cow. The neighbours had sworn that the sow had prospered by the peculiar blessings of Saint Anthony. Alas! the sow had flourished upon stolen milk.

Now, sir," said the Hermit, "is there no lesson in this little story? Teaches it nothing?"

"We think we apprehend its drift," was our answer.

"Sir, in your world—for in Clovernook we know no such animals—many are the fat swine, and only fat at the expense of poor, defrauded cattle."

"It may be," we replied.

"May be, sir! Ha! I know it is," said the Hermit; "and of all sorts of fatness, that is the vilest, the coarsest, which owes it grossness to hypocrisy. You shall see a man rich in pocket and poor in soul. He goes to his church, and owns himself, to his passing condescension by the way, a miserable sinner; he returns homeward, and proves himself to be so, albeit the proof never strikes him, by spurning the Sabbath-beggar at his threshold. This man was never known to do a large goodness. Neither was any positive,

legal wickedness proved against him. No: he never grumbles at the church rates, for once a week he is decorously placed in his comfortable pew. He pays his way, and can show stamped receipts as vouchers for the goodwill he bears towards all men. He is a Christian; for one of his godfathers now alive can testify to his baptism; nay, he has the register among other precious family documents. Hence, if he be wealthy, why, riches have descended upon him as the bounty rewarding his virtues. His own goodness has been turned into a benison. And he has oppressed no one? He has wronged no one? He has not armed himself with an unjust, though an allowed usage to add to his hoards—to increase his wealth? Alas, sir, alas!" cried the Hermit, "against how many such men, may the accusing spirit some day thunder forth, 'Stolen milk!'"

We were about to venture some remark, when the door was gently opened, and a negro child as he appeared to us, about ten years old, glided in, and made up to the Hermit, presenting to him a velvet cap, and a staff of the whitest ivory.

"My little boy, sir," said the Hermit; and the child gently nodded to us, as pleased with the words of his master. "This is my hour for a walk: will you use your legs? Or, if it please you better, will you stay and read? Bezoar will show you my book-room." We at once preferred to accompany our host. "Farewell, child; and let me hear good words of you," said the Hermit, tenderly laying his hand upon the little woolly head. Saying this, the Hermit donned his cap, grasped his ivory staff, and courteously showed us from the cell. Our curiosity was immediately aroused by the little negro. Our host observed this in our looks, and said—"Yes; a fine little boy,—and from a curious place, too. You shall hear something of him as we walk. This way, by your leave: it is a solitary by-road, and winds to the top of yonder hill; whence you may look down upon Clovernook, lying lamb-like and quiet at the bottom." Saying this, the Hermit turned to the left from his orchard, a large sheep-dog bounding after him, and leaping about him, and barking loudest gladness. "Gently, Colin, gently," said the Hermit; and the dog thrust his nose into his master's hand, and taking a deep snuff, was on the instant quiet, and falling behind, walked gravely as a lord chamberlain.

"And the little black boy's name is Bezoar?" said we, urging the promised story.

"Bezoar," answered the Hermit; who, after a pause, continued. "He is older than his looks; and his brain is still the oldest part about him. He comes from a curious place, unknown I believe to any traveller, but myself. Do you know much of geography, sir?"

We answered, and, we fear, without a blush, "Nothing."

"Your ignorance will spare me some description. Let it suffice to you, that the birth-place of Bezoar is an unknown tract—unknown to all but myself—somewhere in Japan. At one time of my life, I drove a large trade in Dutch dolls. I travelled to Japan with my merchandise, and making my way to the Emperor's court, became an especial favourite by means of my ware. The poor people had never before beheld a doll: and as my dolls were the first sort fashioned to open and shut their eyes, and emit certain sounds from the mouth—the invention has, I have heard, been shamelessly copied in France—they were considered in that strange, uncivilized country, as things of almost greater worth than mere men and women; henceforth, they who would prosper in the sight of the Emperor, became as nearly as was allowed to them, like unto dolls. The greater the doll, the finer the courtier. I soon disposed of all my goods, which being limited in supply, carried any price. I really believe, so great was the passion, that some wives would have parted with their husbands for dolls; and am almost convinced that husbands might have been found who would have changed their living, ogling, talking spouses, for mere machines of painted wood that only opened their eyes, and sounded a few sounds, when the wires were pulled for such purpose. I became a great favourite with the Emperor; and protected and authorized by his letter—it was embroidered in letters of gold on violet-coloured satin—roamed every where."

"But what we want"—

The Hermit stopped dead at the unseemly interruption. With a sweet smile on his face, he shook his head, and leaning on his staff, looked in our eyes. "Once upon a time, do you know what patience wanted?" asked he of Bellyfulle.

We confessed our ignorance.

"She wanted a nightingale. Well, sir, patience waited, and the egg sang."

We bowed to the soft rebuke, and promised to hold our peace. The Hermit continued.

"As I said, I roamed where I would. In my wanderings, I fell among a strange sort of people; strange in this way. Though the people were divided into an equal number of white and black, there was no pride of colour in the fair, no humiliation in the sooty. All were alike."

"And how was this compassed?" we asked, unable to suppress the question.

"There ran a legend in the country that it had not always been so, but that the blessing—for so the people called it—had been brought about by one of their demi-gods, as I could understand, a sort of Japanese Prometheus. The blacks—people will tell you there are no blacks in Japan; you have my full authority to contradict them—had been hardly used: striped, mutilated, sold, made merchandise of, as in other places black flesh has been. The land was cursed

with the wickedness: on one side there was stony-hearted arrogance; on the other, agony, debasement. Well, the Japanese God changed this; and how? One morning—a time answering to our first of May—all who had gone to bed as negroes, rose as white men; the white got up blacks. For a whole twelvemonth, sir," said the Hermit of Bellyfulle, "I was myself a black man."

"Impossible!" we cried; but a glance from the Hermit subdued us into a look of belief.

"A black man," repeated the anchorite, gently striking his ivory staff upon the ground; "and the year past, I became of my first colour. And this, sir, is the case with all the dwellers in that country. Each party takes the colour of each for one twelvemonth. One year black, one white."

"When the change was first ordered," said we, "it must have astounded the better people."

"It was a fine lesson, sir; a fine practical teaching of humility. And after all, what is it, at this moment going on in that very remote province of Japan,—what is it more than you figure to yourselves in the world you come from? The Japanese divinity did but anticipate the work of the future. Men, I mean Christian men, do not imagine to themselves angels of different coloured skins: they do not conceive the notion of black cherubim. Grave-dust, that truest fullers'-earth, surely takes out the negro stain. I take it, sir,"—and the Hermit paused in his walk, and closing his hands, let his staff fall in his arms,—"I take it, sir, we all rise alike?"

We said nothing; and for a few minutes the Hermit, resuming his pace, was silent. He then observed, and we thought in a somewhat pensive tone, "The pretty boy at the cell—yes, sir, I call him pretty—was a native of the strange land, I have spoken of. I have seen that jetty boy white as the whitest English maiden. He was an orphan when I brought him away!"

"And at that time in his year of black?" we ventured to ask.

"Yes, sir," answered the Hermit; not observing, or not condescending to observe, a tone of levity that, struggle as we would, broke from us: for sooth to say, we thought the Hermit—as doubtless the reader will think—either pleasantly jesting or pleasantly mad. "Yes, sir," said the Sage of Bellyfulle, "he was then black. He has never changed since."

"We can well believe it," was our avowal.

"It was my hope—otherwise I had never brought the dear child from his delightful land—the paradise of the world, sir! every single grape there is big as a walnut: it was my hope, had the change from black to white gone on, that the world might have been instructed. As it is, sir, were I simply to publish the truth, 'twould be taken as a traveller's story."

"Just so," said we. "For there are some distant truths that, however beautiful, will not bear a voyage. You may carry ice to the Indies, if you carefully stow it; but travellers, sir, sometimes find their best of truths melt by the way."

As we came to a turning of the path, we met one of the villagers of Clovernook; as I afterwards found, an old man, who, in the outside world, had been a planter, and the owner of a thousand slaves. He had left nearly all his wealth behind him, and by the greatest luck had escaped to the village; there, in its sweet serenity, to peep into the holes and corners of his soul, and blow the worldly dust out of them, as the housewife blows and dusts her best china. And, indeed, such care had been most necessary. He was, as the Hermit afterwards told me, a sharp-faced, wan, edgy kind of man when he set out for Clovernook, with a restless anxiety of eye, and quick, whistling kind of speech. When we saw him, there was a look of gentleness in his old face, and his eye shone deeply, yet tranquilly, and he spoke with a sweet cheerful gravity—the natural tone of good old age.

"A good day and many," said the Hermit to the old man. "You will find your scholar at the Cell, Master Simon." And the old man, smiling, and gently bowing, without a word, passed on.

"What scholar do you speak of, may we ask?" said we.

"Bezoar, the black boy," answered the Hermit. "Master Simon teaches him chess."

"Chess! a planter, and an owner of a thousand negroes, teach a black boy chess!" we cried.

"'Tis a pretty game," said the Hermit, not attending to the contrast we had ventured,—"a pretty game; and serves to remind us, here in Clovernook, that there are such things as kings and queens, and blazoned braying state. That there are—or have been knights, sworn to do manly service, and alack! too often forgetting the vow. That there are—yes, still are—castles, strongholds of wrong—prison fastnesses for feeble innocence. That there still exist—we know them not in Clovernook—worthy, pious bishops, pulpy and rich as pine-apples. Kings, queens, knights, bishops, and castles!" cried the Hermit. "How few the syllables! Yet in this world what an uproar have they made! How much wickedness and suffering, and violence, and stone-blind bigotry—if we read the history of this dear old mother earth—Gracious Heavens," cried the Hermit lifting his hand, "what daily Neros are we to her! What multiplied, and still multiplying evils may all be written down in five small words! Kings, queens, knights, bishops, castles! What a significant short-hand is here, my master," said the Hermit, and he shook his head, and stalked freshly onward.

We followed him in silence along the path that, with gentle acclivity, wound around the hill.

Beautiful was the way! Myrtles, geraniums, and a thousand odoriferous shrubs blossomed and breathed about us. No dead leaf was seen; no withered twig deformed the place; no slug, no snail crawled in the path. Barefooted Venus might have trod the grass, it was so soft, so clean, so delicate. Seats, and banks, and mossy green alcoves were formed at various distances, along the way; places of rest and shelter from the sun and shower. "Here," said the Hermit pausing—"here is the Grotto of the Cup and Cake;" he then turned aside, and entering what seemed to us the mouth of a cavern, bade us follow. We obeyed, and in a few moments stood in a circular grotto, into which the light through various crannies, cunningly fashioned, found its way; falling upon a myriad of shells of rainbow tints, that flashed and glowed about us, burning in the air. We heard the creeping of a spring, and guided by the sound, saw it falling in a thousand silver threads from a corner of the roof. An old man, clothed in white linen, received us. We shall never forget the benignity of his aspect. He was above the middle height; his face was pale as moonshine; his eyes of a bright grey, and his hair and beard were white as thistle-down. "Here is a man," thought we, "whose life has been a long task of holiness." He approached us, with a large shell-goblet in one hand, and a small basket of cakes in the other. "Drink," said the Hermit, handing us the vessel.

"Is it water?" cried we.

"Almost: mere noontide tipple," answered the Sage of Bellyfulle. "I call it the Etcetera Cordial. Harmless as mouse's milk, sir. A nun might see the bottom of the cup, yet see no worse for't. We are now at half-way distance from the summit of the hill. Here every villager halts, and takes the cup and cake. Then, with strengthened hams, plods onward. Some cakes?" and the Hermit presented the basket. "They are made by a French Duchess; a dweller in the village below. She bought the secret at, I cannot say what price, from a cardinal, her confessor."

"Have the cakes any name?" we asked.

With a slight movement of the right eye-lid, the Hermit answered—"Maids'-lips."

We drank and ate, then followed the Hermit from the Grotto of the Cup. "And who may be our host?" we asked. "Some man of life-long piety and worth, no doubt?"

"In the outside world," said the Hermit; "for 'tis thus we ever speak of the cannibal country you come from, he kept a gin-shop, in close propinquity to the Old Bailey. In his time he has been thrice fined by the excise for having, accidentally no doubt, certain compounds in his house, to give, as the wickedness of mankind imputed, an unlawful vivacity to his liquors. That man has seen much of the world, and from an eminence not enjoyed by all men."

"What eminence?" we asked.

"The pillory," answered the Hermit. "For one hour did he twirl before the faces of a mocking, egg-flinging generation; and at length descended from his altitude a changed man."

"No doubt," said we.

"He was set up a false-swearing publican, and came down a philosopher. In one hour did he see the vanity, the folly, the wicked violence of the world. In the midst of men he was apart from them: his moral feelings drew themselves inward like the horns of snails. Whilst twirling round, like a pig at the spit, with abominable odours at his nostrils, and the hubbub of vulgar malice in his ears, the poor man's soul retreated into itself, and shutting his eyes upon the mob about him—he had good reason for that, sir—he saw with the better vision of penitent hope, an abiding-place like this of Clovernook; a sanctuary from his world of adulteration and short measure. Released by Mr. John Ketch—ha, sir! we have a hangman in Clovernook"—

"Is it possible?" we cried in great astonishment.

"One who was a hangman. Here, his duty is to prune trees, and kill pigs. Released, the publican turned his heels upon the world, and—his lucky star guiding him hither—he became the host of the Cup and Cake. His office is to supply the villagers of Clovernook with bite and sup, when it pleases them to rest at the Grotto. Employed in this duty, he never speaks; but at the Gratis, sir, he is a talking fellow, and will chirrup a song like a cricket."

"How beautiful!" we exclaimed; for the Hermit's talk had carried us to the top of the hill. High bushes had, for some distance, shut out the view of the village beneath, so that making a sudden turn, the scene burst in all its unfolded loveliness upon us. At the summit was a wide, long marble seat canopied with trees of willow and acacia. We sat down, and revelled in our very heart as we gazed about, below us.

"You are now," said the Hermit, "on the top of Gossip Hill; and there at our feet, sparkling like an emerald in the sun, lies Clovernook. Now, sir," cried the Hermit, and his face fell into shadow, "I have seen nearly all the granite and marble triumphs of the world: all the structures set up by the vanity of man to dare time to do its worst. And I have never looked at those mighty conquests of stone—those altars where men may venerate the might and grandeur of human labour—that I have not been saddened by the thought, the idle fancy, that the very blood and marrow of men, victims of lawless rule, cemented the blocks before me. I have looked at the Pyramids, and seen ten thousand thousand ghostly faces staring on me: yea, the whole mass has seemed to me the petrified bones of thousand, thousand slaves. Antiquity cannot take out the blood-mark: philosophy, or what has quicker vision, sympathy, may still behold the

stain; the winds of centuries cannot bleach it. I have galloped over the Appian Way, and my horse's hoofs have spurned what to my eyes was once the flesh of outraged man."

"Kindred thoughts," said we, "might give expression, animation, to every brick of every city."

"Certainly," said the Hermit, "if men would so consider it. What is Saint Paul's? A mass of stone, no more, to the tens of thousands that crawl, or lounge, or jerk, or hurry by it. Such it seems: but what is it, looking with thoughtful eyes? Why, a multitude of building activities. We look again: labour has ceased; the fabric is done; and the harmony of the work steals into our brain like the voice of a sweet singer."

"Even so," said we. "And thus the quietude of the scene about us takes possession of the soul, and soothes it down to gentleness and peace."

"Sir," cried the Hermit, "Corinth, Babylon, Palmyra, what city you will, was never so fair a sight as that village at our foot. A handful of its thatch is more than worth the brazen gates of Thebes. Its very chimney smoke rises to my nostrils, like the sweet odour of a sacrifice. And wherefore is it thus? What should make that little span of earth, with its few cottages, simple as swallows'-nests—what should give to that village worth and majesty not found in cities? Why, sir, the human goodness that sanctifies it. There the hearth-gods are gentleness and truth. There, man is not a lie to man; a daily shuffler, an allowed hypocrite, who, ostrich-like, hides his head in a bush of expediency, and thinks the angels see not his plumes of vanity fluttering about him. There, a creed is not a best coat, to be only worn upon certain days, lest it should be worn out: no, sir, it is the everyday working-garment; and odd enough to say—a strange thing not credible in your outside world—the more the said coat is worn, the better and the brighter it becomes; and so," said the Hermit with a grave voice and an upward look, "and so to the end, until it is so bright, so beautiful, it seems to catch a lustre from approaching heaven."

The Hermit paused, and for some moments we both sat in silence, contemplating the scene around and beneath us. At length we observed, gazing down upon the village, — "Its beauty seems to grow upon us."

"Yes," said the Hermit, "for the two devils, Hypocrisy and Selfishness, those everywhere fiends of your world, have never entered there."

"Indeed they travel," said we.

"Why, with you," cried the Hermit, "they are as the universal Pan. Take me—in fancy, only, mark me—into your world, and tell me a sound that is not mixed with their voices, even though it may be a bishop's whisper; show me a thing they will not spot, even though it be a bishop's lawn. Why, they are the twin deities, or devilries of your earth; they shout from the house-tops; they creak in carriage-wheels; they ring in the change of the shop-keeper; and with placid faces, I much fear it, they lay their hands above their fungus hearts, and cry 'content' and 'non-content,' and 'aye' and 'no,' in Lords and Commons."

"Indeed, sir," said we, "this is bitterness."

"Ha! ha!" and the Hermit laughed; "that's an old complaint." Then turning full upon us, the Sage of Bellyfulle, with a twinkling of the eye common to him when hit by some quaint thought, asked—"When the world was very young, do you know where Truth lived? Doubtless. In a well; that is a story, old almost as the stars. And there she dwelt, and the water of the well was in such high repute, men would use no drop of any other. And so they drank it, they washed their faces with it, cooked and scoured with it. There was no water like that from the well of Truth. Time plodded on, and the knaves, and the knaves' puppets, fools, vowed that the water became worse and worse, unfit for man or beast. It was brackish, foul, filthy, sulphurous; indeed, what was it not? Men refused even to wash their hands with it. No housewife would boil her lentils in it. Men, temperate men, qualified their wine with it; and after, swore it was the water that gave them the headache. Shepherds watered their flocks at the well, and, as the shepherds declared, the sheep fell into the rot. No man could say a good word for the water of the well of truth; it was *so bitter* no man could stomach it. Whereupon, the people took counsel, and determined to expel Truth from the well, some old varlets declaring that they knew the time when the well was most sweet and medicinal; but then it was before Truth had been permitted to take up her abode in it. It was Truth, and Truth only that had made the stream so shockingly bitter. And so, with one accord, they hauled Truth by the hair of her beautiful and immortal head from the well, and turned her naked upon the earth, to find shelter where she might. Of course, in her nude condition, she could not appear in cities. Nevertheless, though she herself was abused, and driven to rocks and desert places, her well has maintained her name; and so for thousands of years men have drunk at what they called Truth's Well, only Truth was out. Certain it is, now and then she comes and takes up her old abiding-place; and then do good people, who have unwarily taken a mouthful of the water, spit it out again, and with wry faces, and shuddering anatomies, cry,—'How very bitter!' Sometimes, too, Truth, to get the poor devil a bad name, will wander like a stray gnat into his ink-bottle! Miserable scribbler! Branded, tattooed worse than any New Zealander with his own goose-quill. Virtuous, honest, benevolent people who love their species, that is, the Adam and Eve of the printing-office, the race of men and women in good bold type, for they care not so much about the living vulgarities; they scream

like a lady at a loaded pistol, or rather like a thumb-sucking baby at aloes, at the man of bitter ink; it is so very bitter."

"Truly, sir," said we, "'tis not a profitable liquid to him who uses it."

"Sir," cried the Hermit, "I have much to say on ink; but for the present, I will give you some brief advice. I know not your condition, nor do I seek to know it: you may be in the fulness of wealth and felicity. Nevertheless, sir, fortune, to try you, may compel you to be an author. You may, sir, live by self-consumption."

"How, sir?" we asked.

"Did you ever see a crowd of monkeys in a cage? Answer; and I will tell you what I mean by self-consumption. You have seen the animals?"

"Often," we replied.

"There is, I believe, a disease among monkeys; a horrid, morbid appetite which pricks the creature to nibble, and bite away his own tail."

"We have observed it," was our answer.

"Sir," cried the anchorite, "I've seen monkeys that have had the fit so very strong upon them, that their tails have been bitten short to the buttock—left with scarcely a stump for pity to weep over. What, think you, among the tribe of monkeys were these animals with self-eaten tails?"

We could not tell.

"Alas! sir," cried the Hermit of Bellyfulle, "they were authors. And now, sir, let me for a moment speak of ink. I will, for an instant, do you the injury to imagine you an author. Now, sir, if you would keep a fair reputation, and not have dirty water thrown upon you, in the name of virtue, by moralists from attics—not be squirted at in the cause of benevolence by sensitive folks, who can scarcely spell the syllables that stand for the virtue, avoid bitter ink as you would shun the small-pox. No, sir; dip your pen in a mild, sweet fluid; and if you will attend to my instructions, in this manner you will make it."

The Hermit cleared his throat, and seizing our right hand between his palms, and looking intently at us, spoke with an earnestness that played along our heart-strings. He began:—

"A way to make profitable ink:—Seek a she-ass, with a week-old foal, that has been foaled at the fall of the moon, for the moon is much to be considered in this matter. Go out at midnight, and milk the ass into a skillet that hath never been tainted with aught but oatmeal porridge. Whilst you milk, softly carol 'Sing a song of sixpence,' 'Little Jack Horner,' or any other innocuous ballad. Put the milk by, and in the morning stir it with a pigeon's feather. Add to the milk the yolk of three phœnix' eggs. Boil it over a fire of cinnamon sticks, and then put to it an ounce of virgin honey, made by bees that never had a sting. Be particular in this, or the ink will be spoiled. When this is done, put by the mixture until the first of April. It matters not how long it may be till then, for the phœnix' eggs, when you have obtained them, will keep the milk sweet for ever. Well, on the first of April, before breaking your fast, take the milk and strain it carefully through the nightcap of your grandmother. If you have not a grandmother of your own, borrow a neighbour's. In three days the ink will be as good as ever it will be for use."

"And this," said we, "is the way to make a profitable compound?"

"You perceive," said the Hermit, "there is nothing bitter in the ingredients. Some of your critics might drink of the ink, as though it was their own mother's milk. Profitable, did you ask? Why there is sweetest sorcery in the ink. You have only to dip your pen into it, and whatever you write will be all that is mild and beautiful. There will be no wrong, no wickedness in this world—at least, by the grace of the ink, there will be none in your picture of it,—but it will be a world of unmixed virtues. Your ink will never then be led into the unprofitable knack of calling selfishness and villany by their proper names, but you will wink and let them 'trot by.' Every man will appear to you—at least your ink will make you swear he does—like Momus's man, with a pane of glass in his breast, and behind the glass, a ruddy angel! All the injustice of life—the wickedness that man in his sorry ignorance inflicts upon his neighbour, will be instinctively avoided by you; the while the injustice grows, and the wickedness triumphs, and you, with your sweet and profitable ink, have helped to cast no shame upon the abomination! And you will put all the world in holiday attire; the beggar-girl will be dressed in sarsnet and tiffany, and ploughmen themselves wear smock-frocks of white satin. And so doing, you will win the good word of those who never think for themselves—a large class, sir; and of those—almost as large—who think falsely for other people. You will be amiable, good, kind, far-seeing, deep-seeing, and you will not be bitter!"

"Truly, sir, the ink that will do this," said we, "is a golden gift."

"It has been found so," said the Hermit. "And now, sir, let me show you Clovernook and its population. Place these upon your nose, and look about you." With this, the Hermit gave us a pair of spectacles. The glasses were in a frame of heavy brass-work curiously overwrought with strange, odd marks. Looking at them, we asked, "What may these denote?"

"I cannot tell," answered the Hermit. "They were the work of a Portuguese philosopher. The Inquisition found a gallantee-show in his house, and burnt him for a wizard. I bought the spectacles of his widow: she was blind, or, I take it, had never sold them. You will find them curious glasses."

Marvellous, in truth! Putting them on, the whole of the village was brought in wonderful dis-

tinctness to us. Though Gossip Hill was of exceeding height, and at least two miles distant from Clovernook, yet so strong was the power of the spectacles, that we could distinguish the white throats of the young martens thrust from the nests built beneath the cottage eaves; could see the tints of the houseleek on the cottage roofs, the colours and small threads of lichen on the church tower. "Wonderful — wonderful!" we cried.

"They are good glasses," said the Hermit— "very good. I have sat here, and looked through them so often, that I know every flaw and weatherstain on every roof and wall. Yet, some eyes they will not suit. Can you see the hour by the church clock?"

"The hour!" we cried. "Nay, we can see a fly upon the minute-hand."

"What is the fly about?" asked the Hermit, musingly.

"Nothing," we answered. "It is motionless."

"And the hand moves towards the hour? Is the fly still there?" asked the sage.

"Still there," said we.

"And still idle! Ha, my son," and the Hermit sighed, "how many of us are no other than lazy flies upon the hand of time? What other thing do you see?"

"A pair of daws. One of them has just flown up with stolen goods in its beak."

"The wicked one!" said the Hermit with a laugh. "Robs poor villagers, and yet lives in a church. They are old sinners, sir, those daws; I know them. They'd take tithe of wool from a day-old lamb, and the one chicken from a widow's one hen. Yet there they haunt and roost in their grave black, and bring scandal upon our dear old church by the rapacity of their ways." And then the Hermit smiled, and was silent. After a pause he asked, "What think you of our church of Clovernook?"

"Very beautiful," said we, "in its sweet simplicity;" for the doors were open, and we could see the whole interior of the building. "It looks the abode of peace and truth."

"Ay, it does, sir. Yet there is an old legend that in former times there was fierce strife in that little church. The quarrel is known as the schism of the Blue and Black. It was thus, sir:—The parson died; and when another parson was to be chosen, many of the congregation declared they would give ear to no preacher whose eyes were not blue. No grace could flow from a pastor with black eyes. Other of the people were as resolute on the contrary. They held blue eyes to be heretical, unbelieving, and typical of burning sulphur: hence, they would have black eyes in the parson, and none other."

"And how," we asked, "was the dispute accommodated?"

"In this wise: as neither party would give way, two persons were chosen. When Blue Eyes preached in the morning, Black Eyes held forth in the afternoon. Thus both congregations were equally satisfied, and, let us hope it, equally blessed."

"Do you believe this foolish tale?" we asked.

"There are people who call it fabulous—the gossip of fiction. I cannot say what happened in Clovernook, but I will tell you what I once saw in the land of the Mogul. There, sir, there were certain bonzes, or priests, who, like the twirling dervises you may have heard of, were wont to show their devotion by spinning, like tops, in white gowns. Suddenly there came other dervises, who spun in black gowns; then others came, who spun in yellow raiment; others in scarlet; others in purple. And every colour had its champions and apostles; and there were many foul words, and a little foul play, exchanged among them. The tumult convulsed the land—every party vowing to fight to the death for the one colour. When I left the country, it was torn to pieces by the separate factions of the separate coloured gowns. After some years I returned, and found the whole land in peace; and how, sir, think you, was amity restored? A great man—a man of genius and benevolence—arose, and he combined all the opposite colours into one steadfast, admiring body of himself; for he, looking upon any colour as of no matter, if the twirling were good—if the spinning were sincere—he, the meek and easy man, spun in something very like a harlequin's jacket."

"A pagan philosopher," said we.

"There was some thought, some suggestive wisdom, in this harlequin humour. The light that blesses us, is poured upon us in one white stream from the everlasting fount; and yet it is a light of many colours. Alas, my son!" cried the sage, "what a place would this be, if the many-coloured creeds of this world did not, by Almighty goodness, make the white light of the world to come!"

The Hermit paused, and we continued to survey the interior of the church. "Beautifully simple," said we; "no stained glass: no gold-fringed, gold-tasseled pulpit cushion; and no pews."

"Why, no," said the Hermit, "no pews. In your world, I have puzzled myself to think what kind of place your stickling pew-holders must paint to themselves when they imagine heaven? A place with pews? With a better sort of velvet —softer seats—more harmonious hinges to the doors—white, cloud-like hassocks?"

"They can have no such thoughts," cried we.

"Why not?" asked the Hermit briskly. "Nay, they must. What *is*, or should be, a church to the mind of the worshipper, but as the porch to eternity; wherein he stands, pondering the terrible mystery within him: a place set apart from the sordid cares and crimes of the world, where, shaking the dust from his soul, he hopes, fears, dreads, prays for an angelic change?—He is at

the outer door of the dread Future; and shall he there whine like a canting beggarman at the threshold? Tell lies of sores and wretchedness? shall he call himself a worm, yet, in the pride of his maggot heart, enshrine himself in a cabinet, shrinking from the neighbourhood of brother crawlers? Think you," said the Hermit, "that men will rise in pews? I fear me not."

Again the Hermit paused. "What think you of our churchyard?" he asked. "You see, there are no cypresses; no weeping willows; no undertaker yews; but sweet, odorous shrubs and orange trees, with bud, blossom, and the ripe fruit; types of those who lie below."

"And no epitaphs?" said we.

"Nor naked skulls, nor cross-bones carved in stone; nor cherub cheeks, with marble tears; nor aught of the gimcrackery of woe that libels death, making the deliverer horrible. Beneficent death! In the churchyards of your outside world he sits like a blood-smeared Indian, counting his scalps. And then, your tombstones! What a multitude of contrary counsel—of creed-denying misery is there! I have walked among them; and fancy has given to them features, expression; the embodied voice and feeling of the written thing. Why one howls, 'worms and darkness,' in the desolation of despair; one with wailing, shivering voice, cries—'the cold, cold grave;' another gnashes its teeth at the 'tyrant death.' And are these the looks, the voices, the words of hope—the words of the faith the men professed to die in? It would be more than curious," said the Hermit, in a solemn tone, "if the spirits of the dead might write their own epitaphs."

The deep earnestness of the Hermit's manner made us gaze at him. It was strange; but he appeared to us almost a double man. His face seemed to lose its fleshly, full-fed, laughing look, when he talked in this wise—and was refined and animated; wholly redeemed from its wine aspect by the seriousness of his discourse. At his cell, he seemed to us the champion and the genius of creature-comforts—the true and doughty Hermit of Bellyfulle; and now discoursing of death, his wrongs, and the fopperies cast upon him, the Hermit appeared as one who had castigated his spirit in the wilderness.

"Is it not strange," asked the Hermit, "that men should seek for skulls and bones, and turned-down torches, to make them feel the true solemnity of death? These things are to the imagination what strong liquors are to the blood. They confuse the sense of truth. Can there be a more beautiful or more hopeful memento of the dead, than the mere heap of earth that covers them? Lovely, pregnant earth! Teeming with life! Holding in its dusty bed the colour and the sweetness of the future amaranth? And yet in your world, you place a skull and cross-bones over dead men's clay, and write up desolate sentences of worms and darkness; of terror and the fell destroyer; as though the wailing spirit of the dead cried from beneath. Verily, sir," said the Hermit, "the tombstones of a Christian churchyard do at times jangle with the sweet spirit of Christianity. I have looked at them with pity; may I be pardoned the emotion! sometimes with slight resentment."

"The graves beneath us are covered with herbs and flowers. None osier-bound," said we.

"Look at the wall, there, to the right," said the Hermit.

We looked, and saw a long row of bee-hives. "Bees hived in a churchyard!" we cried, astonished.

"Every grave," said the Hermit, "is planted with thyme and other herbs, with flowers, that the bees most love. The whole village is supplied with honey, sucked, elaborated from the churchyard. There, my bones will lie. And there the bees will work, and working, sing above them. To my heathen mind a sweeter, a more hopeful music, than dolorous words of worms and darkness, chipped by stone-cutter."

"Bees hived in a place of graves!" we repeated. "'Tis a strange fancy."

"Call it what you will," said the Hermit, "we leave it to your outside world to seek for sighs and groans, and tribulation, in your burying places. The villagers of Clovernook—great happiness is it that it is so—seek nought but honey from the churchyard."

"Who is that—the sexton?" we asked, seeing an old hale man, with mattock and axe, enter at the gate.

"Our sexton," said the Hermit. "In your world, he was a man of pills; a most potent, money-seeking quack. His penance, here, is to dig graves. With you, it may be said, he employed journeymen."

"He was known as the sexton's friend. But," said we, "you have several times spoken of penance. Are all the dwellers of Clovernook vowed to penance for the follies or the worse guilt of their former lives?"

"Assuredly," said the Hermit. "Save the few children born here, nearly all the men and women of Clovernook take some self-imposed task, to cleanse themselves of past foulness, past folly. I had forgotten," said the Hermit, rising, "I ought first to have shown you The Valley of Naps."

"The Valley of Naps," we cried; "what place is that?"

"It lies on the other side of the Hill, between this and the village. By that valley all who come from your world to end their lives in Clovernook, are made to enter. Here," said the Hermit, turning his back upon the village, and following a narrow, winding path—"here you may see something of it. Look," said the Hermit, and he pointed downwards to a dark speck of wood. "Your spectacles will serve you little

here. That black blot of trees—that is the entrance to the Valley of Naps. When the traveller arrives there, he puts up at The Warming-Pan — the only hostelry in the Valley. The landlord is said to have been a Lord Chancellor in his day; and his servants customs' and excise officers. The traveller is shown to bed, and after a nap of some six months, he rises, puts on new clothes, and having left his old face at the Shrine of the Looking-Glass, sets forward to Clovernook."

"Dear sir," we cried, "explain all this. What do you mean? How can a man leave his face?"

"Why, sir," asked the eremite, "think you that Clovernook would be the Paradise it is, if its villagers had brought their worldly visages with them? Oh, most beautiful and most foul is the human countenance! A page, writ with sunny characters — a greasy, dirty, dog's-eared leaf! Are there not faces, with every trace of divinity *thought out* of them? Faces, with quick, hungry, subtle eyes; and cheeks and brows, lined and cut as with the sharp edges of sixpences? Have you walked the streets of cities and not beheld such faces? If so, believe it, you have dull eyes. Well, the people bound for Clovernook leave the raiment of the outer world at the Warming-Pan; and with it their natures as deformed and warped in the world they have quitted. Then they call at the Shrine of the Looking-Glass, and take a last peep of their worldly faces. They look into the mirror, and looking, leave all the black lines, the wrinkles of calculation, the pallor and sallowness of sorrow in the glass, and step forward with faces happy, bright and beaming as from a talk with angels."

"And, of course, never again visit the Valley of Naps?" said we.

"Yes, indeed," said the Hermit, "and have solemn sport there. I have told you, that every traveller leaves at the Warming-Pan his coarse and sordid worldly nature with his old clothes. Well, every New Year's Eve, these past natures, these phantasma of the world without, appear in the cast raiment, and are invited by the purified villagers of Clovernook, their past owners. There is, I have said, much sport there; and it happens after this fashion. Although everybody beside knows the shadow, the ghost of the past, to be the past property of the man upon whom the spectre fixes itself; yet does the amended man himself deny the phantom; endeavouring by all means to put it off upon any other of his fellows. It is strange sport to see how ghosts are bandied about; like unacknowledged paupers in the world you come from."

"But the villagers of Clovernook," said we, "do not forget their former doings?"

"On the contrary," replied the Hermit, "they have a quick, most curious knowledge of their past lives, save on the solemnity of New Year's Eve; and then, for the time, do they forget all things. You see our sexton there"— for by this time we had returned to our seat, looking down upon Clovernook,—"there was rare sport with him at Shadow Fair."

"Shadow Fair!" we echoed. "Is that the name of the festival held in the Valley of Naps?"

"It is; and the sexton went, with others, last New Year's Eve. He was immediately owned by his ghost, the phantasm, the slough of his moral self left at the Warming Pan. The ghost was a long, thin-faced ghost, with a bit of mangy hair on the upper lip. The ghost made up to the sexton, who immediately took to his heels, the ghost following him, and pelting him with the spectres of his own pills, as people pelt one another with sugar-plums at a carnival. There was great sport, I can tell you. The pills—the ghost seemed to have myriads of them in its coat-pockets,—fell in showers about the sexton, the ghost straining its thin voice, and calling out that the sexton could not take too many of them.

Where the pills fell, poisonous fungus, small toad-stools, with bolus heads, came up, killing everything around."

"And will the poor sexton suffer the same pelting next New Year's Eve?" we asked.

"Assuredly," said the Hermit.

"May he not have better wisdom than to visit Shadow Fair?" said we.

"He cannot choose," replied the Hermit. "It is the inevitable fate of every villager of Clovernook, to go every New Year's Eve to the Valley of Naps."

"What! is death in the village?" we asked, seeing the sexton doff his coat, and begin delving.

"Yes. A villager died three days ago. He was ninety-three, and this day week—yes, this day week—he played at cricket."

"And who is that old man," we asked, "with long white hair, at the bottom of the hill, peeping and prying into the hedge?"

"He, sir, was a sharp attorney; a very keen tool, indeed, in your world," said the Hermit; "but here he spends his days in picking cotton blight and canker from the trees, and freeing flies from cobwebs."

"And here comes a gay, thin-faced old man, with a wooden leg."

"He was a great general—a very mighty general; he has killed his thousands, and knocked down cities by the dozen. And now, what think you, does he in Clovernook? Why, every evening he waits in the skittle-ground of the Gratis to set up the nine-pins. The rest of his time he employs in snaring jays, daws, and magpies; and when he has taught them to cry '*Peace, peace, peace!*' he lets them fly, as he says, to teach their ignorant brethren."

"And now the general meets a tall, lusty man."

"I know him. He was a prime minister for years. Here he turns humming-tops and other nick-nacks for children."

"And who is this, now— ?"

"Patience," said the Hermit, with a smile, as he rose from his seat, "you will know all the villagers in good time—shall meet them all, and hear their stories, too, at our only inn, the Gratis."

THE "MULBERRY TREE" AND "THE NAME,"

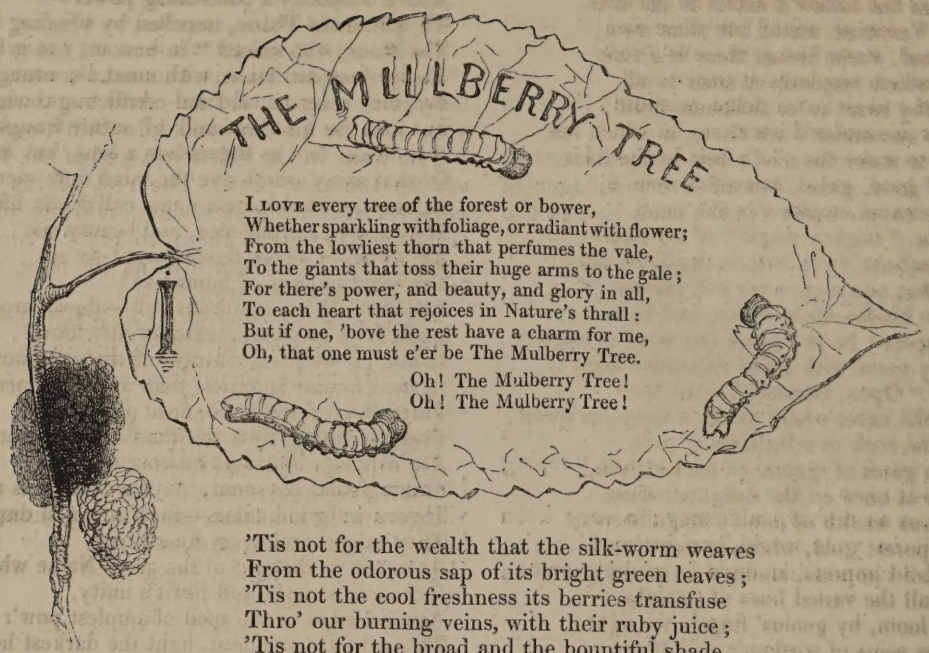
BY THE LATE EDWARD WILLIAM ELTON.

[These poems were written, sung, and said by the late Edward William Elton, whose awful death has quickened public sympathy towards the children of the departed—the orphans of a fond, shipwrecked father. The lines were among the contributions of a society—the Mulberry Club—formed many years since, drawn into a circle by the name of Shakspere. Of that society, William Elton was an honoured and honouring member. Noble men had already dropped from that circle. The frank, cordial-hearted William Godwin, with an unfolding genius worthy of his name, was smitten by the cholera. Edward Chatfield, on the threshold of a painter's fame, withered slowly into death. And now William Elton, with his children left to the mercies of the world—and well have the world vindicated its sympathies for his hapless best-beloved—has been called to his old companions.

The society, in which the subjoined poems were produced, is now dissolved. In its early strength it numbered some who, whatever may have been, or may yet be, their success in life, cannot but look back to that society of kindred thoughts and sympathising hopes, without a sweetened memory—without the touches of an old affection. My early boy-friend, Laman Blanchard, and Kenny Meadows, a dear friend, too, whose names have become musical in the world's ear, were of that society; of that knot of wise and jocund men, then unknown, but gaily struggling.

I have given a place in these pages to the following poems, not, it will be believed, in a huckstering spirit, to call morbid curiosity to the verses of a drowned actor, but as illustrative of the graceful intelligence of the mind of one, for whose fate the world has shown so just a sympathy. Poor Elton! He was one of the men whose walk through life is nearly always in the shade. Few and flickering were the beams upon his path! The accident that led to the closing of his life was only of the same sad colour as his life itself. He was to have embarked in a vessel bound direct for London. She had sailed only half an hour before, and he stepped aboard that death-ship, the "Pegasus!" If, however, the worldly successes of Elton were not equal to his deserts, he had a refined taste, and a true love of literature—qualities that "make a sunshine in a shady place," diminishing the gloom of fortune. As an actor, Elton had not sufficient physical power to give force and dignity to his just conceptions. In his private character—and I write from a long knowledge of the dead—he was a man of warm affections and high principle; taking the buffets of life with a resignation, a philosophy, that to the out-door world showed nothing of the fire-side wounds bleeding within.

To Kenny Meadows—one of his oldest, dearest friends—the following verse of Elton owes its cypress branch.—Douglas Jerrold.]



I LOVE every tree of the forest or bower,
Whether sparkling with foliage, or radiant with flower;
From the lowliest thorn that perfumes the vale,
To the giants that toss their huge arms to the gale;
For there's power, and beauty, and glory in all,
To each heart that rejoices in Nature's thrall:
But if one, 'bove the rest have a charm for me,
Oh, that one must e'er be The Mulberry Tree.
Oh! The Mulberry Tree!
Oh! The Mulberry Tree!

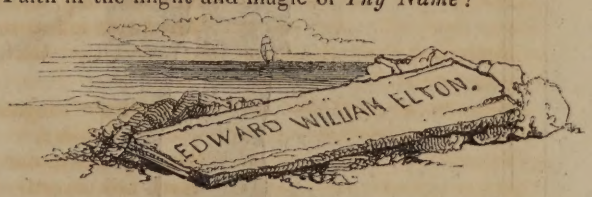
'Tis not for the wealth that the silk-worm weaves
From the odorous sap of its bright green leaves;
'Tis not the cool freshness its berries transfuse
Thro' our burning veins, with their ruby juice;
'Tis not for the broad and the bountiful shade
Which its boughs for our sultry hours have made;
But its proudest of glories must evermore be,
That Shakspere loved dearly The Mulberry Tree.
Oh! The Mulberry Tree, &c.

Apollo's lov'd laurel and Bacchus's vine,
Have been caroll'd by poets, and class'd as divine;
Yet *frenzy* full oft from the vine-juice glides,
And in the bright laurel-wreath *poison* abides:
But, oh, in the chaplet which Shakspere has bound
Round his honoured brow, no venom is found;
And soothing, and healthful, and bland will e'er be
The sweet influence shed by his Mulberry Tree.
Oh! The Mulberry Tree, &c.

There are "tongues in trees," there's a voice in each flow'r,
That speaks to our bosoms of gladness and pow'r.
Hark how sweetly, at ev'ning, the aspen knells
The death of the day, with its silvery bells;
List the organ swell of the old elm grove,
As the autumn winds through its tall aisles rove;
But, as breathing of Shakspere and sweet poesy,
Oh, scorn not the voice of The Mulberry Tree.
Oh! The Mulberry Tree, &c.

Sublime in its strength is the rugged old oak,
O'er whose head have a thousand thunders broke;
In its gloomy grandeur a fitness appears
To the mystical rites of its Druid Seers:
But Nature's our goddess, great Shakspere her priest;
Then, 'neath *his* green shrine, let us haste to *her* feast;
And in *her* name and *his*, let our songs blythe and free,
Ever hallow the ever-lov'd Mulberry Tree!
Hail! The Mulberry Tree!
All hail! The Mulberry Tree

"WHAT's in a name?"—heart-stricken Juliet sighs,
When to Verona's fervid summer skies,
And the mute moon, and voiceless stars above,
She breathes the hallow'd secret of her love.
Alas! fair Veronese, sound but thine own,
In every fond, warm breast there is a tone
Of feeling which responds at once to all
That held thy heart in its delicious thrall!
And names unnumber'd are there, in which lies
The pow'r to wake the soul's best sympathies,
With all of good, great, beautiful, refin'd,
That hold eternal empire o'er the mind.
Think of the "mighty magic" of *his* name
Who has embalm'd thy love in deathless fame!
And own that one name ever will possess
A charm to kindle, melt, refine, and bless.
Yes, Shakspere! be thy name our word of might!
(No earthly name with holier memories dight!)
The moral "Open, Sesame!"—the spell
That opes the caves where nature's treasures dwell;
At which the rock of selfishness is riven,
The brazen gates of ignorance back-driven,
And bursts at once on the delighted sense
The gorgeous wealth of mind's magnificence!
Masses of purest gold, whose current print
Is truth's bold impress, stamp'd in nature's mint!
Tissues of all the varied hues of thought,
In fancy's loom, by genius' fingers wrought;
Exhaustless veins of wisdom's richest ore,
Drossless and unalloyed; bestudded o'er
With gems of poesy, whose subtle light
Sheds o'er the darkest spots its halo bright!
Nor these alone: presiding o'er the whole
Are forms, of beauty rare, instinct with soul;
Call'd or created by the mighty hand
Which sways so wondrously th' enchanter's wand!
Sweet Juliet's self—in love-lorn, pensive mood;
Hermione, when statue-like she stood,
Meek, suff'ring Imogen, who lov'd so well,
Fresh-soul'd Miranda, and pure Isabel:
The maid distraught for love, above whose tomb
Spring's fairest, sweetest, deepest vi'lets bloom!
Arch Beatrice, heart-laughing Rosalind,
The lady who beheld in her lord's mind
His visage, and who lov'd him to the end
Tho' dying by his hand;—fair forms that blend
So sweetly with the mightier spirits whom
The wizard's voice has call'd from the still tomb!
Great Brutus, in whose noble brow we scan
The stoic finely blending with the man!
Proud Marcius!—emulous in vain to tower
Above humanity's controlling power:—
Th' ambitious Thane, impelled by blinding fate:
The Moor, who sinned "in honour, not in hate;"
The philosophic Dane, with mind o'erwrought
By grief, revenge, and sad-conflicting thought,
Yet with the kindliest milk of nature fraught!
And these, tho' in themselves a host, but few
Of that array which aye the mind doth view,
At once by Shakspere's name call'd into life,
With power, intelligence, and beauty rife;
All, forms in whose development we see
The vivid impress of humanity!
And oh!—more wondrous still—above, around,
Light fairy revell'rs, creatures only found
In fancy's world—creatures of dreams (more sweet,
In their quaint fantasies, than aught we meet
Throughout reality's confined domain,)
Fresh springing from the Poet's teeming brain,
Are tripping, dancing, floating in the air;
Making earth joysome with their gambols rare!
These are the boundless treasures which dispense
Their magic over every finer sense,
At sound or thought of the great Name which we,
In honest homage and heart's unity,
Acknowledge as the spell of amplest pow'r
To soothe the roughest, light the darkest hour;
To soften, to ennoble, cleanse, refine
The human mind: by occult skill divine
To free the soul from all earth's grosser leaven,
And lift it nearer to its home in Heaven!
A spell whose powers shall never fade or tire,
Till truth, love, faith—nay hope itself expire!
Hail, then, great Master! potent Shakspere hail!
Oh! never let thy grateful vot'ries fail,
(While they have hearts to feel, and tongues to bless
All things that mind's ascendancy express,)
With heart, and tongue, and spirit to proclaim
Faith in the might and magic of *Thy Name!*



MORNING AND EVENING TWILIGHT.

THE morning twilight! didst thou ever mark
Its early breaking, shadowy and dark;
And not bethink thee of our childhood's feelings,
Vague, indistinct, but full of sweet revealings?
Dim glimpses of the intellect to come,
Like morning breaking on the midnight gloom.
Beautiful childhood! how each brightening hour
Brings thee new joy in every leaf and flower,
New thought, new feeling, till thy spirit knows
The wealth of mind that in its far depth glows.
Thou art as morning when mists pass away,
Thou art as twilight brightening into day.

Twilight of evening! 'tis a peaceful hour,
Stealing upon us with a saddening power,
Darker, and darker do its shadows roll;
Alas, there is a childhood of the soul
Like unto this, a second childhood cast
Over life's close, as evening falls at last.
Morning and evening twilight! how are ye
Emblems of doting age and infancy!
This is the secret of our infant gladness,
And this the secret of our age's sadness,
The morning shadows brighten into light,
But eve's dim twilight deepens into night.

CATHERINE PARR.

BEAUS OF ENGLAND.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

EARL OF LEICESTER.

Best, methinks, a mourning suit,
Muffled bell and not the lute,
Musing hours, grief-sanctified,
Not the passion and the pride,
Courtly dazzle, daring strife,
Had beseemed a Dudley's life.*

Amy Robsart, loving fool!
Sat at home to sell thy wool,
Driving bargains all her own,
Getting shillings six per stone—†
While, a faltering queen beside,
Year by year her false lord sighed.

Slighted Amy stood between
Leicester and the loving queen,
Ev'n as Raleigh's mantle lay
'Twixt her foot and dirt, one day.
Leicester, wifeless, eyed the throne—
Still the queen sat there alone.

'There he like her jewels shone,
Which she aye put off and on;
Manors, title, place she gave;
And, the lover turned to slave,
Bowed the neck at her command,
Tickled by that virgin hand.‡

Long so near the wayward heart,
He but touched its outward part;
Far in all things from the core,
Seemed he but the dress he wore—
Fashion-fitted, bright to-day,
Faded now, and flung away.

* The favourite's grandfather, Edmund Dudley, the extortioner; his father, the Duke of Northumberland; and his brother, Lord Guildford Dudley—all perished on the scaffold. In allusion to a report that Leicester's great-grandfather was a carpenter, his enemies were wont to say, "that he was the son of a duke, the brother of a king, the grandson of an esquire, and the great-grandson of a carpenter; that the carpenter was the only honest man in the family, and the only one who died in his bed."

† A letter in her own hand, in Mr. Wright's *Life and Times of Queen Elizabeth*, represents her as so employed, anxious to "make the most of everything."

‡ In Miss Strickland's excellent *Life of Elizabeth*, lately published, Sir James Melville is quoted:—"Herself helping to put on his robes, he sitting on his knees before her, and keeping a great gravity and discreet behaviour; but as for the queen she could not refrain from putting her hand in his neck to tickle him, smilingly, the French ambassador and I standing beside her."

EARL OF SURREY.

When the monarch's murderous frown
Struck thee in thy springtime down;
When, all bright and wise and gay,
Sudden night o'erswept thy day;
Surrey—when thy sands were run—
Many creatures died in one.

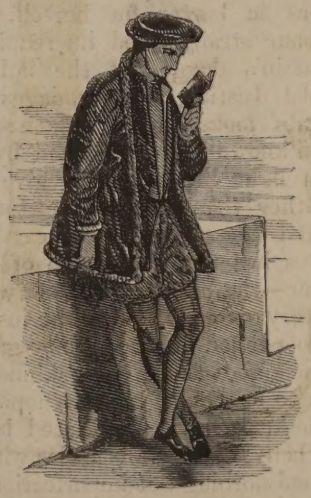
Soldier now, anon the page,
Now the captive, next the sage,
Here the wit, the wooer there,
And the poet everywhere—
Where in one so many dwell,
Why not find the fop as well?

If thine outside, every part,
Showed the daintiest care and art,
Thou hadst grace of limb and air
More than matching art so rare;
Ev'n as in thy soul a light
Made the form that held it bright.

Thee might silks and velvets fold,
Rich with pearl and woven gold;
But thy brain held woven thought,
All as firmly, richly wrought.
Still it wraps thee round about,
And it never can wear out.

Dull thy fair and jewelled vest
To the sunshine in thy breast—
Glittering though, in gallant pride,
Viewed thy dreary doom beside;—
Poor and rich—a moment's show
Of the man whom ages know.

Thee the scholar's gown befits,
Or the scant robe worn by wits,
Thee the armour-suit,—no less
Than the stripling's courtier-dress;
As thy rapier, thou'rt arrayed—
Velvet sheath, but spotless blade!



THE BOYS OF LONDON.

THE BUTCHER'S BOY.

BY MARK LEMON.

HOW gladly do we welcome the subject of our present sketch—the Butcher's Boy. His chubby, ruddy face, cheats us into the belief that hunger is but the chimera of a morbid imagination. His blue frock seems the livery of plenty, and his lusty shout of "Butcher!" peals in our ears like the invitation to a banquet. How saucily the rogue bears himself, as though conscious of the dignity of his craft, which is as old as the fall of man. Without his aid the palace would be but a pauper's union, and the civic chair little better than the weaver's stool. As he runs he reads of his own consequence on every hoarding, for London is a dinner-eating city; and whether philanthropy propounds its plan of benevolence, or avarice its scheme of gain, he, the Butcher's Boy, must furnish the preliminaries.

The belly is a mighty organ for good and evil. Poor maiden Virtue clings to her purity, though the storm howl in her ears and drench her to the skin; until Hunger comes, and assuming the shape of Death, points to the plenty that Lust offers in barter for herself. How often has Labour straightened its reaping hook into the assassin's dagger at the bidding of the belly, whilst Justice, who bandages her eyes lest her clients' looks should influence the balance, has been known—when pinched by the consequences of a light breakfast—to give false weight, and "rather than eat her mutton cold," has converted her sword into a carving knife. What slaves has the belly made of our patriots upon paper—the fulsome dedication written in my Lord's buttery giving the lie to the inspired truths which were penned in the empty garret. The venal critic smiles as his thin-skinned victim implores him to exchange his envenomed pen for a silver table-knife, and, propitiated by the offerings to his belly, discovers beauties where before he discerned nothing but imperfections.

And who controls this magian? The Butcher's Boy;—he feeds it with streaked morsels, and plump and juicy joints, until the powerful thing is as gentle as the little dormouse.

"Butcher!"

Where is the heart in which that sound does not awaken some emotion? The palled voluptuary is recalled by it to departed feasts, and puzzles his remembrance to select some dainty morsel that may yet provoke a relish for his meal. The poor weaver, condemned to an unwilling idleness, seated before his loom, watching a spider at her busy mimicry of his craft, hears that sound uttered at some distant door, and presses his bloodless lips together. What merry-makings are recalled! The Christmas board crowned with its rude plenty is before him as of old. His beloved father, and still dearer mother, smile upon their boy—(*they* had not known him with that haggard face)—they tell him that the day is held a festival, because his God hallowed the poor man's lot by sharing it. He who had made the universe beheld no shame in the livery of poverty, nor thought that the purple robe and fine linen alone shed honour upon the man. He hears of the blessed mission that brought "Peace and goodwill to man," and then——his infant's cry breaks the happy dream, and he wakes to feel the sentence of that guilty justice which weighs a lump of insensate metal against his sympathy and love.

"Butcher!" Young Margaret's heart bounds at the cry, for the noble sirloin in the Boy's tray is destined to "furnish forth her marriage table." Why does she blush so as she receives the viand at the door? Her cheek mantles as though her heart beat so tumultuously that every crimson channel beneath her snowy skin was filled to bursting. The Boy has but his accustomed leer, and his words have been fewer than upon ordinary occasions.

"That's for *you*, Miss."

He knows her secret—she is sure of it—but how did he acquire his information? Poor Miss Hemming, the dressmaker, in Pye Court, has asked him, as a particular favour, to *bring* her a little piece of mutton; she would not have troubled him, but Miss Margaret's gown must be finished that evening. Singwell, the parish clerk, whilst selecting the nice little tit-bit for his luncheon, had mentioned Margaret's name, and winking knowingly, declared that "she'd say enough to-morrow to last her her life."

The Butcher's Boy is no tale-bearer; for, although in the confidence of half the cooks in the neighbourhood, he was never known to reveal a secret. And many a dainty morsel and "tiny kickshaw" rewards him for his taciturnity. Often

is he the messenger of Cupid; and where could Love find a more encouraging emissary than the ruddy, well-fed Butcher's Boy? There is no indication in his appearance that "bread and cheese and kisses," too often constitute the banquet of Hymen. No! he holds forth the promise of solid plenty—a youth of sirloins and an age of mutton.

"Butcher!" (we love to reiterate the word,) and Susan drops the rolling pin, and hurries to the door, to give welcome to the sleek harbinger of dinner. Susan has other business than with the Boy's mere sensual calling;—the strange oblong packet which she draws from beneath her apron, is filled with "emotions." There are gentle words traced upon that paper, in the most crooked orthography; and happy thoughts that a queen might envy, wrapped up in the most ragged grammar. The seal is worthy of the missive it secures.—The device is a pair of opened scissors, and the motto, "We part to meet again." Her hand has held the wax unsteadily, or was that spot dropped intentionally—perhaps with a blush—upon the paper? Wherefore? the learned in love-lore called such a symbol—a kiss. Happy thought! That little spot becomes an altar, on which affection places the invisible offering of her heart, to one who is her idol. Seas are crossed, and deserts traversed, and the distant loved one marks the little shrine, and greedily inhales the tribute of his worshipper.

And has Susan a lover? Let us listen.

"Well, butcher, how do ye do?"

"Pretty well, Mem—how do I look?—*Line* of mutton and a sweetbread."

"Sweetbread!"

"Yes, Mem,—Master's compliments, and thought you looked delicate this morning."

"Well, he's very kind."

"For his purfession, Mem. We're a hard hearted race."

"I'm sure you're an exception, butcher."

"Don't flatter; though I'm only a boy, I'm very vicious.—I shall be giving you a kiss."

"For shame, butcher——I say butcher."

"Mem!"

"Do you know Mr. Simms's, up the street."

"Simms's!—O ah! the family in drab coatees, and red plushes—I do, Mem."

"There's the dark footman"——

"Very like the pictures of Count Dossay.—Yes, Mem."

"His name's John"——

"Yes, Mem,—there's only two footmen in Brooke Street whose names isn't John—and they've come down from banking-house clerks. Well, Mem?"

"Would you oblige me by giving him this note?—quietly, you know."

"Its agen the Post Office regulations; but I'll do it. The letter's rather heavy."

"Heavy!"

"Yes, Mem.—I'm sure here's a lump o' heart in this corner as weighs a pound and a half at least."

"La, what nonsense,—it's only to tell him his cousin's come to town, and wants to see him."

"O, I know her!"

"Do you though?"

"Yes, she's the *moral* of *you*.—I'll make it all right, Mem."

"Do; and could you bring me an answer?"

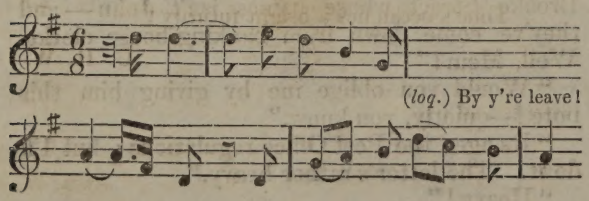
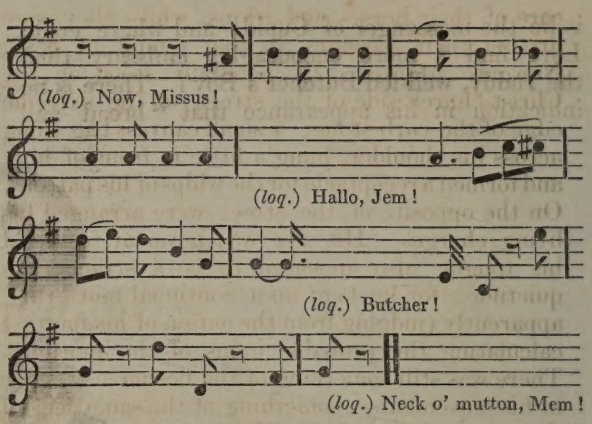
"Yes, Mem."

"And—I'd nearly forgotten—a pound of gravy beef."

The Boy is faithful to his trust, and the "dark footman" is made happy in his pantry by the somewhat ambiguous declaration of Susan's note, that "this cums hopping."

History has recorded that Alexander won "golden opinions" for taming the fiery Bucephalus;—there was something in the daring of such a deed; but had Clio known but Chiffney any Ducrow, she would have blotted out the record of such a puny victory. Every day our Butcher's Boy excels the Prince of Macedon in equitation. Alexander but restrained the ardour of his high-bred steed—our Boy puts life into the veriest jade that consumes wholesome forage. We have often thought that he must carry a talisman at his heel, for there is a wondrous propelling power in the one spur which distinguishes him when *au cheval*. No matter whether his nag have the stringhalt, and steps like a roost-cock, or has wind-galls the size of bladders, or has been fired till his legs resemble a scored griskin, the Butcher's Boy braves every competitor in the race, and in the crowded streets of London guides and slides his courser, when going fourteen miles an hour, through the maze of vehicles without soiling a hair or endangering an apple-woman. We would have given much to have known his secret, when, in the fulness of youthful vanity, we have sought in Rotten Row to "witch the world with noble horsemanship," but found our hired beast insensible to anything like gentlemanly flagellation or excitation. What would we not have paid for a butcher's spur endowed with the mystic power it possesses when worn by a Butcher's Boy!

Our blue-frock'd friend is a great whistler, and when not engaged in conversation, fills up every hiatus by recourse to his wind instrument. He possesses a wonderful facility in acquiring the tunes played by barrel organs and street bands, and of introducing variations in a style peculiarly his own. Thus:—



The Butcher's Boy is one of the many things we would have always young. We sigh when we contemplate him as the burly butcher, swollen by full feeding and "potations pottle deep," with a forehead as broad and sullen as one of Virgil's bulls. His eye, which was erst sparkling like a gem, now bleared and leaden, and his heartsome voice changed to an apoplectic, guttural, growling on one unvarying note—"Buy! buy! buy!" occasionally relieved by the sharp, unpleasing accompaniment of knife and steel; his sympathies so imbedded in his grossness, that it must be a home-thrust indeed that reaches them. We have often watched him eyeing with a look of gloomy savagery some timid woman, scanning over the refuse upon his stall-board, debating with her slender means the possibility of a purchase. How often have we seen that woman's home, with its scant furniture, and crowd of little ones, made dearer to the poor mother by the toil their wants engender. She is with them still, even at the butcher's stall, and, in the greediness of her love, selects the most tempting morsel. The price is beyond the compass of her means, but, with a bold heart, she chaffers for the prize. Her offer is gruffly refused, and her waking dream of a plenteous morrow fades at the denial. She makes another venture for a lesser morsel; and should the burly trader take the proffered price, he tosses the fragment to her, as though he scorned the poverty that could purchase it. We would not have this believed the state to which our Boy must inevitably arrive; for many a poor man's heart has had cause to bless the bounty of the butcher—many a lowly board has reeked with the benevolent sacrifice of the shambles.

Some few years ago, business frequently took us into the city at that early hour when Newgate Street is crowded by the carts of the knights of the cleaver. The visit is none of the most pleasing to one of a delicate appetite, or who chances to be peculiarly sensitive on the selection of expressions. Amid the noisy throng, our attention was attracted to an old man, whose livelihood appeared to be derived from the free-will offerings of the butchers in return for his

care of their horses and whips, whilst they were driving their bargains in that temple of flesh, Newgate Market. He generally stood on the Christ-church side of the street, at the extreme edge of the curb-stone; a small canvass bag slung across his shoulder, hung a little in front of him, and formed a receptacle for the whips of his patrons. On the opposite of the street were arranged his living charges. His eye was never at rest, and his tongue also appeared to be a stranger to quietude; for he kept up a continual muttering, apparently (judging from the action of his fingers) calculating the probable gains of the morning. There was still something of the flesher's swagger in his movements—something of the saucy leer of the eye, and knowing cock of the hat, peculiar to the blue frocks; but age had rusted him sadly, and we fancied that we could trace in his restlessness and general manner, traces of that humiliating malady—insanity.

One morning he appeared more unquiet than usual, and, as we passed him, we heard him mutter, "Three—only three—that's threepence," and, on glancing at his canvass bag, we observed that it contained but three whips. Poor old fellow! we guessed the cause of uneasiness.

At that moment, a fine, open-faced lad, a Butcher's Boy, came to redeem his share of the property confided to the old man; and, as he placed a penny in his hand, said, "Well, Jerry, how does the world use you?"

"Bad, bad," replied the old man; "only three—only three—threepence—threepence."

"That's bad indeed, old boy," rejoined the lad; "and it's a raw morning; here, take that; you must rob the Lord Mayor if I want it again;" and placing a coin in the old man's hand, he gathered up his reins and drove away as a Butcher's Boy only can drive.

The alms was a sixpence. The old man, twirling it between his finger and thumb, held it above his head, and broke forth into a "tara lalla la," that Joy himself could have only equalled.

It was but sixpence; yet what a world of pleasures could it purchase for him?—what a multitude they appeared? and the welcome addition to his scanty meal—the little stronger draught to cheer his age-worn frame—were not among the least of them.

"Butcher!"

We reiterate the cry, to add our fervent hope that the time is not far distant when that sound will be heard at the door of every poor man's hovel in this wealthy kingdom, when selfish, unthinking Dives will spare to Lazarus something more than the crumbs which fall from his groaning tables.

SONNET TO JOHN HENNING, ESQ.

(IN HIS 73RD YEAR),

RESTORER OF THE PARTHENON AND PHYGALEIAN FRIEZES.

He who in age can look with soul serene
Through the long vista of departed years;
Whose memory is not steep'd in secret tears,
Or stung with sad remorse—but who no screen
Requires his conscience and his God between—
May meditate the future undismay'd,
As, Henning! thou may'st now: thou hast not play'd
With Time as 'twere a toy, or life a scene
For gaudy pageants and a tinsel crown.
Behold, by thee restor'd, yon classic Frieze!
From Grecian marbles thou hast won renown;
Fragments, gnaw'd by the tooth of centuries,
Anew created, now no longer frown,
And Athens breathes again in forms like these.

J. A. W.

SONNET.

I WATCHED the sun roll up night's robe of mist,
Decking earth out with little gems of dew!
And musing as I roamed while day was new
Where ocean smiled by fair Aurora kiss'd,
The fitful ripple seemed to whisper, "Hist!
To thee the sky is only bright and blue,
But there are bands of angels floating through
The light of morn with choral songs, O list!"

I listen'd—and the wavelets on the shore
And in the caves made gentle melody;
Methought glad tidings to my feet they bore
Of sunny lands away beyond the sea.
But soon I knew, they sung to me, that o'er
Time's ocean lies a bright futurity!

C. H. W.

A Day at Hanwell Lunatic Asylum.

BY

LUKE RODEN, M.D.

THE investigation of insanity has been the predominant avocation of my life. I use the word in its strict sense, not as loosely employed in the present day to signify the regular profession of a man, but the occupation or amusement of his leisure. In whatever part of the world I have chanced to be placed, one of the first objects of interest and research has always been the public receptacles of the insane, and the mode of treatment all over Europe is familiar to me.

I am old enough to remember —(and the men of the present day are by no means fully aware of the enormous change that has taken place in this, as in almost every part of the social structure, since the commencement of the present century)—I am old enough to remember when the established mode of treating these unhappy beings, was, whips, chains, and darkness. The darkness was, I suppose, to calm men who could not sleep, and had no occupation—the chains to keep them in perpetual fear of their tyrants—and the whips, I presume, to drive out the devil. It being at that time pretty generally believed by their enlightened fellow-creatures, that by making the devil's habitation uncomfortable you would induce him to change his quarters. If, in the process of driving him out, you happened to kill the patient, there was at least this consolation, that he had then no power over the soul;—and how slight the punishment thus inflicted compared with the tortures of eternity!

This will probably be considered by the reader as exaggerated irony. With sickness of the heart at the recollection of what I have myself witnessed, I declare it to be absolute truth—*me teste*—in the year 1799. I recollect most vividly the horror with which I used to pass, in the dead silence of night, the old Bethlehem Hospital (so named in reverential respect to the founder of the religion of mercy). The sound of screams and imprecations, and the rattling of chains, echoed through the empty streets; and the casual passengers listened in superstitious awe to words prompted as they firmly believed by demons. Demons there were, who were the immediate causes of these horrors, but they were called "keepers" and "officers." They had the same, and no other, excuse for their brutal, soul-revolting tyranny, than such as satisfied the consciences of inquisitors in days of yore. *It was the established mode*, and they did not give themselves the trouble to make any change. No doubt what had been so long established was correct, it was the wisdom of our ancestors, and at any rate it was not their business to interfere;—"Let the Governors look to it."

And the Governors *did* look to it, and when the dawn of humanity and common sense began to spread over the world, they woke up in astonishment, and, amazed at their own temerity, made from time to time trivial and unimportant alterations; but their consciences (pricked at least by the points of a thousand *pens*) convinced them, as well as the nation, that the whole system was wrong and abominable, and that it was necessary to "reform it altogether."

Great efforts were made by Pinel and others to abolish restraint of every kind; but Pinel began theatrically and made *a scene* (*à la Française*). All the insane were liberated at the same moment by a *coup de théâtre*, and although the consequences were not quite so terrible as the consequences of a similar scene enacted at the emancipation of the negroes in Saint

Domingo, there was still enough to indispose the more sober-minded practitioners of Great Britain from instantly following the example.

Before I enter on the subject generally, allow me to narrate a few incidents in my first visit to the great asylum at Hanwell, where the modern system, if not strictly invented by the enlightened physician who presides over that establishment, was, at least, first tested and enforced there, and fixed for ever in the convictions of mankind.

I had a written permission to visit the asylum from one of the visiting magistrates in London, but had neglected to take it with me, and had some doubts of obtaining admission, being entirely unknown either to Dr. Conolly, or any of the officers of the institution. However, on stating the circumstances to that gentleman, he very kindly permitted me to make the tour of the hospital, and even, for a part of my course, took the trouble to accompany me, and answer my questions, and they were not a few.

On entering my name in a book at the porter's lodge, I had been allowed to proceed to the building itself, through a large ornamented garden in which I observed numbers of men in grey jackets and trousers, occupied in digging, raking, rolling the grass, and other horticultural employments. These were patients! Some of them addressed me as I passed along, soliciting attention to the care with which they were performing their tasks—all seemed cheerful and contented; and except that they were not all very active, could not be distinguished from a set of sane men similarly employed. Not the least sign of irregularity was to be observed in the work they were performing. Being desirous of dwelling, on the present occasion, only on the reform produced in the treatment of lunatics by Dr. Conolly, I will pass over all but that which took place in his presence, leaving other details for a future communication, should the present excite a sufficient interest to induce the wish for another.

The first thing which attracted my notice, was the admirable cleanliness and perfect quiet of the whole building. The former characteristic is, indeed, common in the present day in all public establishments of the kind, and the position of Hanwell is calculated to make its observance more easy than in London; but the perfect tranquillity of the whole asylum was to me almost miraculous, as contrasted with the other places I had visited.

I first walked into the private garden attached to Dr. Conolly's own residence, where I observed a man about forty (one of the patients) mowing in the lawn, with great care and more than ordinary skill. The man addressed himself to the doctor to enquire when Master Henry would return (Dr. Conolly's son). On being answered that he would be home in a few days he expressed great pleasure at the news, and said, "He will find his rabbits doubled in number and all in capital order, and his fowls, too." Dr. Conolly then drew my attention to a very neat and elegant little summer-house, of an octagon shape, made of hazel sticks worked into patterns, a table and seats of similar workmanship, and the floor very neatly paved with small pebbles, all the voluntary act of this man. I complimented him on his skill and industry, which seemed to gratify him; but he presently apologized very civilly for not staying to answer any more questions, and resumed his work.

"How is it," said I, when we returned to the house, "that you entrust this man with a scythe? Is there not great danger?"—"No; I believe not. I have observed that a madman, who sees suddenly a cutting instrument, from the possession of which he has been long carefully excluded, is sometimes seized with a sudden impulse to do mischief with it; but the habitual view of such a weapon takes away the desire."

"I hope," said I, "that your confidence may be justified—to me it appears dangerous. I notice that at St. Luke's and Bethlehem the patients are not allowed knives and forks. Is it so here?"—"No; we have no such restriction. The plan has answered hitherto; we have had no accident whatever. The poor man you have seen was considered a very dangerous lunatic, and while in confinement was furious. Now that he is at liberty to amuse himself in his ordinary occupation of a gardener, he is one of the most tranquil. His affection for my son is remarkable, and he is never so happy as when exercising himself for his amusement. He is now trimming up the garden with this express object."

I cannot pursue the detail in all the cases pointed out to me, but will only mention a few of those which most attracted my attention in going round this vast establishment.

A girl, about twenty years of age, ran up to Dr. Conolly to shake hands with him. "No," said he, "I am sorry that I cannot shake hands with you—for I find you have been behaving very ill to the nurse."—"I did; and I'll do it again," said the girl in the peevish tone of a child.

"I am very sorry to hear it; I had formed a very good opinion of you when you first came in. I thought you had a good heart, and that all your strange whims were the effects of your illness. I am sorry to find myself mistaken. I am told you threw your prayer book at the nurse."

"I did, and I'll do it again; but shake hands."—"No, Mary, no; I only shake hands with those who I think are doing their best. You, I think, knew better. You have been treated with the greatest kindness by the nurse, and this is bad amends for it. Good b'ye."

"Stop a moment, doctor,"—(and she put on the air of self-communing)—"I think you are right. I—I—I— I'll go and ask her pardon;" and she ran off like a lapwing—came back instantly and said, "She has forgiven me."—"Now," said Dr. Conolly, "now I shake hands with you with pleasure. I thought I could not be mistaken in your disposition." The girl went away in a glow of self-approval, volunteering a promise never to offend again.

I now noticed two well-made and rather genteel looking women, dressed in grey cloth veils lined with white linen—the garb nearly of the nuns of the order of Mercy. I asked if they were Catholics.

"No," said the doctor, "they are Protestants, as far as such hopeless lunatics can be said to be of any religion at all. They were among the most furious of the inmates of this place, and were formerly manacled and fastened to their beds. They entreated to be allowed to make themselves nuns; and, after a time, I persuaded the Governors to allow them to employ themselves in making dresses in their own fashion out of the common materials of the asylum. It was at last allowed—they dressed themselves as you see, and they are now perfectly orderly, quiet, and happy.

They pass their time in parading the ward and saying prayers. They can never recover; but they will give us no further trouble."

Now (thought I) had the lot of these miserable creatures been cast in a Catholic country, the first symptoms of insanity (that is, of ungovernable and unreasoning volition towards a monastic life) would have been watched by the priest. He would have (very judiciously) given them a vast quantity of ceremonial devotion to perform;—the monotonous repetition of prayers and formal observances would have produced the soothing effect of all monotony on the mind. They would have been subjected to no other personal restraint than that which they chose to inflict on themselves as penance;—would never have passed the stage of monomania, and would have led a harmless and happy life in a cloister—the fate of thousands similarly afflicted.

The next person was a man about five and thirty, who, with a tone of haughtiness, exclaimed, "Doctor, you are not a man of your word—you promised me some snuff yesterday—you have broken your word—you are not to be depended on."

"Did I, indeed, promise?" said the doctor, "then I sincerely beg your pardon. I would not willingly be guilty of neglect towards you or any one. I will most certainly send you some this afternoon; and really feel obliged to you for reminding me of my neglect."

The man, completely pacified, said, "Oh! I know it slipped your memory; I never fancied that you intended to cheat me; but you don't take snuff, and don't know what it is to want it—especially when one has been thinking of it, and expecting it after a promise."

The next was a man of similar appearance to the last, and called out imperiously, "Doctor, how is it that I am not out to-day? You promised me on your honour that I should leave the hospital on Wednesday. You know I am quite well; and you have broken your word with me."

"You are mistaken," replied the doctor, "I did not promise you for any specific day."

"But I say you did, Sir. What! do you suppose you can remember all you say to all the many hundred patients in the Asylum?"

"No, certainly; but I can remember the rules I have laid down for myself, and that I never break them. One of these is, never to promise a man or woman to go out on a certain day, because I never can foresee what state of health they will be in on that day; therefore the most that I ever venture to promise, is, that they shall go home to their friends as soon as ever they are restored. Now the length of time required for the cure depends very much on the patient. If he is quiet and submissive, and obeys all the rules *laid down, as he knows very well, for his good,* he very much shortens the time; and every one *must* know that nothing can give *me* so much pleasure as to send him out thoroughly re-established. Be quiet and patient, my friend, and exercise self-control, and you will soon be well again."

"Ah, Doctor," said the man, "I see there's no diddling *you*."

"Now here," said Dr. Conolly, "is a poor Spaniard," pointing to a very fine-looking young man with dark complexion, black eyes and hair, and an aspect of the deepest melancholy. "You understand his language; address a few words to him—there is no one in the hospital who knows a word of his native tongue, and he understands no other. I pity the poor fellow most sincerely for his insulation from his fellow-creatures."

"How long have you been in this country," said I to him in Spanish: but I was shocked at the effect of my question. The words which struck his ear, and to which he had been so long unaccustomed, had the effect of a shock of electricity. He started as if suddenly stung by an insect, and poured forth a torrent of words with a force, and energy, and rapidity, that made it impossible to catch the meaning. His eyes flashed fire, and his whole body seemed in a state of convulsion.

"Come away, come away, immediately," said Dr. Conolly, pulling me by the arm. "I am sorry to have made the experiment; we must leave him to the care of the assistant, who is a very kind and humane man, and will do all he can to soothe him."

Deeply did my heart sympathize with this poor unhappy wretch, away from all familiar faces, and with not one human being to commune with him in his vague and wild lamentations—"*Sua si mala norit,*"—but he does not. The tone of tenderness and humanity is however an universal language, and speaks to the heart when the *words* convey no meaning; and I learnt that the poor Spaniard was sincerely grateful for the benevolent attention he receives in this admirable establishment.

The bell now rang for prayers, and I accompanied the doctor to the chapel, where I saw, from my seat under the pulpit, a large congregation assemble from opposite doors, and occupy the range of benches in front; a slight division running down the middle separated the men from the women; a few of the attendants were mixed with the patients, scarcely distinguishable in dress from those in their charge, and not at all, in countenance, from many of them.

Prayers began; they were short and simple, and adapted to the place and circumstances. The audience joined in some of them and in the responses with apparent fervour; and certainly I have never seen a congregation so uniformly decorous and attentive. Numbers, no doubt, were ignorant of the nature of the ceremony, and only followed the words from a blind instinct of imitation; but many, and by far the greater number, were religiously attentive, and I am sure felt soothed and comforted by the proceedings. Not the slightest noise or interruption took place, although many were attracted by the sight of a stranger. The dull unmeaning stare of idiocy was fixed steadily on my countenance by many of the congregation, but no one broke the silence proper to the place.

A small finger-organ was opposite to me, and presently I heard to my surprise a hymn given out. The organ was well played, and the congregation joined in the song of thanksgiving and praise, with a much nearer approach to true harmony than is heard in nine out of ten churches.

The scene was inexpressibly affecting, and it was with great difficulty I could restrain my tears. To see so many of these helpless beings exempted from the terrors and sufferings which ignorance had so long inflicted—the ray of light in the vast wilderness of mind thus carefully cherished till it should illuminate the

boundless Desert of despair, and restore, if possible, the unhappy beings to the dignity of man, was so strong and so pathetic an appeal to the best feelings of one's nature, that a man must have been not a *stoic*, but a *stock*, to be insensible to the holy inspiration of the *genius loci*. I shall long remember with great interest my sensations in the chapel of Hanwell Lunatic Asylum.

As we were slowly withdrawing from the chapel, and I was expressing to Dr. Conolly my surprise and gratification, the chaplain advanced to speak to him, holding in his hand a small book covered with black glazed calico. "That will do very well," said the doctor; "it is a better plan than my own."—"May I ask what it is?" said I. "Only a trifle: it is the book of hymns for the use of the Asylum, of which numbers are placed in the chapel. On the cover is embossed, in large gold letters, *Hanwell Lunatic Asylum*. It is the first thing which strikes the eye. Now I do not wish my poor friends to be reminded of their unhappy position at the very moment, perhaps, they are recovering; so I wished to have the letters stamped out: but this gentleman's contrivance is better and more simple:—we will have them all covered in the same manner."

This little incident made a forcible impression on me, and struck me as indicating strongly that combination of benevolence and sagacity which had already attracted my attention, and which seemed to pervade every act and thought of Dr. Conolly.

As we passed along the corridor we observed a person painting the walls. This is done to the height of a man's shoulders, and is a great improvement on whitewash, which was always coming off on their clothes.

"Ha! H—," said Dr. Conolly; "I thought you had left us two days ago; I am surprised to see you here; I hope you have not been ill again."

"Oh no, sir; I am very well, thank God; but I thought I would stay to finish the job: I should not have liked to leave it unfinished."

"That was quite unnecessary, H—," said the doctor; "but perhaps you had another reason."

"Why that is really the case, sir. I was very anxious to go home till the time came, and then, sir, I was frightened"—(and his eyes filled with tears). "The thought of seeing my wife and children was more than I could bear, and I felt terror at going back to the scene of my sufferings;" and the poor man wept freely.

"Well, now, H—, that you are so perfectly recovered, and have so clear a view of your own case, tell me (if you don't dislike to converse on the subject)—tell me what was the direct cause of your illness?"

"It was the hand of God, sir," replied the man. "I had one child more beautiful than the others, and I loved him as my very heart's blood; I loved him better than all the rest—he was my idol. I thought more of him than of my Maker. In fact, he weaned my heart from God, and I neglected my duties; and God saw that I was infatuated and unjust, and he punished me by taking him away. The child died, and I lost my reason. I was justly punished."

"Well, my good friend," said Dr. Conolly, "if that be so, then you have endured your penance, and your recovery shows that you are forgiven. You must now bend your mind to your duties. Go home—go home without delay. Keep yourself fully employed, and enjoy the mercies that still are preserved to you. Your wife will comfort you, and the society of your children will interest you. Remember it is our duty to submit to whatever it pleases God to ordain; and that to submit without murmuring is the way to obtain favour."

"Thank you, sir," replied the painter, "I will go home to-morrow. I believe that the longer I should delay it, the more I should fear the meeting."

I had observed in the chapel a man of advanced age and rather corpulent person, whose breast was decorated with a star cut in coloured paper, and his neck ornamented with a piece of jack-chain, to which was attached a large pewter medal. His look of ineffable self-satisfaction had attracted my notice, and I saw that he was pleased at my continued gaze. It was one of those honest, open countenances which our national vanity calls by the complimentary epithet of "John-Bull physiognomy." When we came into the ward in which he was promenading, it was quite evident that he wished to be noticed, and Dr. Conolly kindly gratified his organ of self-esteem (as the phrenologists call it). "This man," said the doctor, "was a seaman on board Nelson's ship, and had a pension for bravery and good conduct"—(I think he also said the man had been wounded in the head, but of this I am not quite certain).

Now this man had been for many years reaping the reward of his patriotic devotion in chains, manacles, darkness, and straw. His inordinate personal vanity, which made all this additionally terrible, produced a constant state of furious irritation, which (in the vicious circle of reasoning that prevailed in those days,) necessitated a continuance of the coercion; and so it would have been for ever, till nature had sunk under the cruel infliction, and the British nation should thus have acquitted itself of its debt of gratitude to one of its bravest defenders! But it is known, in fact, to be the most generous nation of the earth! "I saw immediately," said Dr. Conolly, "that this was not a case for coercion, but for indulgence. I will introduce you, and you shall form your own opinion. Here, my good friend, is a gentleman who admires your ornaments."

The man had been playing with his medal to attract my notice, and his countenance assumed a delighted air.

"What is it?" said I, taking hold of the medal.

"Oh! sir, can't you see; it's the Order of the Garter; it was given to me for good conduct, but I made it myself. I was with Lord Nelson, sir."

"I am happy to see any man who had that honour," I replied; "you must let me shake hands with you."

The man was highly gratified, and Dr. Conolly asked him to show me his room. He immediately marched off to make preparations to receive us, when we should come round to his quarter of the building. On arriving at it, we found it decorated all over with stars, squares, circles, triangles, and flower-leaves, cut in coloured paper, which had been given to him by Dr. Conolly and his family.

"It was long," said the doctor, "before I could prevail on the Governors to allow the man to disfigure his room, as it was called; but you observe it is scrupulously clean. He is one of the very happiest beings in the Asylum."

The poor man asked my opinion of his taste and

skill, and I replied that I was much surprised at his ingenuity, and wondered at his patience.

"And now, sir," said he, "perhaps you will oblige me by looking over my treasures;" and he produced a box filled with glass beads, small pebbles, tops of decanters, fragments of chandeliers, and numerous things of that sort, which he spread out, one by one, for my inspection, with all the simplicity and enthusiasm of a child. I stayed as long with him as Dr. Conolly's time would allow, admiring every thing, of course, and promising him another examination when I should again visit Hanwell. As we shut the door upon the poor creature, I heard him attempting a stave of "Rule Britannia," rendered almost unintelligible by the hysterical chuckle of delight at our "condescension;" and if a human being can be made happy by so slight an effort of kindness, it is a stony heart that would refuse it.

In the early part of our rounds, I had visited, among other places, the tailors' shop in the lower part of the building, where a considerable number of boys and men were occupied, under the instruction of an experienced artist, in making clothes for the inmates of the establishment. They were all exceedingly orderly and attentive. The superintendant appeared a very shrewd and sensible man, and one of the best of his trade (men who are generally more intelligent and better informed than almost any other class of artizans). This man expressed himself in terms of praise of all his pupils, both as to skill and good conduct.

To my great surprise, this sane man, whose intelligence I had admired an hour ago, met us in the long gallery, where he was taking his exercise with rapid strides.—He was a lunatic!

Addressing Dr. Conolly, he said, "You are aware, Doctor, that I go out to-morrow."

"You told me so yesterday," answered Dr. Conolly.

"Yes—I only tell you so again out of kindness; you know it is death by the laws of war to stop a tailor who is going on official duty. I should regret that you should come to harm, for you are a kind, good man, and so you must not suffer from ignorance of the law. I have three regiments of foot, and two squadrons of cavalry to clothe, and seventeen funerals to attend to-morrow. Don't forget, Doctor. I should be sorry you should come to harm."

"No, no, I won't forget it," said Dr. Conolly, and the man bade us good evening very respectfully, and resumed his walk to get him an appetite for supper.

"It is a curious case," said Dr. Conolly to me, as soon as we were alone. "This man is perfectly composed, and attends to his duties during the day, with as much sagacity and self-control as those who enjoy their freedom in London; but every evening he comes up to me to give me the same warning about his funerals and his regiments of soldiers. He goes to sleep and forgets all about it, and resumes his work next day, quite unconscious of what he has been uttering the evening before. I always acquiesce; if I were to attempt to persuade him of his delusion he would be furious."

But it would take a volume to narrate all the interesting, and painfully interesting, anecdotes of even this one madhouse, still more were I to give those which have come before me in other asylums, and especially those in private life, or worse than all these, the cases of *equivocal insanity*, which produce the very climax of domestic misery and woe.—Oh! the horrors that I have witnessed!

If I break through my habitual resolve to shroud all these things in silence, it is not to gratify an unholy curiosity, but with a distinct, positive, and clearly understood object.—To enlighten my fellow-creatures as to the great change which has been accomplished in these matters, that they may aid in their several departments the efforts that are making by enlightened men to ameliorate the condition of these hitherto neglected beings. Above all, that when a great apostle of mercy like the physician I have been speaking of, is sent, (as I firmly believe such men are sent,) on a special mission, and endowed for that special purpose with a vastly increased share of sagacity and benevolence to fit them for their destination, that each and every one may, in his own sphere, exert himself to remove every obstacle to their success. A lunatic asylum (the word is well chosen) is a *sacred home*.

"I have often wondered," said I to an Italian gentleman who was by my side on the eminence called Bello Sguardo at Florence, "I have often wondered that no language of Europe possessed an equivalent for the English word Home."

"*Casa mia*," said he.

"No, that is by no means the sense of it."

"*Chez moi*."

"Still less," said I.

"*Dimora—stanza*—in Spanish?"

"No."

"In German?"

"No," I replied; "it is still *hause*, (house); no, none are equivalent. All these expressions allude to the habitation, and not to *the focus of feelings* which constitute the English word *Home*. Besides," added I, "when a man has several houses, as you have, one of them must be the favourite." At this moment he caught, with the telescope I had lent him, a view of a little cottage high up the Appenines, to which he resorted in hot weather, or when he wished to be free from interruption.

"Ha! *Ecco il mio asilo*," he cried.

"There's the word," said I, "that means the English *home*. *Asylum* is the word."

The "Asylum" is the "Home" of the lunatic; and as it is managed at Hanwell, it is indeed a happy *home*.

I hope, if these pages should reach the eye of the learned, wise, and benevolent Dr. Conolly, that he will pardon the liberty I take in quoting his expressions, and especially unintentional misrepresentation of his ideas, if any. I cannot ask his consent, were I justified in addressing him on the subject, for he could not give it under the circumstances, but I venture the risk in the hope of benefiting my fellow-creatures. Dr. Conolly and Dr. Southwood Smith are in my mind the two great messengers of mercy in modern times. If I presumed to name a third, it would be Father Mathew. The age is already wiser and better from the labours of each of them, but what they have already done is but a small earnest of that which they will yet accomplish.

"When I first came to Hanwell," said Dr. Conolly, "I found numerous patients fastened down to their beds every night; some during the day. I assembled all the agents of the establishment, and addressed them in this manner:—

"I have quite made up my mind to all the risks of removing every personal restraint. I wish to carry out my intentions without hurting your feelings of self-respect, if possible—but, *I will carry them out*. Now, were I instantly to order all the restraints to be removed, the patients would naturally consider *me* as their benefactor, and *you* as their tyrants. This would not conduce to their welfare nor to yours. I propose, therefore, that every man should use his own judgment, and release from time to time one of the persons under his charge—always as a reward for good behaviour, and in a moment of calm—and he who soonest is able to tell me that he has no longer a single patient under restraint, I shall consider as the man best fitted for his post, and treat him accordingly. If this be managed discreetly, it may be the means of each man obtaining great influence over the persons committed to his care." Was not this true wisdom?

"In a fortnight," said the doctor, "I was surprised to find that there was not a single person under restraint in the Asylum. I instantly removed all the manacles, all the staples which were fixed to the bedsteads, and to which these manacles were attached, and sent them to the blacksmith to be forged into more innocent implements. We have never had occasion to use them since, and I hope such things are for ever exploded. It was a great risk, and a frightful responsibility, but I persevered, and behold the results."

Dr. Conolly's great fear was, that one of those accidents which no human prudence could foresee and no human sagacity anticipate and provide against, should occur in the early stage of the great experiment, and thus throw an undeserved stigma on his plan—like, for example, the catastrophe of Versailles, which, had it taken place on the first railroad opened, soon after the introduction of steam carriages, would, perhaps, have extinguished that invention altogether—certainly would have retarded its adoption many years.

"I knew, and I know still," said he, "that in some sudden and ungovernable paroxysm of rage, my life may be taken by a madman. I am, however, so well established in the good-will of the patients at large, that except the attack were so sudden as to give no time for resistance, all the other patients of the ward would rush to my aid. It is a risk, like the risk of battle to a soldier, which must be incurred in the course of duty. I do not fear."

Time has triumphantly confirmed the accuracy of his judgment. His success is known all over the civilized world, and his reputation can no more be shaken than the reputation of Howard the philanthropist. His reward ought to be the care of the nation.

Is it not lamentable that the efforts of such a man should be neutralised, or in any degree thwarted, by the control of men utterly ignorant, not merely of medical science, but of the mere physical structure of the animal, *man*; and who, from the prejudices inseparably connected with an imperfect education directed to totally different purposes, are incapable of appreciating the merit and utility of the new mode of treatment? With a few splendid exceptions, there are among the class of persons usually selected for magistrates in the vicinity of London—a small proportion only with a sufficient degree of education to *know that they are ignorant* on the subject, and with sufficient good sense to know that, under such circumstances, they ought to abstain from exercising any control whatever in things utterly beyond their competence.

It is no disparagement to the intellect of any one to be told that, in matters depending on an exact science (like anatomy, for example), all the sagacity that was ever bestowed on man will not avail him to draw a correct inference, when the foundations of the premises are unknown. The profoundest physiologist and metaphysician is often at a loss, and sometimes in error. How much more the man who is neither the one nor the other?

A large body, like the Middlesex or Surrey magistrates, forms, perhaps, the very worst governing machine for an establishment of this nature, that the perverse ingenuity of man could invent. It has, too, the further very great disadvantage of being a mutable body. The visitors, if always the same, might in time be either informed, or convinced that they do not understand the subject; but when the regulations laid down by one set of controlling visitors are, in a week or two, to be subjected to the revision of another set, equally ignorant, and equally *ignorant that they are ignorant*, the case becomes hopeless.

I will beg leave to relate an anecdote, which, though in no way connected with lunatic asylums, will show how very possible it is for a man justly to possess the reputation of being well informed and intelligent, and yet be ignorant of things much more within his competence than the management or control of a hospital for the insane.

A man of great intelligence and sagacity, who has made a large fortune in one of the highest departments of trade, and who, in the due progress of civic honours, will no doubt become member of a committee for managing a lunatic asylum, described to me some years ago a visit to the studio of Rossi, the sculptor, whose genius never met with the encouragement it deserved, and who was at last induced to sell off all the remaining products of his chisel for a miserably inadequate price, and, I believe, retire to his native country. The gentleman I speak of looked with admiration at the figure of a Bacchante of the highest merit; and considered that, by fixing a lamp on the head, it would make a beautiful ornament for his hall.

> "But though on pleasure he was bent,
> He had a frugal mind."

After examining the statue in all lights and positions, he determined to become the purchaser. It happened that the sculptor himself was standing by, and at once answered his inquiry as to the price, and referred him either to the catalogue or to a ticket appended to the figure, I forget which. It was eighty guineas, (the block of marble itself must have cost more than fifty). He started with astonishment at the enormity, and turned away in disgust at so gross an attempt at imposition; but his better feelings gradually overcoming his anger, he returned to the sculptor, and laying his hand lightly on his shoulder, said to him, in a kind and patronizing tone of patriarchal benevolence:—

"My dear sir, allow me to give you a word of advice. I am a man who know the world well. Sorry to see a clever artist like you so utterly mistaken in the value of his own productions; but I see—I see how it is—you have injudicious friends and flatterers, who have led you into error, and perhaps that is one cause of

your want of success. Now I assure you, on my honour, that this very morning, as I was leaving home, a man came to the door of the carriage and offered me a statue, quite as good as yours—at least, if not quite as good, it was very nearly as good—perhaps not quite so delicately worked, for I observed that the fingers rather stuck together, and yours, I see, are worked clean and separate. Well, sir, would you believe it? he asked me only fifteen shillings, and I have no doubt I could have beaten him down to half-a-guinea. Now, sir, I would not disparage your work, for I know you are a clever man, sir; but allow me to say, as a friend, that the price you have fixed is absurd. I was willing to go as far as five guineas; and if you can't sell the thing, here is my address, and you can let me know."

The artist smiled and thanked him, and the gentleman returned to his carriage in that glow of kindliness which we all feel when we have bestowed—what costs us nothing—good advice, and believe that its value is duly estimated.

Now the gentleman here spoken of will make an excellent sheriff, alderman, lord mayor, county magistrate, governor of a fire-office, or president of a railway company; but I certainly would not elect him a member of the Committee of Fine Arts, to decide on the paintings and statues which are to decorate the New Palace of Westminster.

In like manner, before a man should be admitted to have any influence in the management or control of a lunatic asylum, I would require some proof (however slight) of his fitness for such important functions. I would not exact an intimate acquaintance with the subject of insanity, since that must be derived from books only, and not from experience, and therefore liable to be accompanied by prejudice; but I would merely require (as an indispensable preliminary, like reading and writing to the head master of a classical school) a thorough knowledge of the structure and functions of the brain, the anatomy and physiology of the human frame, and a general idea of the reciprocal influence of mind and body. Give me these, and I care not if the man be a cobbler—he shall be part of the governing body of the asylum.

As, however, it might not be easy to select men who had found leisure even for those elementary acquirements, in the absorbing pursuits of trade and commerce, and as in this country there is an almost universal conviction of the necessary connexion between authority and wealth—I have a scheme to propose which seems to me likely to avoid, or at least evade, the evils I have been lamenting. It is this:—

Let the duty of the visiting magistrates be solely confined to the regulation of the expenditure of the Asylum; to the increase or alteration of the buildings; to the inspection of the food supplied, that it be good in quality, and sufficient in quantity; to the due enforcement of cleanliness and order; to the proper supply of clothing; and to the vigilant inspection of the accounts.

These are functions quite in the competence of men such as generally form the body of county magistrates near London.

Let the entire moral management of the insane rest absolutely on the responsibility of the medical superintendent of the institution, and exempt him from the necessity of shaping his measures, not by his own convictions, but to the comprehension of the visiting justices, whose approbation is much more likely to be obtained by plausible folly, than by scientific wisdom.

Above all, let the physician have the absolute and entire control over every one of his agents, whether medical or menial. These are his tools—his intellectual instruments of government, and he ought to have the most arbitrary power of selection and dismissal and reward, without being compelled to assign a reason. They are *unfit instruments for his purpose*, and that is quite a sufficient answer to all objections. The temper, the religious prejudices, the undue self-estimation, the degree of physical strength, the hearty or lukewarm concurrence in the plans of the chief, a melancholy or cheerful disposition, even the very countenance which inspires or repels the confidence of the patients, the bodily health, the degree of education, the ability to bear confinement, and a thousand other things, ought to be within the competence of the chief medical officer, as motives for selection or rejection. If he have not all these things under his absolute and entire control, then you wantonly send your vessel to sea without compass, sextant and chronometer. The vessel may be lost with all these precautions and appliances; but to send it to sea without them, and *on a voyage of discovery*, is an act of wanton folly. These very men, if shipowners, do not presume to dictate to the surgeon what kind of drugs or instruments he shall take to sea. They select a man who knows the nature of the voyage, and leave the rest to him. Now, the subordinate agents in a lunatic asylum form the medicine chest and case of instruments.

To this disparaging estimate of the usual governors of lunatic asylums, near London, of course there are exceptions, and you, reader, you who are at this moment perusing my remarks, you are, perhaps, one of them. I will suppose you then to be a member of a committee for managing an asylum for the insane, Now I ask *you* candidly, whether there is any one member of the committee, *except yourself*, who is uniformly right in his judgments, and especially is there one single person except yourself who is entirely *exempt from prejudice?* If you answer from the bottom of your heart, unembarrassed by those foolish and mischievous adjuncts to the character of a man of business and a man of the world—those defects or weaknesses, called diffidence and modesty—you *must* answer in the negative.

If then, you, who are so clear-sighted and right-minded, are often foiled in your attempts to bring about the changes which your correct judgment tells you are necessary, you at least will acknowledge that other committees, which have not the benefit of your advice and guidance, must be incessantly falling into error; and consequently that men so selected, without reference to mental cultivation, and merely in consequence of their success in the most selfish of all human pursuits (the acquisition of money)—that such men form necessarily very bad instruments for managing this division of society. The great majority of county magistrates in the vicinity of London (always of course excepting yourself) are men whose whole soul has been devoted from boyhood to the pursuit of gain. If from time to time, in their short intervals of leisure, they have been interested in the reasonings and results elicited by scholars who have devoted themselves to the investigation of mental phenomena, they have soon felt compelled to relinquish

the study, from the aching confusion it produced in their brain. Like the man who has never learnt fencing, and who is suddenly induced to take up a foil, they are seized with a *mental cramp* which stops their progress, and compels them to discontinue the exercise. It is only minds which "*savent tout sans avoir rien appris*,"—that is, know by intuition what it takes other men years of hard labour and mental discipline to acquire,—and such minds are rare.

I advance to a subject of the deepest interest; but on which it is exceedingly difficult to write with the temper that befits it. None so well as those connected with a Lunatic Asylum can estimate the effects of religious fanaticism, but every medical man is aware that it is the monster evil of the present day, and produces not only innumerable suicides, but domestic misery most intense and most extensive.—Yet it is an evil against which few men have the courage to fight. If they attempt it, they are in the category of the Galileos of modern society, and must bear the immediate consequences, though like Galileo they will ultimately triumph.

The advances we have yet made are but a step in the right direction; and the philosopher, the philanthropist, and the physician are arrested at every moment by the fanaticism of the public. It is true, the insane are no longer flogged to drive out the devil; but the rational part of mankind will be shocked to hear that the poor creatures, the victims of either malformation of brain or of accidental injury from mental or physical causes, are now considered by a large class of influential persons as "God-abandoned" —"persons from whom the Holy Ghost has departed," and so forth. Unfortunately, too, the persons who entertain these opinions are among the most active, and mischievously active, members of society—and their bigotry makes them exceedingly dangerous. I do not think that in the darkest days of Romish superstition, five hundred years ago, there was a more fanatical and unreasoning spirit abroad than in the present day. Many of the visiting magistrates carry out their principles to extremes, and it is with the greatest difficulty that any plan for the cheerful employment of the insane can obtain their sanction. They look upon it as wicked to interfere—to try to mitigate the effects of God's displeasure, and to oppose his benevolent determination to render a large portion of the human race eternally miserable.

In opposing one error, we are but too apt to go to its antagonist; and it is difficult for the most rationally pious man to set himself against these atrocious doctrines, without, in some degree, even exceeding his own deliberate convictions. It requires, therefore, great discretion and reserve in stating one's opinions; and let no man who opposes the most monstrous fanaticism, by arguments founded on common sense and the laws of nature, expect to escape without being charged with *Atheism*. Like the "*Sans Dot*" of Harpagon, that word is an answer to every thing.

You do not believe that a poor wretch who has struggled with poverty, toil, and scanty unwholesome food till his brain gives way, and he becomes incapable of controlling his own mental or physical volitions—you do not believe that this man is God-abandoned, and has had the Holy Ghost withdrawn from him in punishment of his sins, and as a manifestation to others of the anger of his Maker? You do not believe this? *You are an Atheist!*

You see a woman wasted with suckling her child too long, partly to avoid the expense of food for the infant, partly to indulge her maternal affection, and partly to escape a repetition of pregnancy. She struggles on till the brain fails in its functions under the miserable impoverishment of her blood—for she is not able, like the lady, to have abundance of porter, wine, and nutritious food—she becomes insane. You do not see the finger of God in this? *You are an Atheist!*

Look at that poor wretch, who, in his horror of never escaping from poverty, looks forward to see his children—the children whom he loves as his heart's blood—the children whom he would willingly die to save—for whose sake he would even risk the anger of the Deity, could the sacrifice of his unhappy life exempt them from the awful evils he contemplates. He anticipates, perhaps, the almost inevitable results of penury, when his daughters shall become prostitutes, and his sons rogues and vagabonds. His brain, already exhausted by the want of nutritious food, gives way at the prospect of the future misery of his offspring, and with

> "The wild delirious laughter of despair,"

he tries, perhaps, to destroy them. He is mad!—mad! You do not believe that he is the object of Divine wrath? That the Holy Ghost had fled from its polluted mansion, and left him to utter reprobation and endless torments? *You are an Atheist!*

Look again at that timid and helpless girl, brought up in an atmosphere of purity made expressly for her by kind and indulgent parents, who would not let even the winds of Heaven visit her face too roughly; from whom every vicious or immoral object has been carefully excluded—every path that leads to vice hermetically sealed. She is affectionate and gentle; loves, with all the devotion of a yet unappropriated heart, her parents and her family; she is beloved in turn with tenderness controlled by discretion. Her body advances in its growth; her brain increases in size more rapidly than its bony covering can make room for it; exercise, cheerful books, and amusements, would keep her expanding mind in a state of tranquillity, till the skull should adapt itself to the enlarged growth of the brain; excitement bewilders her; she has new and strange sensations, partly the result of advancing age, partly the effect of the compression of the brain; she feels the fervour of piety; hears the horrible denunciations of God's anger from the pulpit of a chapel, where the uneducated fanatic has only one mode of inspiring influence—terror; she becomes alarmed; broods over her own new and vague thoughts; accuses herself of crimes monstrous and impossible—crimes of whose very nature she is ignorant (as I have known on many, many occasions); studies her Bible; rejects all interpretation; forms crude opinions from her own undeveloped reason; dreams of the horrors of Hell and eternal torment; looks on herself as abandoned by God, because she has not those ecstatic visions which the preacher tells her are bestowed on the elect; sinks into hopeless despair; and, like the child who rushes into danger to avoid the contemplation of it, attempts self-destruction. She is mad! hopelessly, permanently mad! You do not believe that she is one of those marked down in the book of God for everlasting perdition; that before all time, her fate was written for eternal

torment; that her name never was inserted in the book of life; and that no efforts of hers, no guidance of others, could advance her one step on the road to salvation, or include her in the number of the elect. You do not believe that she was marked out for perdition before the world was created—that she was intended for damnation and everlasting tortures? You do not believe this? *You are an Atheist!*

Once more,—and my pictures are not mere creatures of the imagination, but copies, faint copies, of real objects which have come before me again and again—which I have contemplated with a mixed feeling of hope and despair; hope, from the efforts of enlightened men to avert the fate or soften the doom of these unhappy beings—and despair at the apathy of some, the fanatical opposition of others, and the pre-occupation of all, with the overpowering multitude of schemes forced on their attention in these *days of transition*, where the events of ages are crowded into the compass of a few years, and where a man has scarcely other choice than between accompanying the crowd he knows not whither, or to stand still and be trampled down by the advancing multitude.—Let us take one more case. It is that of a youth, of gentle and almost feminine manners and appearance;—a father—an affectionate, exulting father, proud of his son's talents, of his devotion to learning, and of the honours he is acquiring at college, looks forward with ambitious anticipation to the dignities and influence which in this country are so often the reward of genius and industry. He spurs the willing horse to leaps that are beyond his power. The young man struggles on, straining his faculties, depriving himself of a due portion of rest, irregular in his meals, and careless of the slight indispositions which are the precursors and the warnings of more serious maladies. He hurries on, striving to fulfil the hopes and justify the prophecies of admiring friends and parents, till Nature fails under the efforts he is making, and a fever of great severity shows the danger of neglecting the body while cultivating the mind. While thus suspended over the grave, he takes a *serious turn*, as it is called—sets himself with ardour to the study of theology the moment his health will permit his resumption of his regular duties. With a mind preternaturally innocent—unfitted and exempted by studious habits from the usual athletic pursuits, temptations, and indulgences of his age and sex—he looks with suspicion on the advice given by his experienced physician, whose levity displeases him. With a brain enfeebled by disease and over-exertion, enters with avidity on studies that have bewildered the strongest minds—gradually becomes gloomy and morose—ceases to love any one—looks on his most venial indiscretions as crimes of the deepest dye—considers himself a reprobate from Heaven, abandoned of divine grace, and left to perdition—looks on every human emotion, natural to his age, as a suggestion of the devil—sinks into blacker and blacker despair, and ends a confirmed lunatic. What! you do not believe that this is a victim of God's wrath, and justly condemned to eternal sufferings? Out upon ye, wretch!—*you are an Atheist!*

Let no man think that the amendment of the mode of treating pauper lunatics may not affect himself. Were his fortune and position as secure as those of the oldest landed proprietor in Great Britain, such are the mighty changes yet in store in our political institutions, that no one can say it may never be his lot to need the aid of a public asylum. But were this as physically impossible as it is morally improbable, the experience acquired in such establishments, like the skill of the surgeon, is brought to the profit of the rich and the noble; and at a time when the rapid spread of insanity among the higher classes alarms the thinking man for the social, domestic, and political evils which may result from it, it behoves us to take every means of increasing the skill of those who are to mitigate or remove its effects.

This will never be effectually done till every Lunatic Asylum be placed in the hands of the government, and (on the faith of the character which influenced his election) the Physician-in-chief is allowed to carry out his ideas, uncontrolled by any thing but ultimate responsibility.

On this subject I have much to say, but must reserve for another occasion a topic as interesting as it is important, quite certain that it will inspire a still deeper feeling in the reader than this long description of a *Day at Hanwell.*

A PORTRAIT.

My love is beauteous as the lily-queen
Roused by the golden sunbeam's amorous touch
To wake, and give her perfume to the morn;
Her voice hath music, as the south-wind's sigh,
Or twilight lute, touched by the lover's hand:
Her lip a treasury for honied sweets,
And trembling love-kiss; whilst her fairy step
Sounds lightsome as the fawn's; how rich the tress
That slumbers on her bosom's snowy couch,
Unconscious of the heaven that lurks within!
But oh! the task, to picture her fond heart,
That scene of dreams, in sorrow, and in joy,
Of storm and sunshine, faithful, tender, true,
As woman's should be, and a welcome home
For vows unnumber'd, and memorials dear!

JULIAN.

The Cousins or Woman's Revenge

BY WALTER CLEGG.

I HAVE for years been the sole possessor of a sad story. If any others ever knew it, their lips, which might betray me, have been long since hushed for ever. There is no story—no true story,—however sad, or however criminal its details may be, which does not convey a moral. I will tell my tale in as few words as possible. I will soften no fault,—colour no sin,—ridicule no excellence: and my readers will not fail to discover for themselves where the moral lies.

CHAPTER I.

TWO gentle cousins had lived together from earliest infancy. They were a boy and girl, and there was in their ages but a few weeks difference. Every body made much of them, for they were the only sources of smiles in a house, which age and circumstances had rendered cheerless in the extreme. Alice and Herbert were taught to love each other, but there was no need of any artificial teaching.

Arthur Stewart, the father of Alice, was a country gentleman of decayed fortunes, and he resided in a small village, pleasantly situated in the west of England. He had known much trouble, and lost large sums of money when most he needed them. Perhaps this had rendered his temper somewhat harsh, and blunted his sensibility for others.

Squire Stewart, for so he was called in the village, once had an only and tenderly beloved sister, named also Alice. I will recount her brief but tragical history. She was discovered to be privately married to a man of station even superior to her own, but one of whom her family disapproved. And well they might, for he was a libertine and a gamester. She did not know this until it was too late to save herself. His professions had won her heart,—she loved him truly,—and they who say that a woman can withdraw an affection once bestowed, when she discovers faults in her lover, speak an idle language. She may sink beneath the cruel blow, but she will die still loving him.

Alice imprudently married. She was tempted when least prepared to resist,—and in a moment of enthusiastic passion, she became a wife. It was necessary to keep the matter a secret, for her husband's affairs were too embarrassed to enable him to receive her. And a secret it remained until Alice was near becoming a mother. Then her proud, enraged, yet almost heart-broken father closed his door against her.

Alice still tried to smile—still continued to hope for happiness and a reconciliation some day; for her husband loved her, and had promised amendment. But the news came that he was killed in a duel, and Alice never spoke again. It was the fruit of that visit to the gaming-house which he had sworn should be his last. And so it was.

A few hours after his wife knew the completion of her misery, she gave birth to a child—a weeping boy. She never heard that sweetest music which can break upon a mother's ears—the first cry of her new-born babe,—for ere it had well received its separate existence, she was "an angel in Heaven."

In her last moments her father was summoned to her presence. He refused to obey. Perhaps he did not know she was so ill: it is charity to think so. Arthur Stewart went, knelt at her bed-side, and implored her forgiveness. She could not speak, but she pressed his hand, and he knew what she would say. He vowed a solemn oath, that with his last breath, and his very heart's blood, he would protect her child. The sufferer's head drooped even whilst he was speaking, but a sweet smile played around her lips. It might be that she heard him,—or it might be, that the immortal

spirit, entering a better and a kinder world, and ravished with its happy and premature freedom, had imprinted that smile,—a last act ere it forsook its fragile tenement!

The brother carried his sister's babe to the home where she had lived all her life, a happy girl. He committed it to the care of his own young wife, who received it with tears, and loved it for its mother's sake. They had been girls at school together; and she had but recently come, a bride to the house, when poor Alice left its shelter. She joined in the persecution against her then, but she determined to cancel her fault by regarding the child as if it were her own. And she did so, though a very few weeks more, and she was a mother herself.

The father of the dead Alice became involved. The harvest failed, and the money which would have saved him, was not to be wrung from his starving tenantry. He died a debtor in prison, for there were other hard men in the world beside himself. And many said, and more thought, that it was a judgment upon him, for refusing to comfort his dying child. It might be: I cannot tell.

The wife of Arthur Stewart had some little property, which was her own. With this they now retired to a large but old fashioned house, which indeed was partly ruinous, and once belonged to the lord of the manor. As I have before stated, it was situated in a pleasant village in the west of England. Here the husband and his wife determined, by frugality, to pass the remainder of their days in ease and contentment; for Arthur was too proud to enter into any business.

And hither the two babes were conveyed. The boy was christened Herbert, his father's name; and the girl Alice, after her dead aunt. They were nurtured and nourished together. They slept in the same cot, and fed from the same bosom. Had the mother of Alice been asked which she loved the better, she could scarcely have told. And had the angel mother have looked down from heaven, she would have rejoiced, even in these regions of unfailing bliss, to see her babe so tenderly regarded, and she would have prayed for blessings upon its kind nurse.

When the children were about five years old, Arthur's wife died. She was a fair creature, and had the true soul of a woman. She knew that she was sick unto death, long before the fatal time approached; for her illness was a lingering consumption.

I have known some, thus slowly dying, to be unusually fretful and peevish,—fond of making demands which their sorrowing friends can scarce possibly meet. I believe this state of mind to be, in many cases, a mere symptom and consequence of the disease, and, therefore, not to be censured. God knows, they have enough to disturb the intellect! Must it not be a fearful thing to see the leaves green and bright, stirring perhaps before their very window,—to hear the birds warbling "love on every spray,"—to feel the warm sunshine, and to know that it is bringing health and happiness to thousands of fellow beings, whilst to them its daily beaming only tells of one day nearer their doom? Perchance the first impressions of a first passion have just been yielded to,—the first vows of love just given, and just treasured! There is the quick gushing of feeling as of waters from a fount, which has been hitherto concealed, so that none knew of its existence,—a mysterious and delicious life, throbbing in every pulse, and delighting every sense! Oh! must it not be a fearful thing to know that a death is nigh, which cannot be averted,—that it is drawing nearer and nearer every day, whilst the love of life is strengthening,—that the leaves will be just as green, and the sunshine as warm, and the whole world as beautiful, when the fireside place is exchanged for a cold grave? Must it not be even more terrible to reflect that friends who may weep for them, and bitterly deplore their loss, after a time will dry their tears; and that perhaps even the loved one himself will woo another mate, and seek other pleasures?

When we are inclined to blame a dying fellow-creature for every little thought and word which may appear unkind and unnecessary; let us think on all this.

Arthur's wife was fully prepared for the evil day, because many of her family had sickened in the same manner. She was the only one of three sweet sisters who lived to be wedded. One of them had died on the very day which was to have seen her at the altar. So the poor lady thanked God that he had spared her so long.

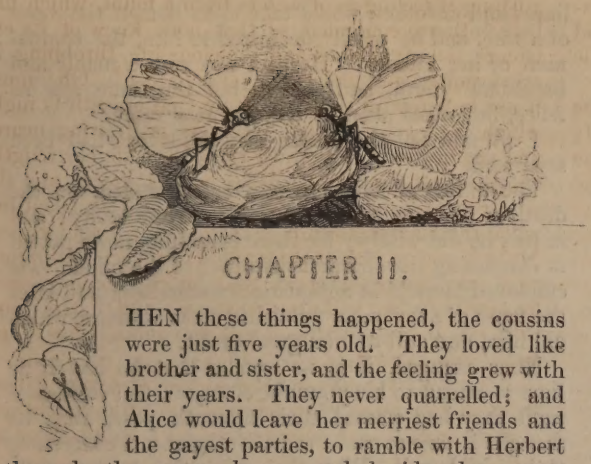
With every hour of life her love for the children appeared to be increased. She would kiss them, and weep over them, and pray Heaven to bless them, and smile so sweetly when she heard them promise always to love each other.

It seemed as though Herbert claimed the fondest degree of her regard; and a stranger might have said that her own child was neglected. She would clasp him to her fading bosom, and part back the dark glossy curls which clustered round his white forehead; whilst he, who had never known another parent, smiled in her face, and wondered what made her cheeks so flushed, and her eye so very bright.

And when the children heard her tell, that she was going away from them,—that she would never come back again, and never see them any more, unless they were good all their lives long,—how they would kneel at her bed-side, and sob as if their little hearts were breaking! They wondered why their mother must leave them, when she loved them so much. And when the poor lady told them that she was only going to a long sleep, then they wondered more why she should be taken away from them at all, and why they might not watch her as she slept, and make no noise, and be so quiet that none should find fault with them.

So the lady died. Nobody could tell the moment when her spirit escaped. She dropped into a quiet sleep; and they sat beside her, hoping that she would awake refreshed, and live at least through the night; but she never woke again. Her arm when she died was clasping the pale-faced boy, who scarcely breathed, lest he should disturb her; and they took it away when it had become rigid and was chilling round his body.

'Twas strange that he should have received her last thoughts, and that her last kiss should have been on his lips. Perhaps it was a waywardness peculiar to her disease; perhaps it was because she would so soon meet his mother.



CHAPTER II.

HEN these things happened, the cousins were just five years old. They loved like brother and sister, and the feeling grew with their years. They never quarrelled; and Alice would leave her merriest friends and the gayest parties, to ramble with Herbert through the green lanes, and beside the sweet-smelling hedges. She had no secrets from her cousin. And the little boy had neither want nor wish, joy nor grief, in which Alice did not participate.

Arthur Stewart smiled to see this attachment between the children. It seemed never to occur to him, that every year which passed away hastened the time when they would be children no longer. If he had thought of this, surely he had been wiser. He would have perceived that the infant passion, matured by years, must either be a blessing or a curse to them. But he thought little of such matters. If a troublesome idea did cross his mind, he smiled at what he considered his over solicitude; and set it down that there was "plenty of time for training them yet."

Since his wife's death, he had given himself much up to study, and allowed the children to be constantly with the servants; and there they heard that they were "made for each other;" and Herbert was told that he must always take care of Alice, and never let her leave him. Then the handsome boy would frown to be so schooled, and reply, that he had "promised this over and over again to his lady mother, when she was so ill."

After a time a governess was engaged. She was an accomplished, well-meaning female; and indeed her charges soon did her great credit, for they became forward in their learning, considering their years. But she had them in no manner of restraint; she loved them, she said, too well to interfere. And the father of Alice trusted entirely to the governess, and was quite satisfied to know that they were well.

So, between the two, the cousins were much neglected. They were always free, and always together. Often they wandered over the fields and wood-walks the live-long day, "in quest of adventures," as Herbert said, and no alarm was felt at home, for all the villagers knew them. When wearied, they might have been seen to lie down beside the stream which divided the meadows, and spend long time in fruitless wonderings as to where it came from. Then they vied in counting the pebbles which reposed at the bottom, or set harebells afloat, and watched them carried farther and farther away until overwhelmed by the tiny waves; and when the evening came, merry even in their weariness, they arrived safely at home, loaded with wild fruits and flowers.

At ten years of age, Alice was the favourite of the village. I will not now say much concerning her beauty; she was a simple, laughing girl, gentle, and tender of conscience even to an extreme. Her cheeks were rosy—the picture of health; her hair, seldom confined by a bonnet, flowed over her shoulders in long, flaxen ringlets; and her eyes, beaming with spirit and intelligence, were of the deepest blue. But, more than all, this Alice had the kindest heart in the world; and the cottagers may still tell how she begged relief for them from the hard Squire, when the winters were long and no work was to be had.

So everybody loved her—the old folk and the rustic children too. For the little girl had no idea that she was better born or better favoured than her merry playmates. At the games on the Green she was the gladdest of them all. And how proud was Herbert when the bright May-day mornings broke, and Alice was always the queen; and how well did she become the wreaths of mimic royalty! Strangers who passed through the village on that day stopped and blessed her; and many prayed, as they looked upon her smooth and fair brow, that the hand of sorrow might never press it more heavily than did her coronal of new-plucked roses.

In the summer-time it was the delight of the children to seek the shelter of a thick, leafy bower, once a secret retreat and celebrated peculiarity of the manor-house gardens; for it was so contrived that a stranger standing outside would never suspect a recess within, and, indeed, would never recognize it from neighbouring bushes. This had always been a favourite haunt. In the green shades around them the birds of song warbled their gayest notes, and the flowers springing from the mossy turf beneath their feet, lavished their sweetest odours. Here they sat for hours, and conned their tasks; and when the pleasant labour was completed, they might have been seen to lay their cheeks together, and, with ringlets intertwined, watch the glimpses of blue sky which glittered fitfully above them when the breezes stirred their leafy canopy.

Thus swiftly flew by the days of childhood. Herbert often told her tales of what he would do when he became a man and she was his wife; and Alice heaved her little bosom and wondered at the story. And she thought to herself and vowed in her own heart, that, whatever a wife might mean, she would always love her cousin, and be to him as she had ever been. Then she sighed, and said she did not like to hear Herbert talk to her in that way, "for were they not happy enough?"

And indeed they were. Had they been sinless babes in the garden of Eden, they could not have been happier.

CHAPTER III.

T would have done your heart good to have seen Alice Stewart when eighteen summers had passed over her head; for I verily believe she was the most beautiful of all God's creatures. None would have recog-

nized the merely pretty child, in the woman of exquisite loveliness. I lately saw a portrait of her taken at that age, but it utterly failed to delineate either the sweetness of her features or the degree of mental sensibility stamped upon them.

Her figure was, perhaps, rather tall, but slight, and of the most delicate mould. All the boisterous gaiety of the child was gone; and though Alice was still happy—happier than ever—her face wore a mild and half pensive expression. But this made her ten times more charming! Who could be in her presence long, without feeling how beautiful she was? Many sighed for her, and strove for a long time to pluck from their bosom the lovely image which had disturbed their peace. Poor Alice! she heard hints of these things, and a shade passed over her spirits. She thought how silly it was for any, but one, to fall in love with her.

I have not attempted to describe her to the reader, for I am wise enough to avoid such an exposure of my weakness. I will merely say that the flaxen ringlets of childhood had given place to tresses of the richest brown, and these finely contrasted with a forehead lofty and white as marble. Then that blue eye!—what a depth of concealed thought and feeling did it not speak! How hard was it to meet its full gaze! Those best versed in the study of female faces would have said that a spirit capable of the most extreme intensity of passion lurked below. But none said this of Alice. She had always been mild and gentle—of even and unruffled temper. Nobody ever remembered a frown upon her face.

It was feared, for a long time, that her mother's disease had already crept into her bosom; for her cheek, usually pale and fair, became flushed upon the slightest excitement. At these times her father trembled, for just so her mother had looked, and cheated him into a belief that the glow of health was returning, whilst all the time a fatal hectic consumed her.

But, though thus changed in form, and a child no longer, she was Alice still. Still that mysterious chord vibrated in her heart, which had been touched even in babyhood; and the love of a sister had only been exchanged for a deeper and a more absorbing passion. Herbert was all the world to her. She looked on him as already her own. She smiled, and felt even grateful for the praises which all lavishly bestowed upon her charms, because he would love her more for her beauty. And she experienced a secret ecstasy in anticipating the time when she might surrender to him every thought and desire of her heart, and have a will of her own no longer. This blissful period the lovers now fondly hoped was drawing nigh; and the letters of Alice addressed to Herbert, who had been for some time in London, breathed the fulness of her confiding heart. She did not affect to conceal even her inmost feelings, but impatiently lamented the tardy passing away of the few more months which both had fixed upon as the extreme interval which must elapse ere they might meet again.

And Herbert, for whom the (so-called) fascinations of London had no charm, pined to be permitted to return to the gentle girl, from whom he had never, until lately, been separated for a single day. But then he consoled himself, by thinking of the rapturous happiness which awaited him, when the time of probation was completed,—when Alice, in all her youthful loveliness and devotion, would take upon herself the vows of a wife, and be wholly dedicated to him, the companion of her infancy. Herbert was now a manly and handsome youth, and though but the same age as Alice, he looked older by three or four years.

I will now tell the reader why the lovers had been separated.

The father of Alice, as was before stated, on the death of his wife, betook himself to severe study; and in this he did wisely; for there is nothing more potent in dismissing the sharpest distresses of the mind. He employed himself in antiquarian researches; and after the lapse of a few years published some volumes, which did him, and still do him great credit.

Thus engaged, it is no wonder that he had little time to attend to his youthful charges; and it was not until they had passed their fifteenth year, that he thought it time to make some arrangements concerning "the children." With their education he was fully satisfied; but he remarked that both were poor,—at least poor, considering what the former heads of the family had been. And Arthur Stewart thought very justly, that a fortunate marriage might secure the elevation of each.

He also considered himself pretty deeply skilled in the philosophy of human nature. At first he thought it possible that there might be some "little attachment" between the young couple. But on further reflection, Arthur saw the folly of his supposition. "For," said he to himself, "the very circumstance of their being so intimate in childhood,—like brother and sister,—will now, on their approaching years of discretion, be the very occasion of preventing any feeling of a more tender nature from warming their bosoms." And he congratulated himself upon his sagacity, when he observed all childish familiarities were abandoned; and when, upon closely watching them,— that is, watching them at the stated times of family meeting,—he could detect nothing in their behaviour, but the strictest propriety. Once, indeed, Herbert kissed her in his presence, as he was formerly accustomed to do hundreds of times a-day; but on that occasion, Alice had blushed deeply, and certainly given the youth no encouragement to repeat the liberty. So, like all superficial philosophers, who never judge correctly, because they never search deeply enough, Arthur Stewart was perfectly satisfied that there was no danger of any impolitic affection springing up between the cousins. He therefore returned to his antiquarian researches, and they were left to themselves.

But neither in thought, nor word, nor deed, were they less attached than they had ever been. A new feeling, it is true, had driven away a host of childish imaginings, but it was a feeling which bound them to each other by a three-fold cord. Alice understood the secret which had so often puzzled her in times gone by, and Herbert discovered the full and delightful meaning of his oft repeated stories. They still constantly rambled together; they read the same books, ay, and thought the same thoughts; for I verily believe, if ever two dissevered bodies possessed a single mind, the unison was in those cousin lovers. Of course their conversation most frequently turned upon that sweet relationship which they should shortly bear to each other. Alice would rest the cheek of her lover upon her glowing bosom, and gazing fondly into the face raised towards hers, smile at the bright visions of happiness which he so loved to tell, and she to hear; and anon

she kissed his clear forehead, and called herself the happiest girl in existence! And who will blame them?

One evening, Arthur Stewart overheard their conversation. They were seated at an open window—confined to the house by the thick dews which were spread upon the grass. Herbert had been lamenting his ignorance of any useful profession; and Alice, in a strain of sweet sophistry, was showing him, that he ought not to desire that, which could never be useful to him.

"We have," said she, "always lived here, in this old house, and wanted for nothing. We cannot, I am sure, find a sweeter spot; and there is no reason why we should leave it. We will stay here all our lives, dear Herbert, and make it, as Tom Moore says,—'a bright little isle of our own!' My father, I know, will be delighted to see us happy, and we will speak to him about it all in good time. How very kind he is to us! I went into the study just now with a letter, and he asked me what had put my hair so much out of curl. And I was obliged to tell him, it was all the dampness of the weather,—which you know was a fib, Herbert—but not a very great one, I hope." Then Herbert drew the smiling face of the girl to his breast, and kissed her. And her father saw with amazement that there was no blush upon her cheek,—that she even returned the familiarity! And as he passed from the room unobserved, he muttered his sorrow that one so young could be so deceitful. Poor Alice! she never even imagined deceit in her heart.

The next day, Arthur Stewart summoned his daughter and nephew to his study. It was an unusual circumstance, and they went together, hoping that their only friend had some pleasant scheme to communicate respecting that event, which, in their opinion, it was high time to consider.

The truth was, he had resolved to send Herbert on a visit to London, under pretence of his seeing a little life. And, indeed, this was highly necessary, for he was quite a child in the usages of the world.

In the meantime, Alice was also to be introduced to the gaieties of fashionable society,—to spend a season in Bath. A lady in the neighbourhood, whose age had better not be hinted at, had frequently proposed taking her thither, and had assured her father, that the mere circumstance of Miss Stewart being under her protection, was certain to obtain for her the attention and friendship of the very first families in the city. And, indeed, she was right,—taking her words in a sense different to that intended. She knew well that her own connection with a lovely creature, who would be the fairest star amongst the many who shine in the Bath assemblies, would certainly secure to herself attentions and smiles, from those who were never attentive or lavish of their smiles before. And she had ample opportunities of verifying her supposition.

These, therefore, were the arrangements, which, after a sleepless night, Arthur Stewart had resolved upon. He made no doubt, that, as all things under the sun are fading and fleeting, his daughter would soon forget her "silly girlish fancies." And Herbert, when admitted into London society, must, in an incredibly short space of time, cease to remember his country cousin.

The youthful lovers were much surprised at the tidings which awaited them. But Herbert secretly rejoiced; for he was only to leave Alice for a short time, and he felt the propriety of a separation until their ages were somewhat more matured. Alice strove hard to restrain herself before her father, but in vain. She wept bitterly, and wondered what she would do when Herbert was gone, and implored her father at least not to send her from home. But her entreaties were denied.

So the lovers parted, repeatedly vowing to correspond constantly, and "never let a week pass without a letter from one or the other." The assurances of Alice on this point were heard by her father, who, however offered no opposition. "For," thought he, "if I command her to the contrary, she will perhaps disobey me, through mere perverseness, and a spirit of contradiction. Girls are sometimes very headstrong. So I'll let them write; but they'll soon get tired of it."

Then Arthur Stewart returned to his studies, still congratulating himself upon his intimate acquaintance with human nature.

CHAPTER IV

WHEN Herbert had been nearly twelve months in London, he one morning received a note bearing the well-known handwriting of Alice. He broke the seal, and read:—

"My dearest Herbert,—

"You must come to me directly. Something has happened which I cannot tell you in a letter, for my hand could not have patience to write it,—even to you. But it concerns your happiness, dearest, and mine also: so don't delay one hour.

"Your own
"Alice."

On the afternoon of the following day, Herbert was within sight of the village church, and a sudden turning of the road revealed Alice coming with hasty and trembling steps to meet him. She flew into his arms and sobbed hysterically upon his bosom.

What could all this mean? I will let Alice speak for herself.

A rich man,—a Baronet,—an intimate friend of her father's, and more than double her age, had offered her his hand. She had dismissed him with a kind word, and a wish for his happiness. She had even condescended to tell him that she was already engaged. But he had returned with his proposals, and backed, too, by a powerful ally: her father commanded her to wed him! The weeping girl here dried her tears, for indignation swelled in her bosom, and flashed from those eyes which had ever beamed with modest gentleness.

Two hours after this the lovers met again. Herbert had been closeted nearly the whole of that time with Arthur Stewart. And when he sought his cousin, she almost sank to the ground on seeing the wildness of his eye and the paleness of his countenance. But what did Alice feel when his own lips announced that "every vow must be forgotten,—that he gave up all

claim to her,—that she was free!" Free! how the word stabbed to her very heart.

"Alice," said he, "your father's family was always great and rich. Misfortunes have visited it, and its former honours are nigh forgotten. He is the last representative, and you are his only child. I am poor. I can do nothing to enrich you, for I have not a penny in the world. Sir George Archer offers you his hand and all his fortunes. Your father has told me so: and he asked me, if I could throw myself in the way, and offer hindrance to your promotion in life—to your comfort, to your happiness, and to your becoming possessed of ——"

"And has my father dared to ——"

"Alice!"

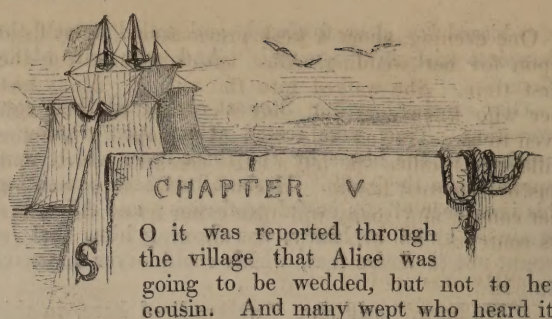
"Oh! Herbert, forgive me! I know not what I say! But could he talk of advantages which would accrue to me, and of my happiness, as reasons why you should desert me? But you will not! Say you will not! And don't look so terribly upon me! Hear me, Herbert! I swear by the great God in Heaven that I will die,—die a thousand times over,—rather than ——"

"Alice, listen to me. I have too often and too long forgotten my position in this house. We have been together all our lives,—we have been brought up as brother and sister,—treated in all things alike. This has made me cease to remember that I am but a poor dependent on your father's bounty,—that he is under no obligations to keep me in his house,—that I have no right to demand his assistance, and ought not to expect it, unless I am prepared in all things to yield to his wishes.

"I had forgotten this; and to-day, when I dared to reproach him with dividing ties which had bound us for years, he reminded me of it all; he threw it in my teeth; he spoke of a viper which he had cherished in his bosom;—of the punishment with which Heaven visited a disobedient child—and of the more fearful punishment with which it would visit him, who taught the child to disobey!

"Alice, we have loved very dearly. Your mother taught us to pray that we might always be true to each other; and we have repeated that prayer even until now. Like nest birds we have grown up together, and those who never hinted at our disunion in after life, will have much to answer for. But you shall obey your father, Alice. You shall be rich and great, and I will pray, oftener for you than for myself, that you may be happy! And in Heaven, Alice, 'where there is neither marrying, nor giving in marriage,'—in Heaven, our souls may be re-united, and we may live again the happy hours of childhood, and be never parted any more for ever!" Alice heard not his last words. A death-like faint had saved her heart from breaking.

Was Herbert right or wrong in this matter? I think he was wrong.



CHAPTER V

So it was reported through the village that Alice was going to be wedded, but not to her cousin. And many wept who heard it. Then the London newspapers spoke of an approaching marriage in high life:—"the wealthy Sir George Archer, Bart., was shortly to lead to the altar the beautiful and accomplished Miss Stewart, only daughter of Arthur Stewart, Esq., a member of the best and oldest family in ——shire."

No doubt many read it and thought of the fortunate bride!

Herbert had returned to London. Sir George having been informed something of his history, and pitying "the poor boy," procured him a highly confidential Government appointment in one of the Colonies. Herbert accepted it, but he knew not by whose recommendation he had been benefited. He was now only waiting for a vessel to convey him to the regions of voluntary exile. He struggled hard to repress terrible thoughts, and to think that Alice might still be contented and happy. And he only wept when he remembered that she would never see his grave.

And what of Alice? She was never known to utter a word of misery,—never seen to weep a single tear. When she met her father she was respectfully obedient, but she spoke to him no more with a daughter's love. She confined herself to her own room and stirred not out; for every green leaf and every blade of grass brought a new thought of Herbert, and another bitter remembrance.

I cannot tell how she was changed. Beautiful she was still, but it was a dreadful kind of beauty. Every vestige of colour had left her cheeks. They were white "as monumental marble." Perhaps it was on this account that her eyes looked larger, and the full liquid blue seemed almost deepened into black. Or could it be that the dark thoughts of her brain had effected the change?

But however it was, the sweet gentleness of face, and mind and manner, which had once characterized the girl, was gone. Evidences of sorrow did rest upon her features, but they were almost hidden by an expression of proud contempt. She had been "insulted, basely,—grossly insulted,—treated as worse than a child, and allowed no will of her own! Her heart had been torn and lacerated in the most wanton manner, and the innocent feelings and desires which she had cherished all her life, outraged and despised!" Oh! deeply did she feel these cruelties! She, too,—who had never borne ill will to a single living creature!

Woman's love has been termed "a fearful thing." And so it now appeared in her. Her white lips quivered with suppressed passion when she thought upon her wrongs, and in waking hours, and in troubled sleep, she was possessed with one idea only, and that was of revenge. But upon whom was she to be revenged; and what could she, a poor, helpless, heart-stricken creature, do?

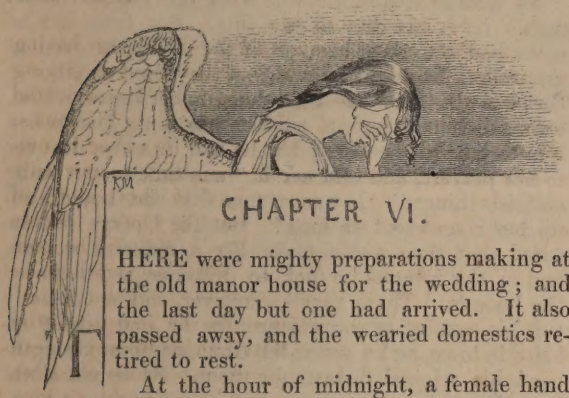
One evening, about a week previous to the day fixed upon for her wedding, Alice left the house for the first time. She walked into the village. Many met her who knew her well, but few were bold enough even to say—"God help you, Miss Alice!" At the village post-office she left a letter carefully sealed, and hastily returned home. Of course, that letter was for her cousin, and many will blame her when they hear its contents.

"My dearest Herbert,—

"Will you refuse to speak to me once more? I entreat you by every remembrance of the past, not to deny me. They tell me I am to be married on Thursday,—this day week. But on Tuesday,—at midnight,—at our old trysting spot, in the garden, you will once more meet

"Your lost

"Alice."



CHAPTER VI.

THERE were mighty preparations making at the old manor house for the wedding; and the last day but one had arrived. It also passed away, and the wearied domestics retired to rest.

At the hour of midnight, a female hand drew back the heavy bolts of the outer door, which led into the most lonely part of the gardens. That hand did not once tremble.

It was dark—too dark to see the face of her who was abroad at such a time, but a human heart might have been heard beating with a strange wild impulse.

Alice stepped out upon the damp grass. She was closely wrapped in a fur mantle. A covering for her head had been forgotten, and the long dishevelled tresses, which reached below her waist, and but just left the delicate profile of her face visible, formed her only protection from the night dews which were fast falling.

In a few moments an arm was silently placed round her waist. Alice burst into a flood of tears; they were the first she had shed since her parting with the dear friend, upon whose shoulder her head now sunk.

They sat down in the secret recess. Even when the sun was shining, there was a dark gloom there,—how dark was it now! Alice lay in the arms of her lover, and she trembled violently; but it was not with fear.

Now came the last entreaties,—the last hope of the unhappy girl. And now came, too, the spirit's fearful struggle between passion and principle in the breast of Herbert.

She clung round his neck, and on her knees besought him to save her. She reminded him of their unnumbered vows of eternal constancy, breathed even in that very spot. Was he "not carrying his notions of duty and honour too far in forgetting them and abandoning her? Was he right in leaving her to bear the name of a wife when her soul abhorred the relationship;—when she would never even try to love her husband,—never call him by that name,—never consider it her duty to yield him obedience;—when she would even tell him with her own lips, and care nothing if the whole world knew it, that she loved another, and was only true to her marriage 'vows,' because *he* had falsely deserted her!"

And then she reminded him of the fire-side home he had so often pictured to her;—of the coming years to which they had looked forward with untold delight, and which would still come, but only to find them in their graves; or worse still, to behold them living without hope,—alone in a dreary world!

Herbert spoke not a single word,—deep groans alone told what his soul suffered. He felt that he was firm whilst he was speechless, and he dared not attempt to parley with her.

Then the weeping girl, taking courage from his silence, renewed her entreaties.

"Herbert, dearest! why may I not fly with you now,—this very hour? I have come prepared to do so! I never anticipated a refusal! I have even left a letter for my father, excusing my disobedience! Let me go with you to your foreign home, and be your wife in spite of them all! We will still love as we have always done; your own Alice will still be with you, and the blissful anticipations of past times shall be accomplished! I will live on your smiles all the day, and rest your head in my bosom at night! Herbert! will you leave me to submit to the will of another,—to a fate worse, far worse than madness? Let me follow you,—follow you the world over, to beggary, poverty, death, if God wills it so! Oh! if you have ever loved me as friend, cousin, brother, lover! do not forsake me! do not refuse to save me!"

And Alice grew wild with misery. Some will say that she had forgotten her womanly dignity; perhaps she had. She beat her bosom in an agony of passion, and pressed his hand to her heart, when her own failed to restrain its almost bursting impulse. And when the violence of her emotion checked further utterance, her lips clung to his, and her breath went and came in thick convulsive sobs.

But still Herbert was silent, for the reproaches of her father rung in his ears. "What right had he—a mendicant,—to teach disobedience to her who was beside him? What right had he to throw himself, a shadow, in her path to comfort,—an obstacle to impede her advancement towards wealth and dignities?" And then, when he could no longer withstand the wild beseechings of his poor Alice, he thought of the "viper,"—that was the name,—"repaying the mercy of its preserver with base ingratitude." And thus he steeled his heart, and he attempted no reply. She felt his meaning; and hope froze within her heart.

I have spoken of many sorrows, of many sufferings, but I now come to the most afflicting part of my story. Would to heaven I could blot out of mind and memory the sad events which must occupy this page! Would to God that Alice Stewart had trusted not in her own strength, but sought solace in her heart-breaking trials, from a source which ever affordeth help to them that ask it! How shall I sully characters hitherto unspotted? How tell the story of shame?

The time came when they who had been inseparable all their lives long, must be parted for ever. The excitement of uncertainty was gone,—the "last hope shivered," and Alice could only pray Heaven to have

pity on her, and let her die there, with his arms around her. And, at length, even her lips ceased to murmur, and the wild palpitations of her heart only told that life remained.

Herbert would have flown the spot, but her arm still detained him. Though weak as a solitary reed trembling in an autumn wind, to him it was as iron. He was powerless beneath its pressure. So he lingered, and lingered, for if he went, it must be never to return; and he contented himself with every moment vowing that the next should witness their last farewell.

My pen cannot proceed further. The Great Being who is omniscient, only knew their disgrace.

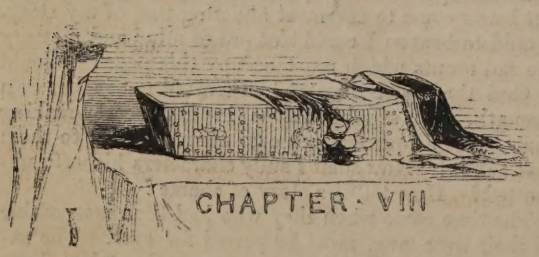
CHAPTER VII

I WOULD fain urge that the passion of early years thus rising to madness at the moment of eternal separation, might plead for them. But God forgive me if I blame Alice as the more guilty! A burning love for him,—a burning thirst for vengeance on those who had driven madness into her brain, and hope from her heart,—a woman's soul within her, proud and lofty, yet oppressed by a sense of shameful wrongs —what would she not premeditate? If it were revenge, it was such revenge as a woman only could have devised! If it were love for an image she was about to lose for ever, it was such love as could only have entered a woman's heart!

Alice! I trust I wrong thee! But was it wise or well, when the morning broke, to defer thy wedding,—to feign an illness which existed only in thy mind? Was it wise or well to meet him again and again, at midnight, in the concealed bower, when all thought he was far away on his voyage?

The final adieu came at last; and the next morning Alice stood at the altar. She was pale, very pale; but all who knew her wondered at her firmness and at her haughty bearing. They expected to have seen her supported through the mockery of the "holy rite," but she stood by the side of her wooer, and appeared even taller than usual.

When Alice left the church, her face bore an expression which none dared to look upon a second time, and which human words fail me to define.



CHAPTER VIII

HAVE told the history of Alice from the time she was a little girl. Now she was a great and rich lady.

Arthur Stewart deplored the unhappiness which he had occasioned; "but," said he, "I am her father, and it was my duty to have her welfare at heart. I have only done what any other father would have done." And, then, when his conscience whispered something concerning a solemn oath sworn at his dying sister's bedside, when Herbert came into the world, he would again reply, "I have saved the boy from marrying a poor girl. It is true, they might have lived in the old house, as I have always done, upon the property of her mother, which, in truth, belongs to Alice; but, then, he is handsome, and of good family, and the society in which he moves will afford him many opportunities of doing better, and winning a rich wife." And Arthur Stewart thought it was a blessing, a great blessing, that the children had fallen under such good guardianship; it was a singular manifestation of the care with which Providence watches over mankind!

Sir George treated his wife with the greatest kindness. It is his due to say this. But from her he never had a word of love, or of friendship, or even of gratitude. It might be said that they lived together—that was all. She had been down on her knees to him, before their marriage, to tell him her story, and to beg him to take pity on her; but he had turned a deaf ear to her prayers, and told her it "was time to put away childish things." It was strange that she should keep up her resentment so long! But Sir George felt assured that time would make her a different woman, and in the interval he took to drinking, and followed the hounds. These sports, however, did not exactly suit his comfort or convenience, for he had usually resided in town, and a severe fall from his horse strengthened his original distaste for them. So he got a seat in parliament.

Alice never went abroad. Her chamber was sacred to her sorrows; the servants even disliked to enter it. They loved their poor young mistress dearly, for they all knew her story. And when she did speak to them, though it was but seldom, her words were always kind, and she thanked them for the slightest offices.

It would have made the heart of the hardest bleed to have seen the mute wretchedness of that poor girl. Her pulses seemed to beat without life. She would sit almost motionless the whole of the day, with her thin white fingers pressing her forehead; and she had not a soul to speak to her.

Sometimes, from a secret drawer a book was selected, and she sat down to read it. She kept all the books that she and Herbert had read together, in that drawer, no stranger hand ever touched them. There were many love stories, and she often came to passages which they had marked, either because they admired the language, or because it expressed the feelings of their own hearts. And when her eye met these, the tears came, and Alice thanked God for them. This was the only source of relief she had; and when her brain felt oppressed and her temples throbbed so that her sight was nearly gone, she always opened her secret drawer.

The first time Alice smiled after her marriage was one evening when she was alone. It was well no human eye saw her. For a moment there was a burning cheek and quick flashes of triumph from her eyes, and then the lids closed, tears forced their way, and her chin fell upon her bosom.

Alice had discovered "a living pulse" beating beneath her heart. And she knew its meaning.

From that time new life, and new hope seemed to possess her. Thoughts passed through her mind which I may not repeat.

THE bells rung a merry peal, and there was a general holiday in the village, when the lady of Sir George Archer brought him an heir,—a lovely child.

But danger hovered round the mother. She knew not when her babe first saw the light, for she was raving and delirious. Before her confinement slight evidences had been observed of the mania sometimes attending her condition, but it soon increased, and she became so violent that they were obliged to put her under severe restraint.

She talked strange things, too, so that those who listened to her looked in each other's faces, and became frightened. But the doctor said this was common in her disease, and they must take no notice of what she said. He ordered that neither friend nor stranger should enter her apartment, but the nurses already engaged; and after a time he had her removed to a distant part of the house, and the crevices of the doors were carefully covered and padded, "for," said he, "the noises and bustle of the house may disturb her."

The madness of the puerperal state is peculiar for its frequent *apparent* intermissions. The maniac becomes subdued, quiet, and seemingly harmless, so that the evil spirit might be supposed to have suddenly gone out of her, and left her in her right mind. But the truth is, that at this time she is probably more insane than at any other.

Alice one day asked for her child. She had been raving furiously, but she now made her request in so subdued and gentle a tone, that the nurse thought "it might perhaps do the poor soul good to have it, for a little while." But scarcely had she placed it in its mother's arms, before she remembered how constantly she had been warned against yielding to such an entreaty. Terror seized her, and she would have recovered the infant. But her over-anxiety was fatal. Alice shrieked with laughter, and in a few moments it was dead in her bosom.

Many months passed away, and after lying long in a state of weakness nigh unto death, the senses of the childless mother returned. Her first solicitude was respecting her infant, and she made signs that he should be brought, for she had not strength to speak. They were prepared for this demand, and had determined not to break the truth to her until she could better sustain the news of its death; *how* it had died she was never to know.

So they brought her a babe, and she caught it to her bosom and covered it with kisses, and her tears fell like rain.

But a cold shudder ran through all who were at her bed side, when they perceived that she was holding it almost at arms' length, and regarding it with a strangely wild and suspicious gaze. She drew it nearer,—she passed her fingers over its downy cheeks,—she peered breathlessly into its eyes, and felt the silken hair upon its head. A second and a third time she intently examined every feature. And when Alice raised her pale face, with a look which none could misunderstand, they fell on their knees,—they implored her forgiveness, and told her that her child had been long in the grave.

Alice summoned her dying powers, and uttered a few words. Her last request was that her babe might be taken from the vault where it was deposited, and laid with her in the churchyard of the village in which her girlhood had been passed. She then closed her eyes, and whilst her lips were moving in prayer, her injured spirit escaped.

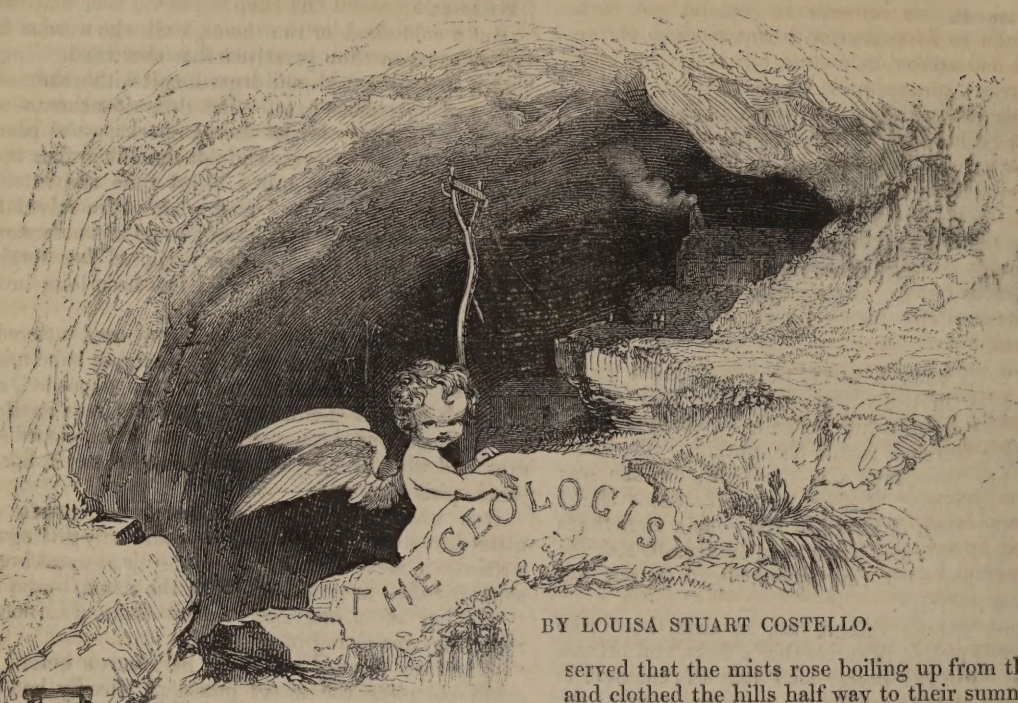
One who bent down to listen what words she uttered, reported that, though he could only distinguish a faint—a very faint whisper, she was speaking of some friend,—he could not catch the name,—who had "told her of a meeting, 'where there was neither marrying, nor giving in ——.'"

Alice was herself an angel in Heaven before she could complete the sweet passage. Deeply had she erred; I will not deny that. But there was one above who knew how sorely she had been tempted, and who knew also the weakness,—the utter helplessness of humanity.

So in a few days more, a long line of mourning carriages, and a hearse with nodding plumes, attracted the cottagers to their doors, and they heard that it was poor Alice Stewart come back to them. And when the service for the burial of the dead was ended, and the mourners began to leave the grave side, they crowded round, and tears of honest sorrow fell upon the coffin, from eyes which had seldom wept before.

Many years afterwards,—I can scarcely tell how many,—it might be eighteen or twenty,—a stranger was early one morning found dead in the church yard. He had died a violent death, but his own hand was his murderer. The circumstance made a great noise at the time, for such a thing in the secluded hamlet had never been heard of before. He was richly dressed, and appeared to be scarcely arrived at the prime of life. His complexion was sun-burnt, as if he had been long in foreign countries; but his features were calm and placid.

When the body was first found, his lips were pressed upon the cold turf of a grave. Perhaps this was accidental,—or it might be that he knew something of those who slept below. But the majority thought this latter supposition impossible; for they had been buried many years, and the wounds of a death-broken friendship must have healed long before. A tablet of white marble at the head of the grave, told that it was sacred to the memory of Alice,—also "to a child who died in infancy."



BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

ELIAS HIBBERT'S shop was one of the handsomest in Castleton, furnished in every pane with specimens of geology, such as, he constantly assured his customers, could not be matched in Derbyshire, nay in Europe. He had the largest piece of lead ore that had ever been found: he was fortunate enough to have procured the clearest and best bit of Blue John that had ever delighted the eye with its vivid colours: he was always at the very moment of receiving a new pattern for a vase or ornamental candlestick, and it frequently happened that the fortunate purchaser arrived just in time to carry off his finest morsel of workmanship. No one knew so much about the mines and the caverns as Elias—no one could so well point out the beauties of the neighbourhood, or could prognosticate the weather from the appearances of Mam Tor and Robin Hood, the rival mountains that preside over the town of the Peverels.

But perfect as the shop of Elias might seem in some eyes, in his own there yet remained a few master touches to render it complete, and he was continually changing the hues which adorned it, in order to suit the varieties of the season, and his own fastidious taste. It was on rather a windy afternoon, that he stood outside his door giving a new aspect to the face of his domicile: this time he had a bold thought; the season had been very dull at Castleton, owing to an unusually wet spring, but it was the latter end of July and the dog days, and even in the High Peak, if summer weather ever comes at all, there is a chance that a few fine days will make their appearance. Not that any one but Elias would have ventured to imagine such a thing, but in spite of the cold blast which swept round the corner at which his house was situated, he predicted that fine days were at hand, for he had observed that the mists rose boiling up from the ground, and clothed the hills half way to their summits with a dim veil—a token which he said boded fair skies; if this turned out as he hoped, visitors were sure to arrive at Castleton; and who would stop at the inn opposite without walking into his shop, or rather, his museum, and selecting some of his treasures?

To secure the safe entrance into this sanctorum on windy days, of which many may be numbered in Castleton, Elias had erected a fabric of singular appearance, as a kind of sheltered porch which might ward off the cold blasts of the corner before named. It was of no decided architecture, but was original both as to form and material: various blocks of stone of primitive shapes were connected together with boards, the whole covered with lime and roughcast, and coloured with a pale yellow tint: a Grecian portico might have been more imposing, but could not better have guarded against the enemy it had to contend with, and Elias, as well as his wife, was "vaunty" of the performance.

On the morning in question the attention of the personage whose board announced him to be "Geologist and Mineral Surveyor," was directed to his shop window, whose garb he had resolved should in future be scarlet picked out with yellow, to answer by contrast to the door, which was a sober brown picked out with blue. With his little pot of paint and his brush between his fingers, used in the most delicate manner, Elias proceeded to renovate and revivify his emporium: and brilliantly sparkled the spars and ores within their vermilion margin, as if proud of the frame which enhanced their value.

The approval of Mrs. Hibbert and the admiring glances of several standers-by, had conspired to raise Elias's opinion of himself not a little, when, just as he had predicted, the rattle of wheels and the clatter of horses' hoofs on the pavement announced that visitors were arriving at the Nag's Head.

"I said so!" was expressed in the flourish of Elias's brush as he finished the last pane, and turned round

to observe who were the strangers that had verified his prophecy. But as he was rather lame and not particularly brisk in his movements, he did not turn rapidly enough to keep pace with the motions of the person who had arrived in a close hired carriage, and who had already sprung from it, and was lost in the dim passages of neighbour Hodson's mansion. He could just see a hat and paletot, which proved that the stranger was a male, but that was all.

Elias entered his portico a little vexed, but yet not unsatisfied; for he foresaw that *ennui*, if not curiosity, would carry the new comer into his shop on the morrow, and he felt certain that a person coming in a carriage, with two horses, alone, must have money to indulge himself in specimens.

He determined to place his various objects in such a light as should attract notice, and having entered his studio was preparing to re-arrange his shelves, when, to his surprise, his front door was suddenly opened, and the impetuous amateur presented himself to his view.

He was a young man about five-and-twenty, with good features, bright eyes, and curling light hair, with a lively good-humoured expression of countenance, and a slight graceful figure. He announced himself in a clear ringing voice, as a person peculiarly fond of geology, and very desirous of making a collection—looked rapidly over half a dozen drawers, admired everything, and seemed an enthusiast in madrepore, petrified wood and *crick* crystal.

He said, for he seemed very communicative, that he was come to Castleton to study the science on the spot, and professed himself delighted to have met with a person so well informed as the Surveyor, who was equally pleased with a new acquaintance so full of spirit, and, doubtless, of perseverance. He could not but observe that the eyes of his visitor were peculiarly restless, wandering from one spot to another, as if seeking for something which was not there; but as Elias followed his glance, he generally seemed to hit upon the right object of the amateur's search, for he called out invariably in admiration as he lifted one splendid morsel of marble or choice bit of spar from its resting place, and exhibited it to the stranger's gaze.

After nearly an hour passed in his shop, the geological enthusiast seemed at length tired with his examination; for, drawing a deep sigh, he put down a piece of ore without remark, though it was very well worthy of praise, and wishing Elias a good evening, departed, not into the inn opposite, but down the road leading to Buxton, with rather a subdued air and doubtful step.

"That is a young man of mind," said Elias, as he retired, "not a mere sauntering, cigar-smoking individual, but one who enters into the beauty of natural science as he ought."

He looked after him as he mused, and did not continue his soliloquy, for he observed that the amateur had taken a little box from his waistcoat pocket, had struck a spark from it and lighted a cigar, which he was then smoking.

The prognostics of Elias seemed fated to be successful; for the next day was extremely fine, and early in the morning the young stranger was again in his shop, admiring and choosing, and apparently in high spirits. He inquired several times at what hour the coach was expected from Buxton, with considerable eagerness, and when told that it generally came in at eleven seemed much pleased.

He lingered about the shop till about ten, and then Elias observed him, with a quick step, again take the Buxton road, nor did he return for some time.

The coach came in and drove on past the shop, for this was an opposition, lately set up, after the failure of a late vehicle which was driven by a friend of Elias; consequently he scarcely condescended to notice it as it swept by him and stopped in the next street. He was not aware that that identical carriage had brought his only daughter from Buxton, and had set her down on the top of the hill at the old road to Manchester, which opens exactly opposite the foot of Mam Tor, and leads down the valley of the Wennets, a road so steep and dangerous that it is a marvel how any coach could have passed through it before the new road was made.

Fanny Hibbert preferred being deposited at that spot to entering the town on the top of the coach,—it was not from pride, but rather because she knew her father would not like to see her driven by the new coachman, to whom he had an aversion; therefore, or for some other reason, she leaped nimbly down, and taking her little bundle under her arm, tripped away, and was soon lost in the deep dale, while the coachman whipped his horses on and proceeded along the road.

"Is that young girl a native of Castleton?" asked a military looking gentleman on the box, who had gallantly offered Fanny his hand to help her down.

"Well," replied the coachman, in true Derbyshire phrase, "her father is an old fellow who thinks a great deal of himself—we shall pass his shop soon—just a-head—she's a pretty, likely girl. I wonder what she walks down the Wennets for; it's further, and hard work for the back, too. I suppose there's some love-work going on, and she doesn't want old Elias to know it—so I sha'n't say as I've brought her."

Nearly an hour after the coach was come in, to the amazement of her father, Fanny ran into the shop, all smiles and bloom. She announced that her mistress—for she held the office of lady's maid to an old lady living for the present at Buxton—had given her leave for two days to come to see her family, for a treat.

Fanny's arrival was quite a little *fête*, and old Elias had much to show her of his new acquisitions; and her mother's new curtains, and blinds, patchwork, and transparent paper,—both concocted by their own hands, claimed much of her admiration.

"And now, father," said Fanny, who it was easy to see was a spoilt child, "I mean to go into the Peak cavern. My mistress, not being able to go herself, wants to have a good description of it, and so I promised to bring her one; but I have not seen it from a child, and must see it again in order to do it well."

Elias, not sorry to have an opportunity of showing his skill, agreed to accompany her; but first he named, that as there might be strangers in Castleton, and it was always better to go in a party, he would make inquiries, and try to collect all the strangers there were. As he spoke, the young amateur walked carelessly by, and hailing him the "Surveyor," asked if he had any intention of visiting the wonders of the Peak.

"Certainly," was the reply. It was therefore agreed that they should proceed at once to the mouth of the cavern, picking up any stray persons who might be inquisitively disposed, in their way.

One or two stragglers appeared, and accepted the offer of going under the escort of Elias; and when they reached the huge mouth of the great cavern, and had proceeded along its first arcade, on the highest platform, beyond those on which numerous male and female twine-makers are engaged in their occupation, there was a considerable party.

After leaving the light, the cavern, spacious as it is, naturally appeared very gloomy; and Elias was a little surprised to observe, that his young geological friend started back with a sudden exclamation, when he found that a narrow black entrance, like the opening of a well, was the only way into the secret chambers of the Peak. Several of the party laughed at the young dandy's fear, and Fanny could not contain her risibility, in which, however, the stranger soon joined; and plucking up courage, was the first to follow Elias, as he led the way down the abyss.

Just at this moment a voice was heard, desiring them to stop, as another person wished to join them; and a tall man, whose dark figure could alone be discerned, hastened forward, and took his place amongst them.

Darker and darker grew the way—the *first water* was traversed in the boat, and many were the exclamations of surprise and fear uttered by the guests, several of whom were female, as the torches they carried flashed against the enormous piles of black rock, which seemed to bar their onward way. The rushing of waves announced the second water; and here it was found that the late rains had greatly increased the difficulty of crossing the subterranean lake: there was some discussion as to how they should proceed;—the guide who brought up the rear, for Elias led the way, offered to carry on his back, in the usual style, a stout lady from Sheffield, who with her daughter, equally ponderous, would not attempt to wade. One of the gentlemen agreed to take charge of the daughter, and Elias recommended the young stranger to take care of Fanny, as he was too lame himself to carry her. Arrangements were made, in the midst of much giggling and bustle, in the course of which the whole party managed to get over, Fanny and her new friend lagging behind. The last comer who followed them was struck, as he approached, with a sight for which he was indebted to the uncertain light—for it appeared to him, the torch held by the young girl being suddenly extinguished, so that his eyes were dazzled, that she was not carried by her companion—but, so strangely do the effects in caves deceive the sight, was carrying *him* in her arms.

They had reached the chancel, and all stood in breathless awe, while a sudden burst of music echoed through the immense vault and filled the whole space with melody. While they remained listening, in an instant a blaze of light made the cavern all day, and every one became clearly visible to his companions, amongst a forest of glittering stalactites, whose spires glowed and sparkled like a shower of diamonds. At the instant, a discharge of gunpowder almost stunned the ears of the party, a shriek was heard from one of them, and a cry which sounded like the words, "O Heaven! Lord Harry!" answered by an exclamation from the tall dark gentleman which startled every one, and made them turn in amazement and terror. But all was now dark again, and the uncertain flare of the torches served only to show how perfect was the gloom.

The "Devil's Cellar" and other wonders being explored, the party took their way back, and arriving again at the entrance, somewhat moister than they had come in, all prepared to betake them to their several places of resort. The young amateur, on emerging from the light, was observed to have covered his hat and face entirely with a large handkerchief, which he did not remove, saying, that the sudden change of air might produce harm, as he was fearful of the face ache. He made rather a strange appearance, wet and dirty, though less so than Fanny, who only laughed at their misfortunes; and having hurt his leg, limped in his gait in a manner perfectly comic, which rendered him a mark for much jesting amongst the Sheffield party. The tall dark gentleman was nowhere to be seen, and at the mouth of the cavern all paused to inquire for him.

"It is very strange," said one of the party, "I did not like the look of him at all: nor never have I set eyes on him since he called out in the cave; and I'm certain a hollow voice cried out 'Lord Harry!'—as perhaps he was, who knows—these are strange places."

Some laughed, and some looked grave; but one of the twinemakers insisted upon it, that he had returned before any of the rest, and was seen to go out in safety; —nothing more therefore was thought of him at the time.

Fanny was so gay and lively all the rest of the day, that the little back parlour of the shop of the Surveyor was all mirth and hilarity; and it must be confessed that the fears and altered appearance of the young dandy, who had hurried back to the Nag's Head to change his clothes, was the chief theme of entertainment.

Much to the surprise of Elias, while they were conversing, a hired carriage was brought out of the inn-yard, and in a few moments the young geologist darted into the shop, and gathering up a pile of specimens which had been set aside for him, threw down some gold, and, without waiting for change, disappeared, and jumping into the carriage drove off at a quick pace.

"The boy's distracted!" exclaimed Elias, "he has not got his change,—this will never do. Fanny, pop on your bonnet and run after him; you'll be sure to overtake the carriage as it goes up the hill,—give him the difference,—what a hurry he's in!"

Fanny was ready in a moment, and ran off as quick as lightning, for she was the most obedient daughter in the world.

They enjoyed the next day very much, and when Fanny set off in the afternoon by the coach on her return to Buxton, Elias was in such a good humour that he had even a civil word for the rival coachman, to whose care he recommended her.

It was quite two months after this, when one fine morning, much finer than it had been all the summer, though the autumn had now set in, a carriage and four, with another and pair following, came dashing up to the Nag's Head, and a lady and gentleman alighted from the first and entered the inn, while from the second peeped out the laughing face of Fanny, who kissed her hand to her father, and beckoned him to come over the way to meet her.

Greatly surprised, Elias hobbled across, and his lively daughter amidst a torrent of talk informed him, that she had a new place and a new mistress, *the bride* who had just gone into the hotel with her husband;

"and now," she said, "you must follow me directly, for my lady will not rest till she sees you."

Elias, quite confounded, obeyed his daughter's directions, and entered with her the best drawing-room of the Nag's Head, where he observed a young lady with a very laughing countenance, who, putting out her hand, exclaimed—

"I am come to see you again and complete my collection—have you any new specimens?"

He started back—the voice, the air, the look—all were those of the geological stranger, but the costume was not the same.

"Fanny will tell you all about it," resumed the lady; "and now I hope the secret's out."

So saying she motioned to his daughter, who led him away, and when she had fairly dragged him home, she seated herself in the parlour and indulged in a peal of laughter.

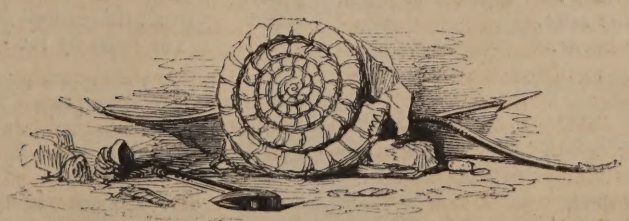
"Oh, father," said she, "only think of your being so taken in! but she was so well dressed, and smoked the cigar so naturally, that one would think no one would have recognized her—and yet Lord Harry ——"

"What of him?" said Elias; "I have often thought since of that strange dark man in the cavern.—Nature has mysteries which are not easily understood, and ——"

"Why, Lord Harry is at this moment in the Nag's Head, and you shall hear the whole story;"—accordingly Fanny thus recounted the adventures of the bridal pair whom she accompanied:—

"My mistress, that is now, is the niece of my mistress that was; and though the old lady was very fond of her, and she was very good, and obedient, and all that, yet she never would let her do anything she wished, and she was sure to want exactly what her aunt thought bad for her. She had two passions, one was for an officer, and the other to see the Peak, and her aunt could not endure either. She had vowed she should never marry into the army, and never go into a cavern; so poor Miss Emma naturally wished, of all things, to do both. She used to tell me her troubles, and at last I agreed to help her.

"At the great Derby meeting, where all the fat cattle is shown, you know—there was a grand breakfast, and amongst the gay folks a young officer was particularly attentive to Miss Emma—in fact, they fell in love, and as she knew her aunt would not endure the thought of an officer's being her husband, she was very unhappy. What made it worse, he was a lord; and my old mistress, whose money, you know, was all made in trade by her husband, hated a lord of all things, and was sure they never married but for fortune. So, when she found how matters stood, she carried us all off to Buxton, where she was ordered to drink the waters—and there we were stupid enough, for of all the tiresome places that ever were, never any can compare with that smoky place, where it is for ever raining, and every creature is halt or maimed. We were in a boarding-house in the Crescent, where there were a great many invalids; amongst others an India gentleman who was a great eater, and had come to drink the waters and enjoy himself; for, what is very odd, all the invalids seem to eat as much as they can to make themselves ill, because the waters are there to cure them. Well, my old lady and the India colonel got such friends, though he was in the army, that it looked very like a match, and she did not keep half such a sharp look out on her niece as before. So, one day, Miss Emma and I agreed on a scheme to satisfy her wish of seeing the Peak. Didn't we manage the disguise well? I'm sure you were quite deceived, father, and so was every one—and you didn't see me carry her over the Second Water—though Lord Harry did—and when the great light came in the Chancel, then it was that she recognized him. He had come just by chance, quite in a melancholy fit, that very day, to Castleton, without dreaming of her, and there they met in the very bowels of the earth. She was so frightened, that she set off, as you know; and when I went back the next day I found she had received a letter from Lord Harry, assuring her that he would not betray her, and entreating her to let him speak to her aunt. It so happened that the India colonel was a friend of his, so, at last, he managed to bring matters about, and it has all ended well—for my old mistress has married the *colonel*, and they are gone off to make the tour of Wales, and Miss Emma is now Lady Harry St. John, and I am her maid."



It was within darke Padua's walls,
Beneath a cloister greye,
There lived a sage philosopher,
The subject of my laye.

With crucibles and chemicals
His tables o'er were covered,
And stories ranne from mouthe to mouthe,
That bones laye in the cupboarde.

Arrounde the walls of his darke celle,
Strange Hieroglyphs were hunge;
And bookes there were of mightye size,
In manye a hidden tongue.

From morning greye to evening duske,
He read with all his mighte;
From evening duske to morning greye,
He read with one rush-lighte.

In Padua's city then his fame
Was known to all arrounde;
And students from the schools they came,
To hear his words profounde.

But one of these young menne there was,
Who came his artes to learn;
That was far wiser than the reste,
And did for knowledge burne.

And when the sage had told him all
That he mighte dare to telle;
He wished for nothing more on earth,
Than this wise manne "*to selle*."

Accordingly he published forth,
To all the students rounde,
That he a mystic science had
Most wond'rously founde.

That darke mysterious signs he used,
Whereby from manne to manne,
Most strange sensations did proceed,
And through their senses ranne.

That Mesmerism was the name
Of this transcendant arte;
And that he would unto them alle,
His science soon imparte.

A daye was named, and to the house
Of this younge student prest
A crowd of friends, and e'en the sage
Philosopher was gueste.

A feast was spreade, and at it they
With seeming ardour toiled;
Although it was not richly set,
But only roaste and boiled.

And much they thoughte of what that day
Was to be showne to them;
And some looked rounde with eager glance,
Some coughed, some said *A* hem!

But now the linen clothe was drawn,
From off the massive boarde;
And each one had into his glass,
Some pleasant liquor poured.

Then rose the master of the feaste,
And unto them he saide;
"In all things that take place to daye,
You must by me be ledde.

"For I possess a mighty charme,
Which you will quickly see;
If this moste wise philosopher
Will but attend to me.

"If you, most mighty Sir, will deign,
To do what I now telle;
Sit downe on yonder settle there,
The while I worke the spelle.

"And you must fix your eyes on mine,
And watche my every motion;
And of the change that will take place,
You cannot have a notion."

He ceased, and at his call were broughte,
Two china platters rare;
And two glass vessels, and in eache
Water was sparkling there.

Thenne spake the student, "In your hande,
Now take the china plate;
And on it place the crystalle cuppe,
And do as I dictate.

"I wille the other platter holde,
The crystalle cuppe likewise;
And now before I worke the spelle
I muste this thinge premise.

"Whatever you maye see me do,
With this righte hande of mine;
Thatte must you do with your righte hande,
And make the selfe same signe."

The wise manne laughed a scornfull laughe,
But tooke the proffered seate;
Which when the student sawe, he saide
That all things were complete.

And now the magic spelle begins,
And straighte the student dips
His finger in the crystalle cuppe
And touches his own lips.

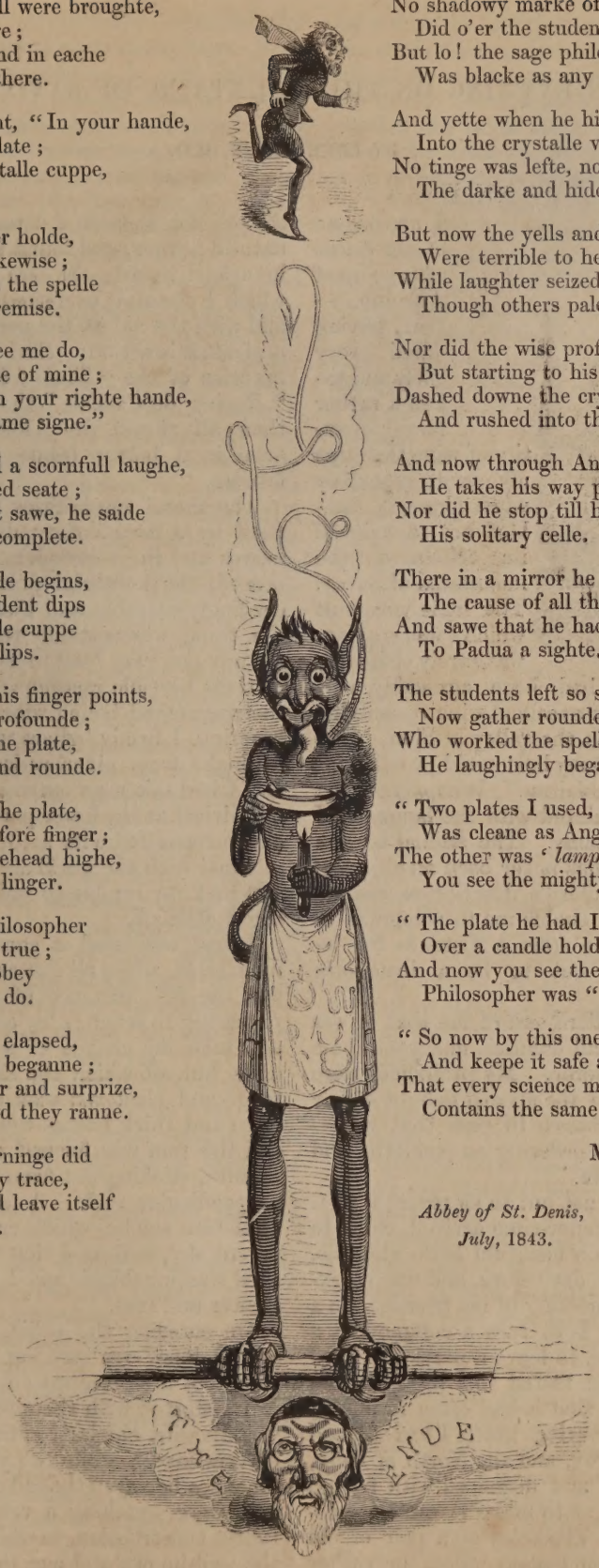
And thenne to Heaven his finger points,
With manye a look profounde;
And now in circles on the plate,
He moves it rounde and rounde.

Above and now belowe the plate,
He drawes his righte fore finger;
And now uponne his forehead highe,
His hande appears to linger.

Mean while, the sage philosopher
Followed his motions true;
And did in all respects obey
What he was tolde to do.

But not one minute had elapsed,
Since the darke spelle beganne;
Whenne groans of horror and surprize,
Through alle the crowd they ranne.

For as the manne of learninge did
The signs thus quickly trace,
A thick blacke shade did leave itself
Upon his solemn face.



No shadowy marke of dismalle hue,
Did o'er the student creepe;
But lo! the sage philosopher,
Was blacke as any sweepe.

And yette when he his finger dipt,
Into the crystalle vase;
No tinge was lefte, nor could they see,
The darke and hidden cause.

But now the yells and screams arrounde,
Were terrible to hear;
While laughter seized on some younge menne,
Though others paled with feare.

Nor did the wise professor staye,
But starting to his feete;
Dashed downe the crystalle cuppe and plate,
And rushed into the streete.

And now through Anciente Padua,
He takes his way pelle melle;
Nor did he stop till he had gained
His solitary celle.

There in a mirror he beheldе
The cause of all their frighte;
And sawe that he had made himselfe
To Padua a sighte.

The students left so suddenly,
Now gather rounde the manne
Who worked the spelle, and thus to them
He laughingly beganne.

"Two plates I used, the one I helde
Was cleane as Angel's breaste,
The other was '*lamp-blacked*,' and nowe
You see the mighty jeste.

"The plate he had I did myself,
Over a candle holde;
And now you see the way that this
Philosopher was "*Solde*."

"So now by this one secret learne,
And keepe it safe and snugge;
That every science more or less,
Contains the same Humbugge."

MOURANT THE MONK.

Abbey of St. Denis,
July, 1843.

AN EVENING ON THE MOUNTAINS OF SAVOY.

BY LUKE RODEN, M.D.

T was on one of the finest afternoons of Autumn, — that, having dined very early and taken a rather larger quantity of wine than was my wont, especially when alone, I rambled out to walk off its effects on the mountains of Savoy. The little village at which I was staying, was rarely visited by Englishmen; and I had been agreeably surprised to meet there an excellent wine resembling Hermitage, produced in the valley of Sion. The only animal food which my host could promise me in the morning was a "blairau." It happened that though perfectly acquainted with the language, I had never heard the name. The animal is rare, and on the Continent has never been an object of interest; and the landlord's description was not sufficiently graphic to enable me to recognize it. It was brought to me from a distance for inspection, and turned out to be a loathsome badger.

In vain did the landlord assure me that it was one of the greatest of all dainties, and would be a dinner fit for an emperor. My prejudices were strong, and I left it for the special delight of any emperor who might chance to pass that way— contenting myself with ordering an omelette, and making a "jour maigre."

My philosophy was not put to so severe a test. A few hours before dinner-time arrived, came to the inn a peasant with a beautiful little chamois, which he had killed the day before, and was carrying home to a merry meeting of his friends. In a country where money is so rare a commodity, a few francs induced him to leave a portion behind him. I had never yet tasted this highly-prized venison. It was true that it had often formed a part of my fare at the various hotels I had stopped at in Switzerland, Savoy, and the North of Italy, but always so larded and disguised with frying, and sauces, and wine, as to make it quite impossible to recognize it. The soles of a pair of old shoes would have been equally good, or rather equally bad, if dressed in the same manner. On the present occasion I determined to ascertain its natural flavour, and found it a most delicate and luxurious repast. It was a dinner for a king, which I certainly preferred to that of an emperor; and with the aid of the good wine, I dined to my perfect satisfaction. Had I partaken of all the luxuries of the "Trois frères Provençaux," the "Rocher de Cancale," the Clarendon, or (better than all these) the Albion, I could not have been in a better frame of mind for granting favours.

The moral sensibilities are wonderfully quickened by a satisfactory dinner. The gustatory nerves and the solar plexus once thoroughly appeased, the immortal part of man becomes exceedingly placable and kind. The philosophy of the thing was certainly familiar to the ancients (as any one may read in Apicius Cœlius), in spite of their horrible ignorance of good cookery, and their wretched boiled wine, which, with all their boasting, I firmly believe was no better than that we make from elderberries. Mine was superb, and I had taken an extra glass—that is, a glass cylindrical at the lower part, conical at the upper, and surmounted with a cork! I was rather more satisfied with the world at large than with myself, and took my ramble to walk off the effects of my slight debauch.

I had wandered a considerable time on the mountains, when all the excitement being over, I felt the full influence of fatigue, and was just preparing to arrange my couch on the fern awhile, and take my chance of snakes, when I spied a little hut, of which the sides were wattled with twigs and plastered with clay. A rude door of close and thick basket-work was opposite to me; and the roof was formed of a projecting slab of granite, sticking out from the face of the almost perpendicular rock. A small spiral thread of light blue smoke, which curled up into the transparent sky, indicated that this rude and solitary shed was inhabited, and I hastened on to ask for shelter and rest.

On entering the cabin, the scene which presented itself was striking. On the left side of the great fire-place sat an old man, his hands and feet distorted with rheumatic gout. On the right was his wife, similarly afflicted, extended on a bed of fern-leaves; while two young men, whose countenances betrayed the sad expression of premature age, were watching a very humble still, of the rudest construction, in which they were preparing the well-known and agreeable cordial, the kirschwasser (cherry water). Tubs filled with the wild

cherry in a state of fermentation occupied the floor, and scarcely allowed room to sit down. This berry bears little resemblance to our delicious fruit, being composed of a large stone or kernel, just covered with a thick and coarse skin, which neither in quantity nor flavour repays the trouble of your teeth. It is but the rudiments of our blackheart cherry; and, like that, contains a large quantity of prussic acid, which renders the cordial unwholesome, and, in excess, dangerous.

I sat down on the edge of one of the tubs; and as the still did not yet boil, endeavoured to engage the listless parties in conversation. Not knowing exactly what subject might be most likely to excite their attention, I addressed myself at once to the topic which interests every human being—himself and his sufferings. I told them my profession and offered my aid, but found that the disease had been so long allowed to pursue its course uncontrolled, that there was now little chance of cure. They had no medical attendance, nor the means of procuring it were it accessible. No physician or surgeon lived nearer than fifty miles; but a farrier, who knew something of herbs, travelled the district two or three times in the year, and gave advice in medical cases. The drug I required could probably not be procured nearer than a hundred miles. I was reluctantly compelled, therefore, to limit myself to the offer of money to pay for such aid as they could obtain, and promised, should I return that way, to visit them again.

I spoke of the exquisite beauty of their country, but this produced no echo. They were quite unmoved by my praises, and evidently pitied my taste. They could understand the beauty of a valley covered with corn or with grass; but thought it absurd to apply such a term to a district so sterile as that they were inhabiting; so I changed the theme, and asked the amount of wages in that part of the country.

"Wages!" said the old man, "the very word is unknown here. We have no person who works for wages; we borrow and lend each other's labour, but money wages are never heard of amongst us."

"How do those manage, then, who have no land?" said I.

"Starve or quit the country," he replied; "there is no one here who can spare a portion of his little pittance for others."

"And those who have land," said I, "how do they make out a living?"

"In faith, sir, much like the bees—scrape together during the very short summer what is to keep them during the long winter; and woe to those who neglect their task—there is no one to help them, and they must die."

"You give a sad picture of your country."

"I give a true one," said he. "We have barely three months of summer; and during the long winter our cabins are often buried in snow for weeks or months together. Those who have the misfortune to have children, must send them out at an early age to carry the 'comédie' over the world. Few come back again—of the greater number we never hear more." (It is the white mice, the tortoise, or the monkey which these poor people call la comédie.)

"And what use do you make of your kirschwasser," said I, "in such large quantities?"

"We exchange the greater part for food with the inhabitants of the plains, and the rest we keep to warm our hearts in winter."

The recital of these miserable privations has a very depressing effect on the mind, and takes away all the romance of a picturesque country. I thought of the contrast of the fertile plains of Holland, and of the active and universal sympathy with suffering which pervades its industrious and honest population. I recollected that in those dense masses of human beings, I had noticed every where the profuse benevolence and active charity, not merely of the wealthy, but of all classes; that at every step there was some house of refuge, some asylum for poverty, an almshouse, (Aldmannenhuis,) school, or parochial poor-house, some help for those who could not help themselves, to lighten the darkness of despair, and this in a country whose inhabitants have incessantly to combat with nature itself, to keep up a never-ceasing battle with the ocean, and should they intermit their toil an instant, they must be overwhelmed. The dignity and apparent freedom of the life of a mountaineer is but a poor compensation for the physical suffering and misery inevitably the portion of their sterile soil:—

> "Oh! trifle not with woes you cannot feel,
> Nor mock the misery of a stinted meal."

I sat in sombre musing awhile, and felt as a man feels when attacked by a beggar as he leaves the shop of a pastry-cook—a sort of conviction that his superfluous indulgencies are a crime: I gave therefore rather in proportion to my feelings than my means, as a sort of penance for my recent indulgence.

A silence of a few minutes had taken place when I saw the still begin to run, and started up to taste the liquor, scarcely aware of what I was doing, when an exclamation, amounting almost to a scream, burst from the whole party, and brought instantly to my recollection that the first runnings must be almost pure prussic acid.

I dropped the scarcely tasted cup, but I had inhaled sufficient of the deadly fluid to fall almost senseless on the floor. They dragged me to the open air, and gave me abundance of cold water. I soon recovered, and became aware of my narrow escape. Had I drunk I must have died.

A short time sufficed to remove all traces of the accident, and I set off on my return to the inn, amid the vehement thanks of the mountaineers for my unexpected bounty—I refusing pertinaciously their offers to accompany me—as-

suring them that I was perfectly recovered, and could find my way without difficulty.

The fact was, that I was desirous of indulging my own meditations without interruption, still more without the depressing influence of the conversation of persons whose minds were deadened by their unhappy position, and whose ideas were rigidly bounded by the stern and sordid physical wants of the animal being.

Left to myself, I rambled on, sometimes mounting higher, and sometimes descending lower—without immediate aim or object, knowing that I had only to direct my course downwards till I should reach the plain, whenever it should be my pleasure to do so, in order to find my way to my temporary home.

I paused from time to time among the forest trees, where an opening showed me the transcendent glories of the scene, and gradually resumed the enthusiasm which forms unhappily too large a portion of my character. Whether my reflections on my late narrow escape, or slight remains of the effect of the kirschwasser, produced a little confusion of mind, I know not, but I began all at once to be aware that evening was approaching, and that I had lost my way. I therefore hurried on to a modest little church on the summit of a rather precipitous rock,

"Pointing with taper spire to Heaven,"

concluding, that from so elevated a station I should recognize some object which might serve to guide me on my road, for I had now mountains on both sides.

On reaching the church I found that it was built on the very edge of a precipice, a not unusual position in this part of the world. In fact, it was built on a projecting mass of granite;—we have a beautiful specimen of this singular localization of a place of worship at the Lake of Brientz.

The view was magnificently extensive, and only bounded by the snow-covered ridges of the high Alps, shining rose-coloured in the rays of the setting sun, and looking like "the abode of disembodied spirits." The sound of the distant bells on the necks of the cattle floated up in the calm air to the spot on which I stood; and as the sun gradually descended to the horizon, the cold grey shadow of twilight crept slowly up the sides of the mountains, extinguishing, one by one, according to their altitude, the glowing peaks of granite which shot up their spiry pinnacles into the dark blue sky. Like advancing age extinguishing the hopes of youth, the sober realities of life are seen for a short time divested of the purple hues of the imagination, and are then shrouded in darkness.

An hysterical feeling of mingled pleasure and pain took possession of me. Never did I experience so strongly the religious awe inspired by the glories of departing day. "Thoughts that lie too deep for tears," occupied the recesses of the soul,

"Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude—when we are least alone."

"Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altars the high places, and the peak
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains—and thus take
A fit and unwalled Temple—there to seek
The Spirit—in whose honour shrines are weak
Upreared of human hands. Come and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air;
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer."

Yet the mind which is bewildered by the contemplation of scenes like these, will (like the tame bird who has never known liberty) take refuge in its own little cage, whose dimensions it knows, and can comprehend.

I was inclined, then, rather for the interior of the church than for the longer contemplation of a scene where I had no one to participate my feelings.

"But give me still some friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper, solitude is sweet."

So says the poet, and I felt the sentiment in all its intensity.

Reader, perhaps you smile or laugh at feelings you have never known; if so, from the bottom of my soul I pity you. It is not necessary to ascend the mountains to experience these sensations—there is poetry in real life as refined as that which is inspired by the stupendous works of nature. "The present life," says Channing, "which is the first state of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry. It is the high office of genius to detect the divine element among the grosser parts of our earthly being. The poetical feeling is needed to counteract the tendency of physical science, which being now sought, not as formerly for intellectual gratification, but for multiplying bodily comforts, requires a new developement of imagination, taste and poetry, to preserve men from sinking into an earthly, material, Epicurean life." If you have never felt the emotions which,

"Wanting the accomplishment of verse,"

you find yourself unable to express, you are an object of pity mingled with as much contempt as it becomes a miserably imperfect mortal to entertain towards a fellow creature.

I felt so humbled and devout, that it was a relief to enter a place where men had so often assembled to offer up their prayers and thanksgivings. I passed into the little church with a sentiment of awe partaking of the nature of superstition. The dim light of the long and narrow windows showed in the centre aisle a coffin standing on trestles, ready for interment the same evening, when the labouring people who were to attend the funeral should be liberated from their daily toil. It was covered with a black velvet pall, on which were inscribed, in letters of silver,

shining in the reflected rays of the sun, these words, in the language of the country:—

"To-day it is I—to-morrow perhaps thyself."

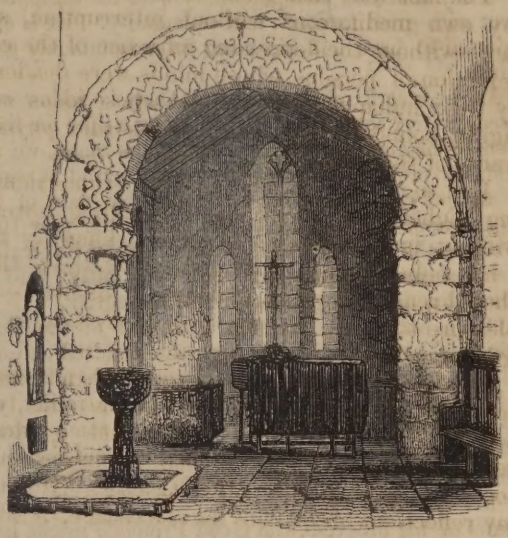
Here was a sentence which had been before the eyes of hundreds,—of thousands, until it produced no more influence on their minds than the weeping cherubim, and the *memento mori*, which ornament the grave-stone; yet, to a stranger, to one brought up in another system, and to whom the appeal was new, it sounded like a solemn warning not to be withstood—a voice from the grave!—

"Aujourd'hui moi—demain peut-être toi!"

What a multitude of thoughts were suggested by this simple announcement of a truth, so universally known as to be a truism!

The solitude—the approaching darkness—my late narrow escape from poisoning—were all calculated to make a strong impression on my mind. I wended my way slowly down the mountain, and with some difficulty, aided by the occasional advice of peasants climbing to the funeral, found my way to the inn, where I arrived "a sadder and a wiser man."

What a contrast to the feelings with which I had left the spot only a few hours before!



EVERY BODY'S MASTER.

BYRON has rendered the name of Giaour under an infinite variety of pronunciations familiar to English ears. The Ghebers, or Giaours, are the Sabians or Fire-worshippers of Persia. Their faith is grounded in the belief that the universe is governed by two principles:—the good, Oramanes, and the bad, Arimanes. They yet celebrate their rites at Yed, in Persia, where (to the great detriment of the lucifer manufacturers in that neighbourhood) the sacred fire is still perpetually burning, that they have derived from Zoroaster, from which sect they are descended. It would seem from the fact of "the Faithful" permitting these observances, that they have some respect for the Giaours; but whether this Mussulman liberality is to be attributed to religious toleration, or to the significant circumstance of their exacting some twenty to thirty rupees annually from each of the devotees, we will leave to the reader to form his own opinion.

Every one knows that two antagonistic principles cannot exist without some slight differences in opinion; the elements of discord being necessary for the vital existence of each. Fire-worship has consequently its dissents and schisms, as well as much more orthodox and better regulated establishments. Some of the Giaours had the good taste to prefer Oramanes—a principle of great respectability,—others, in the true spirit of opposition, confessed themselves adherents of Arimanes. The latter misguided individuals did but differ a trifle with many of us of the present day, who prefer bad principles to good ones,—only, we will say this of ourselves,—that if we do possess such a preference, we are not so gratuitously candid as to own it.

The point in dispute between the rival powers was, which had the strongest influence in society. We forget whether the matter was ever set at rest, or if it is still, as the lawyers say,—a *quæstio vexata* (which means, in common parlance, "something to fight about,") at the present moment. Our business is rather to relate the very extraordinary means which the Giaour deities took to ascertain the fact;—each agreed to send into the world an ambassador, or accredited *chargé d'affaires*, to discover the extent of his influence.

It was for some time a source of infinite discussion, and a great deal of admirable diplomacy, what respective powers were to be placed in the hands of the representatives. Many protocols were issued, which, like all protocols, either before or since, ended in leaving the matters in difference in a much more confused and perplexed state than that in which they found them. The point was at last decided by a very unstatesmanlike compromise—the toss of a piastre—and Oramanes (with better luck than the best of principles usually command on such occasions) won the throw! The Good Principle was at liberty, by this settlement, to exert all his noblest influence on the heart, soul, and mind of man; scorning its trifling, vulgar, base, and sordid interests. *These* he very charitably left to his unamiable rival, who no doubt thought he had the best of the bargain; but *nous verrons*, even good principles are not always infallible. The evil deity had left for his sphere of action the sway and direction of human weakness, and the power of pandering to its whims and

infirmities. Certainly there did not seem to Arimanes' disciples, at the first blush of the thing, elbow-room for the exercise of the great genius' power; but we must say that the plenipotentiary bore his disappointment with great fortitude and equanimity. He is even reported to have left his court in uncommonly good spirits.

As the record of Persian chronology is rather confused, we feel some reluctance in fixing a time for these events; having however so illimitable a range, we will modestly prefer a comparatively recent period in regard to antiquity, and determine the possible date of the departure of the rival embassies, about the year 1000 —before the beginning of the world. Since its creation the rival ambassadors have been very busy; and we will report their progress with all due brevity.

Of the influence of the representative of the Good Principle—after wading through the hundred and odd volumes of the Universal Ancient and Modern History, —if you at all suspect our veracity, gentle reader, you are perfectly at liberty to go over the same ground yourself—and catch us if you can,—we find the chronicles remarkably barren. History indeed is silent as to his Excellency's operations. For what the world knows of his progress, the Good Principle might have travelled for some centuries over the globe without any one being the wiser for it! A remarkable contrast is, however, afforded in the career of his rival the Evil Principle. Not a page of ancient or modern lore that teems not with his active influence. Confined as the sphere of his actions was decreed to be, he certainly worked wonders. Extensive as was the field which the Good Principle allotted to himself, it seems miraculous that he should have done so little. We can only account for this by the presumption that good principles are most intolerably inert, even if they have the whole world for their theatre; while give but a bad principle the point of a needle, and you will marvel at its industry!

We might go through the history of succeeding centuries, and trace its footsteps, and consider ourselves very hardly treated that we cannot. The Editor of *The Illuminated Magazine* has positively declined our request, although he knew it was absolutely necessary for that purpose, to extend his publication to seven folio volumes. He has even had the coolness to intimate, that the less space we occupy for the doings of the evil spirit, the better he shall appreciate them. We have, therefore, obligingly consented to turn bottle-conjuror, "for this night only," and cram a vast quantity of matter into a very circumscribed sphere. We will, agreeably to the prohibition that has been thus imposed on us, content ourselves with describing the operations of the evil genius at the existing moment; for he is still at work around us, as hard—ay, harder than ever!

Although in the distribution of the earthly influence of the two deities, the evil one was not to extend to the mind—the soul, or the heart of human beings, yet indirectly he has those mighty functions completely under his control, by merely having human whims and infirmities submitted to his will. We are all conscious of his existence—we all succumb to his imperious edicts—we all acknowledge his power. He is *every body's master*, and grievous as his tyranny is, we lick the chains, that gall us! Kings "on their emerald thrones," are his most abject slaves; even queens kiss the dust beneath his feet. Talk of autocrats! he of Muscovy is a mere serf to the tyrant, under whose knout we all tremble! Who is this power? What is it? We cannot define it;—we cannot shape it in the "viewless air;"—we cannot give it "a local habitation," although we *have* "a name;"—all places are to it indifferent, for in each its omnipotence is felt,—its supremacy acknowledged with deferential awe! We cannot touch it, although it smites us. We cannot see it, although it blinds us, or opens our eyes, at pleasure. We cannot feel it, although we groan beneath its weight; and yet it lives, breathes, every where around us, and makes us conscious of its existence by the sharpness of the fetters with which it chains us to its despotic will. Let us trace some of its vagaries, by confessing the miserable and degraded condition to which its tyranny has reduced us.

Oh, beautiful earth! oh, "ever sounding and mysterious sea!" oh, pure and translucent skies, what were ye given for, but to be, next to man's affections, and too frequently before them, his solace, his consolation, his delight, and recreation? One of the most perverse of the mischievous attributes of the evil spirit is to render us insensible to all that is beautiful in nature. What were rivers and mountains and silvery brooks, gliding through enamelled meadows, glittering with all the inexhaustible tracery of Nature's jewellery, made for but to be admired and enjoyed? Yet under the influence of the demoniacal spirit, we renounce them when in their loveliest and most winning moods, for a few dirty, pent-up acres, with nothing before our eyes but smoke-dried walls, and nothing over our heads but smoke enveloped skies!

Well might the Principle of Evil chuckle when his share of earthly influence was limited merely to the whims and caprices of mortality; let him have but *them*, and the rest he knew was sure to follow. Boundless, he anticipated, would be his power, and boundless it has proved. Through the baneful operation of the fell spirit we are denied the contemplation of Nature in her loveliest seasons; and are—poor miserable mortals! obliged to exchange the mountain air, the fresh breeze that comes over the sea, the velvet turf, and the verdure that delights the eye and gladdens the heart, for the stifling atmosphere of the crowded saloon; and all the rich variety of "woods and corn-fields"—of moor and mountain—of lake and river—for an area of a few dusty acres of cultured sward and stunted trees, derisively called a park.

Nor is it in the mere physical enjoyment of natural scenery—albeit the purest and most elevated of our pleasures—that the malicious ambassador has only interfered. Nature, when she turned out man from her workshop, was doubtless proud of her performance, as a *chef d'œuvre*. "She gave him a heaven-ward look, and to behold the skies!"

"Os homini sublime dedit cœlumque tueri."

But the envious Principle, by his dominion over the whims and caprices of that same man, has so frustrated her grand design, that Nature disclaims her own handiwork. If you would know the full extent of the evil he has worked, figure, in your mind's eye, Eve, when in the Garden of Eden, ere yet she had listed to the voice of the charmer,—she dazzled the first of men; and—if your imagination is sufficiently flexible to take the leap, the same Eve, as she *would be*, altered to dazzle Adam, at Almack's! Ought we not to shudder at the power of a demon, who can inflict upon human

beings such hideous transformations? Who has robbed female loveliness of all its beautiful simplicity and innate symmetry, and has given nothing in exchange but—a bustle!

It is not, however, to the mere animal or intellectual enjoyments, nor to mere personal attributes, that the demon principle has restricted his detestable influence. Nature has given, as the heritage of every human being until defiled by the remorseless tyrant, the blessings of health, and serenity of mind. To the altar of the idol, to which we all bow with obsequious homage, health is offered up as a propitiatory sacrifice. We purposely place ourselves in the way of this ever-moving Juggernaut, that its wheels may crush us to destruction. If nature has divided the twenty-four hours into night and day, (and the division is recognized by all her works,—man, the bat, the owl, and the beasts that walk by night only excepted,) she did not do so without a design. For why has she done so? The day, she gave for the pleasure and business of man; the night, for his repose. Man, under the dire influence of the malicious ambassador, turns day into night, and night into day. He surrenders the coolness and stillness of evening when slumber steals on the wings of shadows, for the poisonous exhalations of gas, or the deleterious atmosphere of the crowded room, and heated theatre; and when the laggard morning comes which should bring with its roseate greeting, health and energy, to brace him for the toils of the day, it finds him a jaded and worn-out candidate for the pillow! It is through the workings of the same malignant destiny, that we surrender up our serenity of mind, and are chiefly care-marked and anxious beings. Why are our hearts eat up with care? Why are our spirits groaning with the constant pressure of anxiety? Are the necessaries of life so costly, or so difficult to be procured, that life itself is exhausted in supporting life? Cannot existence be kept alive without an expenditure of toil and thought, from which our better nature shrinks—but shrinks in vain? Or have we not (under the influence of the same spirit) forged for ourselves fetters, which we hug, while they gall us? Have we not sharpened the steel that rankles in our breasts? And yet so enamoured are we of our servility, "so pleased with ruin," that we would not escape from it, even if we could!

Independently of this power over our persons and physical enjoyments, this powerful demon has dominion over our minds. It is as *he* wills, and not as nature and truth dictate, that we are educated. If he suggests that an acquaintance with the dead languages is more useful than one with the living — that a familiarity with the Pagan mythology of two thousand years ago, is more desirable than a knowledge of the simple principles and truth of that Faith, by which alone we hope for redemption—straightway we become good classics, and are unable to speak our own language, or any one of our neighbours', with propriety; and by the same perverse consistency, while we are qualified for good Pagans, are most indifferent Christians. Are our females less sufferers? What but the all-pervading influence of a demoniacal power could prevail on our "parents and guardians," to exclude their charges from the cultivation and advancement of their intellectual faculties, in the dry acquirements of accomplishments for which, in all probability, they have neither taste nor inclination? Or, if they are so far fortunate as to possess those attributes to success, in permitting what ought to be the mere embellishments of life to form its sole business?

We have traced so far the mighty influence of the Tyrant Spirit; there is yet an exclusive dominion over which he ranges with an equally despotic will—the affections. We feel his scorpion lash from the first moment of our birth; and we never cease throbbing under it until we are soldered up in our coffins! When the first weak wail of frail mortality pierces its mother's ears, as it lies nestled on her bosom, and asks, in feeblest and yet tenderest moans, for the nurture which Heaven has garnered there for its support, what hands but a demon's could tear it from the fountain that is gushing there, and convey it to the breast of a hireling? Oh! *Monsieur le chargé d'affaires* of the Principle of Evil, you have much to answer for. Herod contented his sanguinary lust with *one* "slaughter of the innocents." Your Excellency slaughters the babies by wholesale every hour that we live!

Thus does the demon principle not only separate the mother from the infant in its tenderest years, or rather days—too frequently from that separation numbered!—but through the perilous period of advancing years the tyrannous decree continues. Children—the only prototype we possess of angels on earth, who are the poetry of human nature—from whose innocent forms all our "original brightness" has not been rubbed by a collision with the coarser materials of which the rest of creation is formed—are banished from the sight of their parents—from that discipline which the heart, and the heart only, can bestow—to a place which the innocents themselves think and feel to be a prison, but which their amiable papas and mammas complacently call a nursery! Here a coarse-handed and coarser-minded stranger usurps the tenderest duties and most affectionate offices; and when the mind of the suffering babe most plaintively asks the watching love and enduring patience that the mother alone can give, it receives the warped direction which the coarse and unfeeling nature of the hired substitute cannot fail of bestowing.

Is it in the affections of our infancy and childhood that the tyrant demon's influence is alone felt? Are there not such things in this dark world as ruined hopes—as blighted loves? And worse than even these—as wretched marriages? And who is the author of all this?—Monsieur the *chargé d'affaires* of the Omnipotent Arimanes! Who, when two young hearts are drawn together by that all-attracting loadstone—love, whispers into their parents' ears (and, perchance, their own!) "disparity of rank—settlements—establishments," and other words—words indeed—but words that too often have cloven human hearts asunder!

It is through this hideous power, that marriages that ought to have been made in Heaven, have the most indisputable symptoms of being solemnized—somewhere else! It is *that* which gives the man of education and refinement to the frivolous or coarse-minded wife; and all the beauty which Heaven has allotted to Earth's daughters, to the insensible clod, or, still worse, the depraved sensualist. It links refinement with vulgarity; sensibility with obtuseness; age with youth; passion with frigidity; intellect with stupidity; "the airs of heaven" with "the blasts of hell!"

It even slackens the duties, and at length completely dissolves them, that man owes to his fellow

man. It loosens the knot which the blind delusion of misplaced friendship believed to be indissoluble. Under its delusion, the hand of friendship becomes cold—the tongue of sympathy silent—the heart of affection stone. If calamity, like a thunderbolt, is driven by "the red right hand" of destiny over us, Nature, that yearns in that moment for the soothing voice of the friend of happier years, is stifled by the malignant grasp of the tyrant, that, like the enchantress of old, turns all that feast on its delusive spells to the condition of the "unclean beast," or to its own fiend-like nature. What if some glimpses of our own original nature yet burn bright within us, they are instantly repressed by the demon's cold suggestions; and we leave the playmate of our boyhood, the companion of those years "when love and life alike were new," to perish in prison—to die on his lorn couch; and those eyes, that once met our own beaming with the holy fire of affection, to be closed by—the undertaker!

Thus from the cradle to childhood—from childhood to youth—from youth to manhood—and from manhood to the grave, have we traced the influence of the demon-ambassador, as you may trace the walk of the "live lightning" on the withered grass, by the sterility and desolation which everywhere follows his footsteps.

If, gentle reader, you suspect we have exaggerated the power which represents on earth the Principle of Evil having command over our whims and caprices, you will acknowledge, in this slight sketch of his attributes, that we have but faintly pourtrayed his mighty influence, when you recognize him under his more familiar name of—FASHION.

AN AUTUMNAL DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

MORNING.—The sun's broad disc peeping above an eastern hill,—the ecstatic voices of a multitudinous throng of larks, rushing heavenward and pouring out, the while, a flood of tremulous and yet triumphant song,—the jocund voices of labourers in the farm-yard, of reapers in the harvest-field, and early gleaners in the bowery lanes,—the clinking of harness, and the creaking of ponderous wains, already astir, and tending towards the harvest-fields;—what pleasanter sights and sounds than these, to usher in the glorious day? And as the blue mists roll away—veil after veil withdrawn, and distant hills shine clearly out, and winding waters leap and sparkle in the sunshine, and hill-side cottages send up their slender wreaths of white and vapoury smoke into the pure, bright, morning air, and the awakening breeze runs riot amidst the huge gnarled arms and waving boughs of every tree it meets with in its

course,—what seemeth it but a renewal of the primal beauty of the earth,—order and light revolving out of chaos,—life—teeming, vigorous, and lusty life—up-springing from the heavy death-like sleep of night? So morning, life, and sunshine dawn upon the world;—morning climbing the firmament's blue arch,—life in that vocal air, life in the dancing waters, life in the twinkling grass, life in the solemn woods, life in the thrilling song of the exulting birds, life in the red-veined vine-leaves clustering round the cottage porch, life in the haunts and homes of men—and sunshine brooding over, embracing, and informing all.

Noon.—Blazing noontide,—the hot sun in his fierce, dazzling might, rides high and lonely in the heavens, without an attendant cloud to soften his excessive brightness, or mitigate the overpowering heat. The reaper's hand slackens, and the seemingly untiring energies of the morning succumb to the relaxing influences and prevailing lassitude of the burning hour. Then, too, there is the luring shadow of an old oak-tree, flinging its broad green boughs far and wide over the thirsty earth, and beneath it the often-replenished beer bottles, with such coarse fare and homely cates as,

> "Sauced with hunger, seem as sweet,
> As greater dainties we are wont to taste."

Who could resist tempters so mute and yet so eloquent as these? The glistening sickle is relinquished,—the golden grain enjoys a respite for a space,—and the little island of shadow—green, grateful, welcome shadow! beneath the oak-tree's canopy, receives a thirstier group than ever did Jack Falstaff's favourite hostelry—thirstier than even Jack himself, or Pistol, Nym, or Bardolph.

Within the village, all is sleepy, torpid immobility. Windows are flung open, blinds drawn down, cats winking and nodding in the sun, old eleemosynaries dozing in older chairs, beneath the shade of porches more antique than all; the very leaves hang still and stirless on the trees; flowers droop upon their stems; birds seek the shadiest coverts; the white-washed walls of the many-gabled homesteads dazzle like Polar snows, and every cottage casement mirrors the flashing sunshine, until its multiplied reflection blinds you with "excess of light."

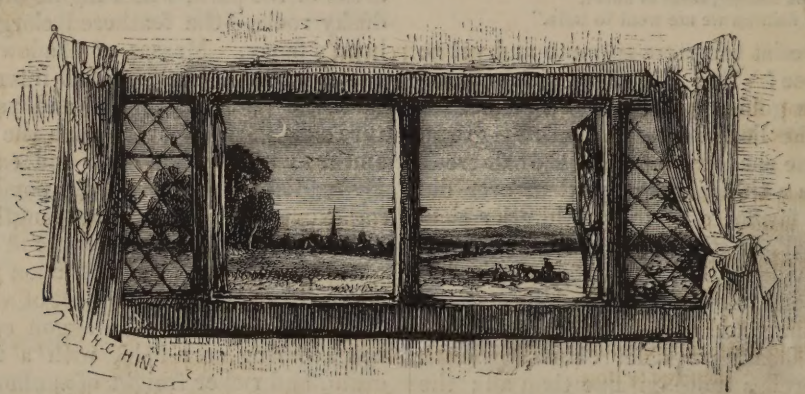
The brawny blacksmith's sturdy arms no longer wield the ponderous hammer, or wake the echoes of the ringing anvil. Our tailor (incorrigibly idle knave!) forsakes the shop-board for "the paper," and prates of politics until his customers and gossips shun him as though infected with the plague. The spare and sallow shoemaker (*cord-wainer*, we think he styles himself,) leans lazily upon his hatch, watching, with his hollow eyes half shut, the wreaths of smoke that issue from his blackened pipe—his inseparable and almost sole companion. Young urchins, enfranchised from the noisome, steaming school, look wistfully towards the freshet brook, and ponder on the purposed plunging of their panting limbs within its limpid depths. Fruit-pickers lie languidly beneath the orchard-trees, and wish—with what an earnest, unaffected heartiness they wish!—that life itself were one long dinner-hour. Only the rotund butcher—portly as a Christmas ox, and ruddier than a ripened peach, defies the somniferous hebetating influences of noon, and he—poor wight!—intent upon his deadly work, his insect-slaughter, looks, breathes, and executes a fearful vengeance, at, against, and on a host of carneficial enemies. So, noontide wears away, and men again address themselves to toil—the reaper to his sickle, the blacksmith to his forge. Howbeit, the labour of the hours that, so to speak, are more immediately post-meridian, hath little in it of a stirring character—little, indeed, beyond a certain show, a counterfeit and simulated sort of make-shift. The afternoon yields the *semblance*, but not the substance, of actual, active, earnest exertion.

Evening.—In the cottage-gardens skirting the winding road, flowers are silently folding up their leaves; and bees, laden with the luscious spoils of many a far-off meadow, are wending homewards with a drowsy, droning hum. Above the tall old elms and stately linden trees—the towering patriarchs of the park, wheel flights of clamorous and dusky rooks—the feathered clergy of our childhood's fancy. Masses of shadow sleep upon the sward beneath, chequered at intervals with small fantastic patches of green and yellow light—nature's rich fresco, over which the deer glance to and fro with footfalls mute and echoless as snow. By road-side pools and sedgy ponds, stand lingering groups of cattle, whose lengthening shadows show strangely on the shattered surface of the glowing waters. Ever and anon you indistinctly catch some stave or fragment of a merry harvest-carol; and presently a waggon emerges from a neighbouring corn-field, with a rich freight of grain, and richer freight of sunburnt children on its summit, who wave aloft a goodly bough that not long since was flourishing upon its parent tree; and as the cumbrous wain sways to and fro, and rolls from side to side, rocking and jolting in the rutty lane, the laughter and the shouting of those ruddy urchins rings out more merrily and heartily than aye. It passes on, and gradually the echo of that childish mirth becomes more mellow, and, as distance intervenes, dies fitfully away.

Daylight is waning, and a pale, thin haze creeps stealthily along the valleys, covering each water-course, and rill, and gully with a delicate and filmy curtain; but a glowing light is still poured upon the uplands, and on the undulating range of hills towards the east, and on the tapering church-spire's tip. Look to the west. How gloriously the sun goes down, with all his pompous retinue of gorgeous clouds—purple and gold, ruby and amethyst, turquoise and pearl!—Pooh! what idle talk is this! The dark, dank veins of mother earth can veil no colours half so radiant

as those the face of heaven puts on at sunrise and at sunset. And now the full-orbed day-god dips behind that diadem of firs above the "Warren" —lower — lower — then, hovering like a glory above the crest of one dark tree, lingers a moment, and sinking, disappears. How deep a hush fell then upon the darkling woods—solemn, intense, unbroken silence. The wind has sunk—not a leaf stirs—not a song-bird's note comes floating through the air. There is a pause—a suspension, as it were, of nature's universal pulse, as though the loss of light had awed each woodland chorister, and made even inanimate things acknowledge and obey its solemnizing power. Yet not for long; for from the heart of one thick grove there issues a low preludious song, that grows and strengthens, augmenting in compass and in volume, until it mounts and swells into a full, rich, liquid strain, sinking and soaring, softening and quivering, until the air seems literally impregnated with melancholy, — bird answering bird — nightingale uttering sweet discourse to nightingale—echo responding unto echo—a perfect pæan—a choral evening song, sent up when heaven is dusk and earth is still.

Meanwhile, just where the sun went down, the sky still wears some reliquary glory—some traces of a scarcely-departed grandeur. There are gleams of silent lightning—vivid and innocuous, and sudden openings in the rifted clouds, that a visionary might well believe were glimpses of the heaven beyond, caught momentarily, while its refulgent gates unclosed to welcome in some wandering intelligence. This, too, departs; and one by one, dimly at first, trembling and uncertain, but glittering anon like diamonds, the sparkling stars come forth. The blue hills deepen into purple; the misty haze expands, and thickens while it spreads. As the sky pales, so pales its image mirrored in the sinuous river. Objects remote mingle and blend confusedly. The eye can scarcely note the line which severs the horizon from the purple uplands, or discriminate between the steadfast hills of *terra firma*, and those other piled-up heights, whose broken summits vary in form with every varying current of the wind. Lights twinkle in the cottage windows. Home draws within its cheerful circle the household band dispersed abroad throughout the day; and NIGHT, with its shining stars, its sleep, its solemn silence, and its shadows, settles down upon the darkened world. J. S.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"H. A." in our next.

The lines of "Anne M——e," with several other poetic favours, in our next.

"A. P., Glasgow," as early as possible.

We feel favoured by the offer of "A. M. Y." We greatly respect the subject of her composition; but the paper appears to us too slight for publication. It is left with the publisher.

"X." Our notices would trench greatly on the page, were we to acknowledge the receipt of every leaf of verse or prose. Will "X" and other of our correspondents take silence *not* for consent?

"Bosworth Eve" is received. The previous communication alluded to by our correspondent, was not.

Communications are left for the writers of "The Governess;" "Kate Wynsley;" for "Mr. Matthew Mowbray," and others, with the publisher.

We shall endeavour to find space for the contribution of "E. S.' Worcester."

A press of matter compels us to postpone several literary notices.

FOR OCTOBER.

Page

England Sixty Years Ago. By Luke Roden, M.D. 295
Illustrated by Hine.

A Vision in Pan's Dell 308
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.

A Providential Escape 309
Illustrated by Hine.

Lament for a Lost Home 310

A Trip to Havre de Grace 311
Illustrated by Hine.

The Poor Child's Horn Book. By Paul Prendergast 317

The Stolen Shoulders. By the late Author of "Three Courses and a Dessert" . . 320
Illustrated by Leech.

Page

The "Starry Home". 326

The Lady and her Son. By Miss Louisa Stuart Costello 327
Illustrated by J. Brown.

South Staffordshire and the Colliers . . . 330
Illustrated by Hine.

Dogs' Tales. By R. B. Peake 335
Illustrated by Hine.

Harvest Home 340
Illustrated by Hine.

Letter to Mr. Serjeant Adams. By Luke Roden, M.D. 342

Beaus of England. By Mark Lemon . . 345
Illustrated by Charles Martin.

Index 347

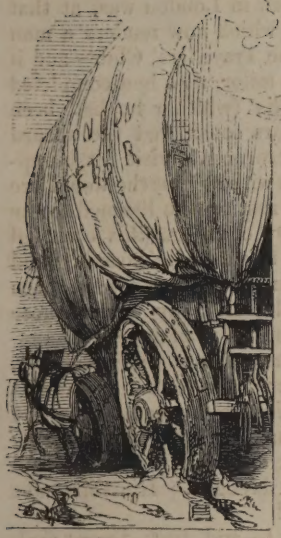
☞ *The whole of the Engravings under the superintendence of* E. Landells.

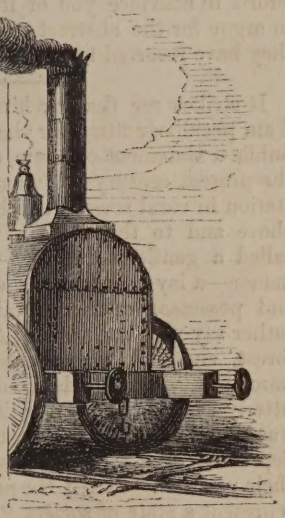
ACTING and habits of thinking of the last century than of those in the empire of China. Let me then enjoy the sad privilege of old age, and the gratitude on the subject of former days. Such a retrospect is by no means useless. The man of to-day may learn thereby how much it is possible for one generation to accomplish—they may be taught to hope for the changes and improvements they are desirous, from the quiet progress of thinking, and may be made aware, that as an instrument of exciting equally old abuses and errors the pen is a vastly more potent instrument than the sword. That the strenuous efforts of the well-meaning to oppose the advances of social and political changes, are barren as to long as they are confined to the gossepull; that, in fact, they are beneficial, by compelling the men of the present to reconsider their plans, and moderate their expectations. The delay may convince them of the inestimable privileges and advantages which they enjoy over their predecessors, and that these must not be lightly hazarded in the attempt to enlarge them more rapidly; that it is not wise to stake their present and prospective blessings on the results of a physical contest, in which the battle is not to the strong nor the race to the swift. They should consider (and even their own limited experience may afford examples) that changes which are resisted with violence at one time, are (by the gradual alteration of convictions), ultimately promoted with cordiality by their original adversaries, if they are not "driven into a corner," as the phrase is, and compelled to make it a point of honour to be consistent.

THE
ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE

SIXTY YEARS AGO

BY LUKE RODEN, M.D.





THE changes which have taken place within the last half century in the whole fabric of society—in dress, manners, feelings, habits—in roads, in locomotion—in morals, politics, and religion—in short in every thing which interests the human race, are so extensive, so universal, that the young of the present day can form to themselves no more idea of the modes of acting and habits of thinking of the last century than of those in the empire of China. Let me then enjoy the sad privilege of old age, and be garrulous on the subject of former days. Such a retrospect is by no means useless. The men of to-day may be taught thereby how much it is possible for one generation to accomplish—they may be taught to hope for the changes and improvements they yet desire, from the quiet progress of thinking, and may be made aware, that as an instrument of warfare against old abuses and errors the pen is a vastly more potent instrument than the sword. That the erroneous efforts of the well-meaning to oppose the advances of social and political changes, are harmless so long as they are confined to the goosequill; that, in fact, they are beneficial, by compelling the men of the progress to reconsider their plans, and moderate their expectations. The delay may convince them of the inestimable privileges and advantages which they enjoy over their predecessors, and that these must not be lightly hazarded in the attempt to enlarge them more rapidly; that it is not wise to stake their present and prospective blessings on the results of a physical contest, in which the battle is not to the strong nor the race to the swift. They should consider (and even their own limited experience may afford examples) that changes which are resisted with violence at one time, are (by the gradual alteration of convictions), ultimately promoted with cordiality by their original adversaries, if they are not "driven into a corner," as the phrase is, and compelled to make it a point of honour to be consistent. Let the young bear in mind that between absolute truth and their present convictions, the space is enormously greater than between their present opinions and those of their seniors, and that it is possible, nay highly probable, that their present convictions may ultimately appear to them as irrational and absurd as those of their predecessors.

Mutual forbearance and gentleness are necessary to steady and beneficial progress—calmness in stating opinions on both sides, and still more the absence of all exaggeration,—these things are essential, if we wish the truth to prevail, and do not merely argue for victory or for the display of our own talents—ignoble motives, which desecrate the holy cause in which we profess to be engaged, and positively retard the consummation of which we are so desirous;—oil obviates friction better than gall and vinegar.

For many centuries it has been the custom to fit every child with a pair of moral spectacles, through which he is to view the world correctly. Unfortunately, these spectacles have generally been coloured, and as in the mutilation of the Chinese foot, the eye has gradually adapted itself to this artificial state, and become unable to exercise natural vision. Let the *impatient* reformer reflect that he himself was fitted with spectacles like the rest, and that if he have succeeded in throwing them off it is very possible that his eyes have not yet entirely recovered the powers originally given by nature.

To pursue the metaphor—he is certain that he has laid down his green, blue, or red glasses, and believes therefore that he now sees correctly. No; like the Chinese foot, it is not sufficient merely to take off the bandages—the limb is no longer the same, and in some instances, perhaps, it is only by retaining these bandages that the sufferer is able to walk at all. So with the moral spectacles I have spoken of—you may remove from the Mahommedan all fear of his prophet and his

Deity, but he is then utterly incapable of self-restraint, and (to continue the metaphor of the foot) he either sits down in despair, or without the artificial support to which he had been accustomed, totters onwards to destruction.

The analogy is perfect when applied to politics and morals; but it would be tedious to follow it out. If you, reader, be one of those who have laid down their spectacles, let your efforts be first directed, not to convince the wearers of them that your vision is perfect, and that they are foolish or wicked in believing their own—above all, do not speak contemptuously of their present opinions, set yourself gently and steadily to convince them that they are wearing spectacles, and do not hesitate to acknowledge that you once wore them yourself, and were equally prejudiced against any efforts to convince you of it. It will be time enough to argue for the abstract truth of your opinions when they have resorted to the use of their natural eyes.

It strikes me that by birth, education, and habits, I am peculiarly fitted for the task of laying before the public a statement of some of the mighty changes of the present century—having been born in that middle station in rural society which gave free access to those above and to those below. My father was what is called a gentleman farmer—a squire—a lord of the manor—a lay impropriator of great and small tithes, and possessor of innumerable fragments (I should rather say rags and tatters) of feudal rights. A large forest, and various unenclosed commons were in the immediate vicinity, inhabited by a class of people now utterly extinct, whose free life of picturesque romance was a poor compensation for the idle, profligate, vicious, depraved, and even atrocious habits engendered by their position. Had I the pen of Walter Scott I would represent a state of society "Sixty Years since," compared to which his description of the Highland marauders is tame and spiritless. Unless, however, his faculty were bestowed on me, it were vain to attempt to characterize the period with such an air of truth and nature as can alone produce conviction. I could give the anatomy of the dead body of the age, but could not breathe life into the corpse and show it in action. It is the sublime privilege of genius alone to re-create existencies.

But what my descriptions may want in vivacity may be partly compensated in fidelity. I shall not be tempted to embellish, and if my narrative be tame, it will be correct; though requiring more effort on the part of the reader to master the subject, it may perhaps better direct his efforts to influence the future. I have travelled much out of my own country, and am in that respect a safer guide, from knowing not only the state of society where these great changes have not yet been accomplished, but the good as well as the bad of the old system. It is not permitted to man to establish perfection in any human institution.

The town in which I viewed the scenes first described in these papers, had been once of considerable importance and possessed many feudal privileges. It was on the great road from London to Ireland, and near the centre of the kingdom; but the rapid advance of other towns in the vicinity (better situated for trade by reason of rivers, canals and roads) had fixed them as centres of great manufacturing districts, and caused the decay of such places as were less favourably located. As, in the present day, the direction of a railroad leads to a rapid increase of population in one quarter, and proportionate diminution in another, so this town gradually sank into obscurity from similar causes—its market ceased to be frequented, and at last was abolished—coaches changed their route for roads more densely populated, and thus it became a large straggling village, half peopled, instead of a bustling town.

Should the recollections of other men of equal age scarcely carry them back to a state of things such as I have described, let them bear in mind that the little intercourse between the capital and the provinces at that period, and still less between town and town, made the habits of a village, thus abandoned to depopulation and decay, at least ten or a dozen years in arrear of a place of manufacturing and increasing commerce and industry. To have once been in London was, at that time, a distinction like that which now renders a man eligible as a member of the Travellers' Club—and if an aspiring young draper or tailor, who had completed his studies in the metropolis (whither he had been sent, by what the neighbours considered the absurd ambition of his parents), returned to visit his bumpkin relations, he looked down with at least the due share of contempt on the ignorant rustics who listened to the wonders he recounted. How often has this occurred to my mind when listening to the calm boasting and compassionate condescension of men who have been round the world, towards the unhappy beings whose peregrinations have been confined to Europe.

I remember an inhabitant of my native village, whose desire of travel was so intense, that he at last resolved to appease his cravings by accompanying the broad wheel waggon to London; he arrived in the metropolis about six o'olock on a winter evening and left the next morning before daylight. His thirst was appeased and he was happy!

He *had* been in London!—and took brevet-rank accordingly.

Part of my father's income arose from the great tithes, and another part from a set of feudal fictions, called fines and amercements—these latter varied from four-pence to twenty or thirty shillings; and, although the sums were so small, amounted altogether to a considerable income.

The habit of considering abstract questions (especially political questions) among the ignorant and uneducated leads to very dangerous results when their own pecuniary interests are concerned. It requires much more cogent and irresistible arguments to convince us that we ought to pay, than to convince us that we ought not to pay—a very slight degree of evidence is necessary in the latter case, and we listen to the orator with a disposition to be convinced that saves him a world of trouble. How much more when the origin of the claim is, if not doubtful, at least mystified by the obscurity of antiquity. The American rebellion* had been successful, and the French revolution was preparing—men's minds were fermenting, and there was an abstract disposition to resist all claims, just or unjust; in a case in which the enforcement of the claim was tedious and expensive it is not extraordinary that our "fines and amercements" became the object of passive resistance. Accordingly, one by one, our groats and nobles were refused, and the claim to them defied—litigation became enormously expensive

* War of Independence. I by no means subscribe to *all* the opinions of the esteemed and able author of this paper.—[Ed.]

—and when once a few claims were waived, the whole were opposed. Those who had no doubt of the right, and had taken their farms on those conditions, and who had, perhaps, at first condemned their neighbours for resisting a just claim, became gradually convinced that their neighbours were right, and they themselves were wrong—that no doubt the claim was bad or it would have been enforced—so they joined the rest, and the income was at last entirely abandoned.

Tithes were, however, more "sacred;" and although not a clergyman, the lay impropriator had the law on his side, without the necessity of any great archæological researches, and the amounts were worth litigating; but these were evaded in every possible mode. We had, amongst others, the tithe of all lambs yeaned in the parish. By driving the ewes some distance into another parish, where the lambs could be born on tithe-free land, hired for the purpose, this claim was evaded; and though in some instances the law rectified the wrong, there was still a large source of income cut off, and a state of permanent animosity established between tithe owner and tithe payers.

All these things are necessary to be understood, in order to know the state of feeling at the time. I remember that when, as a little boy, I accompanied our tithing man on my poney, and took in succession from his hands the little boughs to stick in the shock of corn, and "mark it for my own"—I felt a pride similar in kind and equal in degree to that which animated the breast of a British captain, at the time when every foreign ship was compelled, on pain of cannon balls, to lower its flag in the narrow seas, in concession to our naval supremacy. I presume the farmer in turn felt like the foreign commander, when forced to pay this unwilling homage.

On these and similar excursions I and my brothers were generally mounted on "straifs;" that is, cattle which had strayed from the adjoining forest, where the animals bred in almost a state of nature. If not claimed in the course of twelve months and a day, they became our own; but during that period, if used, it was necessary to have a large feather (generally a goosequill) fastened transversely in the tail, as a signal to the claimant, if there were any. This feather in the tail I always considered as a feather in the cap, and was often shocked at the wicked people who mocked at it: those who resisted the payment of tithes, it was some consolation to reflect, were sure to go to the devil when they should die; but I was not quite satisfied with this deferred annuity of vengeance, and often regretted that we could not anticipate the payment.

PLOUGH MONDAY.

Among the very earliest recollections which remain in my mind is that of Plough Monday. I could have been scarcely four years of age when first conscious of the universal terror which announced the approach of the annual saturnalia. Year after year was the subject debated in solemn domestic conclave, and plans of resistance considered; but year after year did the courage of the household fail at the approach of the dreaded day. The subject was with me one of wonder and interest, mixed with alarm, before I grew old enough to estimate the danger. Often did I hear my father express his resolve no longer to bear the infliction; but my mother's terrors always prevailed, and he was once more persuaded to defer his resistance and his vengeance till the next anniversary.

And what was Plough Monday, the reader will say, that it should be anticipated with such terror? It was an ancient festival of Ceres, I believe, which had gradually degenerated into an agrarian revolt. An enormous plough, decorated with flowers, ribbons, and other trappings, was drawn by three or four hundred young men similarly ornamented, preceded by a band of what was then called music! and accompanied by an enormous crowd of men, women, and children, with full grown boys and girls, hooting, shouting, screaming, dancing tumultuously, like so many drunken bacchanals, and uttering oaths and obscenities which would not in the present day be tolerated in the regions of St. Giles's and the Mint. As they approached the house a messenger was sent on to know what ransom would be given—if this were refused altogether, they proceeded to plough up the front of the house. Walls, railings, posts, trees of considerable size, could not for a moment resist the ponderous

machine, which, dragged by chains, tore its way through the ground to a great depth, leaving devastation behind it. A grass plat was destroyed—vases broken—shrubs torn up by the roots or cut off close to the ground, and a scene remained as if a mine had been sprung on the spot. If a sum below their estimate of their "Rights," as they termed them, was given, they still proceeded to do considerable mischief, but did not wreak full vengeance—it was only on the payment of their arbitrary demand, without hesitation or resistance, that they passed by without injuring any thing. For the house of a gentleman, this black mail was, I believe, two or three pounds; and it was graduated down to a shilling or two from the poorest labourer. The regular plough team was always composed of persons from a distance, and those inhabitants of the district who could have resisted the invasion, had they been so inclined, were themselves gone to distant places on a similar errand.

The money thus obtained was expended in profligacy and debauchery, little less extravagant than that of the followers of Juggernaut. A fortnight previous to the day was occupied in anticipations and preparations, and at least a fortnight afterwards was required before things could subside into their regular channel—so that every year a month of labour was wasted, besides the utter disruption of all habits of order and decency. The general morality may be judged of from the fact that the district afforded no instance, I believe, of a girl being married till ready to lie in, when it became necessary that she should select one of her paramours to take on him the character, but not the restraints of a husband. It was, indeed, rare that a girl consented to become a wife till she had had one or two children, when the annuity granted by the parish for their maintenance formed the dowry which attracted the penniless swain. Let us admire the wisdom of our ancestors!

A still greater object of alarm, however, than Plough Monday, was that of the approach of Gypsies, who from the numerous unenclosed commons all over the kingdom, found everywhere shelter and food. Regular encampments of three or four hundred persons were sometimes located on the same spot for a month at a time, to the utter destruction of poultry and game, and not unfrequently they helped themselves to pigs and sheep. The neighbouring farmers did not dare to be severe, or to call in the imperfect aid of the law, lest their fences or their cattle should suffer from the vengeance of the marauders. I remember, on several occasions, the town being literally taken possession of by this gang of ruffians, who gave it distinctly to be understood that they should not budge till a certain sum of money was raised, when they would pass on to the next town and bestow similar patronage. For two or three days the streets were crowded, and every hay-loft and shed occupied by the nomade tribe. Their departure was like that of the Israelites from Egypt—they borrowed (without divine authority) whatever vessels of gold and vessels of silver belonged to the parishioners. Of the former, I imagine, there were few; and the latter were, I presume, only spoons and cruet-tops—but such was the terror inspired by the threats of these lawless ruffians—some of which distinctly concerned their temporal goods, but not a few were addressed to their superstitious fears of ill luck, sickness to themselves, and a murrain to their cattle—such was the terror inspired by the unwelcome visitors, that on their exodus, the universal voice was not one of lamentation for the loss, but of thankfulness for the ultimate escape. These inflictions were endured as men endure the consequences of earthquakes, storms, and inundations—as natural and inevitable evils which, as they must be borne, it is best to bear without repining, and each time it was hoped that it would not happen again.

The drawing for the militia—the numeration of the population—the establishment of yeomanry—and the enclosure of forests and commons, gradually broke up this interesting state of society, and made the trade of deer-stealer, poacher, thief, and fortune-teller too hazardous to be worth following. A large number of these very enterprising gentry have passed to the Antipodes at the public expense, and they have now full room for their peripatetic researches—but if they wish to rob hen-roosts and pig-styes they must first breed the animals—for the establishments of their neighbours are too much dispersed to be worth the gleaning.

I can well remember, as a boy, the extraordinary beauty and even grace of these wandering outcasts—the large speaking eye, the ruddy lip, the well-formed bust, and all the well-understood allurements of the young females. I do not believe, however, that they were so accessible to the approaches of "outside barbarians" as was generally supposed; and I form my opinion on the fact, that they remained a race of very characteristic features—with the intensely black hair and peculiar complexion which mark their tribe;—this could not have been the case had there been a free admixture of other races in indiscriminate intercourse; neither (I believe) could any other race have borne the hardships and occasional privations of their migratory and unsheltered life. The fair-complexioned would have passed into scrofula and consumption, from a small part of the inflictions that the Gypsies bore, not merely with impunity, but without injury to their physical beauty and power.

The festivities of May Day—the morris dance and the May-pole—are well known, and not peculiarly characteristic of the state of society; their universal prevalence, however, at that time, shows clearly that there was more room in the world, and that a larger portion of the year was given up to amusement and relaxation from toil. When we consider that the population of the country at the period I now speak of, was much less than half its present amount, and that so large a portion of the soil was left uncultivated, it is clear that the incessant toil of the present day was unnecessary, when every man had a claim on the bounty of nature. That the race was happier in the latter part of the last century than it is now, cannot be questioned, but it was the happiness of the pig or of the fox. Ceremonial religion had been abolished, and there was neither education nor self-respect to adopt the substitute of dogma disputation then recently introduced by Wesley and Whitfield.

On this subject, however, I have much to say in another place, when the state of the clergy shall come under discussion—whether cause or consequence of the degraded state of the populace I will not attempt to decide: it is probable the action was reciprocal—that the immorality of the clergy influenced the conduct of the laity, and that the universal prevalence of vice and profligacy among the populace took away the restraint

of opinion on that of the clergy. Comparing education and motives, I cannot but pronounce the latter to be the most criminal of the two classes. Happy are we in the present day, in the possession of a body of enlightened teachers, whose example is even more influential than their precepts.

Among the amusements of the people at the period I am treating of, the universal practice of bull-baiting is, perhaps, the one most characteristic of the state of society. I can hardly to this day forgive my parents for allowing me to attend these horrible exhibitions. My father, however, held some seignorial rights on condition of furnishing a bull to be baited, and I will do him the justice to say, that he made many attempts to abolish the practice long before the patriot Wyndham undertook its defence. Whether the eloquence of that noble gentleman in vindication of the savage and inhuman sport had any effect in altering his views on the subject, I cannot say; certain it is that the amusement continued (as Mr. Wyndham phrased it) to stimulate the noble courage of Englishmen, till abolished by the goosequill. My father offered a fat ox, nay, I believe, a couple of fat oxen, to be roasted for the recreation of the enlightened and humane people, as a vicarious sacrifice for the bull; but free-born Englishmen disdained the degrading appeal to their bellies, and insisted on the bond—nay, they even contended that the flesh of a bull which had died of rage, exhaustion, mutilation and terror, had a zest beyond that of ordinary meat, and which fully compensated for its toughness—so the practice was continued.

The poor animal was brought out with great soothing and gentleness, and led to a stake in the centre of a place, which like the "Grande Place" in France, was the modern Forum of every town, and called the Bull Ring. When he was once secured, or believed to be secured (for there were instances where, in his agony, he broke his bonds, and wreaked vengeance on his persecutors)—when once believed to be firmly secured, a loud shout from the multitude pronounced the approaching triumph of humanity—one by one, the ferocious bull dogs were loosed upon him. While he possessed his full vigour, he was able to anticipate the designs of his opponents, and when the dog, in the instinct of his nature, tried to seize the nose, either impaled him on the point of his horn, or tossed him aloft higher than the houses, when his fall sometimes burst his bowels, and sometimes, though rarely, killed him on the spot. I have seen the mutilated dog, torn and bleeding, drag himself again towards the bull with all the ferocity of his nature, and die before he could reach the spot, or perhaps the bull, unable to reach him with his horns, turned round and trampled him into a shapeless mass with his heels.

> "Then rose the cry of women, shrill
> As goshawks' whistle on the hill,
> Mingled with childhood's babbling trill
> Of curses stammered slow."

The monsters in human shape, who bred the dogs for this horrible pastime, filled the air with imprecations, or notes of exultation, as the failure or success of their favourites brought them gain and honour, or loss and disgrace—wagers were bandied about with a vivacity amounting to frenzy, and many a man, led on by the excitement of the moment, lost a sum which ruined him for life.

The ferocious tenacity of these dogs, when they had once seized the nose of the bull and pinned him to the ground, was wonderful; the bull could not move from his position because of the agonizing pain of that exquisitely sensible organ; any attempt to shake off his opponent was vain, and in this dreadful torture was he retained, till, either from the difficulty of breathing on the part of the dog (while his jaws were thus fixed) or from the period allowed by the laws, laid down for the regulation of this humane amusement, having expired, the dog was pulled away by his master, a difficult thing, and seldom accomplished without the aid of snuff crammed into his nostrils; the snuff was bestowed liberally also on the bull, and when he raised his mutilated lips aloft and roared with agony, another universal shout of exultation announced the delight of the bystanders.

One of these bull-dog breeders staked a large sum of money that his dog would allow his shoulder to be separated from the body without relinquishing his hold of the bull, and he won his horrible wager! Having just anatomical knowledge enough to know where the principal artery was placed, he passed his knife behind the shoulder blade as we do in carving a rabbit at table, and separating the whole shoulder and limb from the body left it dangling by the blood-vessels, and a few fibres of muscle which he had avoided to cut. The dog retained his hold for a quarter of an hour, when the loss of blood made him faint away, and his noble master rewarded his merits by cutting his throat. This was mercy!

At last, however, the poor bull, worn out with fatigue and agony, would crouch down, and burying his nose between his legs, leave his whole body exposed to the malice of his enemies. Sticks armed with sharp nails were driven into his flesh, and especially into those parts deemed to be most sensitive! the hellish cruelty of the crowd never ceasing to reproach him with cowardice. Cats were tied to his tail; this generally roused him to fury, and as the poor creatures were swung backwards and forwards screaming and clawing, sometimes fastening his tail to his side, sometimes to his back, and sometimes fixing their talons between his legs, shouts of laughter and obscene jokes told the joy of his tormentors.

When still further exhaustion proclaimed the approaching termination of the game, and the wretched animal lay down in a pool of his own blood and that of the dogs he had destroyed, a bunch of furze was tied to his tail, and others fixed by nails in his back, and set on fire. This was capital fun; at this moment my heart is sick with the recollection of having clapped my own little hands in transport at the wild fury of the mutilated beast in his staggering agony of terror.

Loathsome and horrible as are these details, I have suppressed some which are too filthy and too shocking to be recorded. Let us not talk of bull-fights in Spain. Humanity is of so recent a growth in our own country that we have little cause for pride. Nothing I have ever read of them can be compared with the atrocities I have witnessed in England. Thank God they are gone! and the mechanic or manufacturing artizan, who once took delight in such atrocities, has been partially awakened to a sense of the dignity of his own being, and has learnt to prefer the coffee-shop and the reading-room, the mechanics' institute with its lectures and its elevating intercourse between mind and mind, to the unspeakable horrors of the bull ring.

I must be permitted to cite one more instance of the state of public feeling on such subjects, and then I have done with cruelties. Badger-baiting and bear-baiting have considerable analogy with bull-baiting, but were never attended with such glaring and long continued cruelty. Cock-fighting and dog-fighting are in a different category, and, however reprehensible, admit of the excuse that they are merely exhibitions of the pugnacious instincts which such animals exercise in a state of nature. Strange perversity of judgment. We did not hesitate to be present at the bull-baiting, but it was low and vulgar to participate in these contests of the dog, the bear, the cock, and the badger. These were for common people, our refinement looked down on such amusements with lofty contempt.

Still there was one other exhibition of cruelty which it was permitted to the gentry to enjoy along with their inferiors. I do not allude to cock-throwing on Shrove Tuesday, which was common to all, and was especially the amusement of school boys. A number of cocks in succession were tied to a stake, and each boy was furnished with three sticks of about two feet in length. He threw at the head of the cock, and he who killed him won the prize—a still higher prize was reserved for the boy who succeeded in knocking off the head at one stroke. This delicate and innocent amusement surely no one could have the fastidious prudery to blame! Skill in the art was then as honourable as it is now in cricket, and there were even instructions given as to the best mode of outwitting the dodges of the sharp-visioned cock, by making a feint to throw, and reserving the blow till the wretch had raised his head after bobbing to avoid it. Many a happy day have I had at this innocent pastime! God forgive me.

The amusement, however, to which I allude, was this,—a rope was extended across the street, at a convenient height, and to this rope were tied by the legs a row of geese, ducks, turkies, and fowls, their heads hanging down and their necks in a froth with soapsuds, which indeed were liberally bestowed over the whole bodies of the poultry, so as to make them with great difficulty seizable. The game was practised thus—the competitors were mounted on ponies, horses, and donkeys, and to each was apportioned the part of the rope which corresponded with the elevation of himself and his steed, his task being so allotted as that the head of the bird should be just within his grasp when it hung down, but entirely out of his reach if the poor creature lifted it ever so little. The screams of the fowls, the gobbling of the turkies, the hissing of the geese, and the quacking of the ducks in their constrained position, made certainly a very ludicrous concert of discords, and excited unbounded amusement in the spectators.

After allowing a moderate time to elapse, that the birds might become exhausted and less inclined or less able to snatch away their heads with vivacity, the fun began—the riders went full gallop under the rope, and he who could pull off a head had the bird for his pains. This was by no means a feat of easy accomplishment, the poor animals were very dextrous in escaping the hand, and as the riders were all mingled together in the *melée*, there was generally a heap of donkeys, ponies, and boys, all tumbled together a few yards from the line of victims. It was not till after many courses (and when breaches of the laws of the game had excluded numerous competitors from the lists,) that trophies of success began to be exhibited—when the range of necks were tolerably denuded of soap, and a good many of them stripped of feathers and skin also—the bleeding necks formed a good handle—when the birds were nearly apoplectic from their long inverted position, and their visions dimmed by the blood which trickled down from their mutilated necks. It was rare, however, that all the prizes were won—some of the birds died in their places, with broken necks, but retaining their heads—and these were given to the poor!

It must be borne in mind that the refined feelings which permitted us gentry to preside at these humanizing exhibitions, would not allow us to mingle in them—any young gentleman who should have degraded himself by joining in the sport on his poney, would have been cut by his associates, as decidedly low and vulgar!

Yet it was a hard task to abstain—it was so exceedingly funny, to see the bird with bare and bleeding neck, twisting it out of the way at the approach of the clumsy hand of his enemy, when one felt sure, that by adopting a different mode of seizure, one could do it. I was like Louis the XIV. on crossing the Rhine, who is represented by the poet as lamenting his hard fate, which compelled him to keep in a place of safety;

"Se plaignit de son rang qui l'attache au rivage."

Often did I, for the moment, wish myself a butcher's boy, that I might become a competitor for these blushing honours; nor, horrified as I often was at a bull-bait, can I recollect a single qualm of conscience at the game of neck-pulling—children are cruel, but it is from ignorance of the pain they are inflicting. The roars of the bull in his torments, told me distinctly that he was in a state of intense suffering, but the noise made by the hens, geese, ducks, and turkies, was grotesque, and had never been associated in my mind with the ideas of torture.

I have now done with rural horrors, and proceed to the description of amusements of a more blameless character: all are necessary to give an idea of society sixty years ago. When the innocent simplicity of rural life shall have been fully detailed, I will proceed to London, in which mighty wilderness I first made my appearance, in the last week of the last century.

One of the games still preserved, as connected with the holding of land, was a dance of a very peculiar character, which, strange to say, had never been honoured with a name. Twelve pairs of the noblest antlers, with their points gilt, were fixed in twelve (wooden) stags' heads, covered with the appropriate skin; a handle of eighteen inches in length was inserted in the under part of each, which a stout young man held in both hands before him, the horns resting on his shoulders. These twelve persons were preceded by a man in or upon (whichever it might be called) a wooden horse: the body of the man passed through the body of the horse, and as he walked along, his legs were concealed by the trappings which reached to the ground. Artificial legs and thighs were fixed to the portion of the man which was visible, and hung down on each side with a very fair resemblance to humanity: the lower jaw of the horse was moveable on a hinge; a string attached to it, passed over a pulley, in the upper jaw, to the man's hand, which on

pulling made a snapping noise, something like a very large castanet, and kept time to the music, which was of a similar description to that accompanying the monster plough. To keep time (musically speaking) was impossible; since each musician exercised the privilege of a true born Englishman, and played as fast or as slow as it pleased him: it was quite sufficient if he kept to the same tune, and finished it as soon as he could; if the others had begun again it was not his fault. All the botheration of bass and treble, tenor, counter-tenor, with the whole zizanie of flats and sharps, breves and semibreves, quavers and crotchets, was utterly unknown or unheeded. At any rate, they succeeded in their principal object—making a great noise; and if any one attempt to disparage the taste and refinement of my native town, I throw back in his teeth, if he is a Scotchman, his national music, the bagpipe. I am accustomed to cite an instance of heroic politeness on the part of Englishmen of rank and fashion, which is not paralleled in the history of the world. I was present at a grand entertainment given by the Duke of Sussex, and his piper was allowed to make a noise for half an hour, without one single person putting his fingers in his ears, or his napkin between his teeth. Talk of French politeness after that! No, no—beyond that, there is nothing.

The thirteen performers thus described were very gaily dressed with ribbons (I must confess sometimes cut out of paper), they paraded the town from morning till night, or at least till too drunk to stand—a climax in truth which sometimes arrived at an early part of the afternoon.

I should vainly attempt to describe the labyrinthine zigzaggery of their dance. It required great practice for a considerable time previous to the anniversary; and though to the uninitiated it might seem pure confusion, there was a "method in the madness" cognizable by the populace, and any error met with loud condemnation.—Just as in the verses called "asonantes" by the Spaniards, in which most of their plays are written, the lowest of the populace perceives the slightest error, and punishes the actor with "applausos surdos" (deaf applauses), this consists in clapping the hands together, each hollowed as if it held an egg. It might be mistaken by a stranger for our own mode of signifying approbation, but it makes a most extraordinary kind of noise when performed by great numbers, to which nothing can be compared but the dead PLOP of an avalanche.

Bless me! I am off to the Peninsula and round to Switzerland, in an ærial steam carriage! I hasten back to my native town, which I venerate with all the respect of a step-son, towards his new father, defrauded of his rights by his mother's second marriage.

The original object of the ceremonies just described was stated, in the grant from Henry the Second, to be to collect money for the repairs of the church, the maintenance of the poor, and the keeping in order the public roads. While the church was quite new, and the poor and the roads not yet in existence, no doubt the collection was ample; but I cannot believe that if our ancestors had changed places with their descendants, the sum in the eighteenth century would have been greater than sufficient to accomplish its more immediate object, namely, to enable the whole party to get gloriously drunk. As there was no time fixed by law for the duration of the quest, the performers very naturally considered that when a sufficient sum had been raised for this excellent purpose, it was pure folly to delay the enjoyment of the ineffable bliss by further solicitation. Indeed, the object of the collection was so well understood, that purse-strings were drawn tight and tied in a knot, before it was well accomplished.

Such, then, is a faint description of country life at the end of the last century. My father, who (unlike his son) was always *laudator temporis acti*, was enthusiastic on the virtues and happiness of the peasantry in the time of his own youth; but as he had the disadvantage of being born in a much higher position in life than myself, he had habitually worn the rose-coloured spectacles of aristocracy, and I do not attach much importance to his testimony. One fact, however, is worth recording as indicative of the changes then going on. He said that, on first entering into life as a "noun substantive" which could "stand by itself"—they were in the habit of giving a dinner, a pair of gloves, and a crown a piece, to half a dozen persons annually, as, in lack of paupers, they would otherwise have been compelled by law to join the next parish which possessed a superabundance. A benevolent gentleman, however, established a cotton factory—made a large fortune and retired—left his factory to a man of straw, who soon failed, threw on the parish an enormous population of dissolute and abandoned persons, and raised the poor-rates to fifteen shillings in the pound.

The state of the public roads at this time was universally such as to forbid travelling in winter except on horseback, or in the heavy lumbering vehicles of the day—the general form of these was exactly the same as our present omnibus—there is nothing new under the sun;—the reader may be assured that the coaches of that day differed only in being more coarsely and more strongly built, with wheels adapted to the deep ruts in which they had to travel—these were called long coaches, but there was another kind called a diligence, or as it was generally pronounced, a dilly,—the latter may be seen in the "Inn Yard" of Hogarth. Neither kind of carriage had springs, but were suspended by leather straps like the lord mayor's coach. In the case of the long coaches these were transverse, from the wheel on one side, to its corresponding wheel on the other—and thus on stopping you had some minutes oscillation before the body of the coach became still—in the dillys it was fore and aft, in the long coaches athwart ships—in either kind it soon produced sea-sickness. I remember that having just read Miss Edgeworth's Essay on Irish Bulls, and having been convinced by her arguments that Hibernians were not more liable to the use of the catachresis than Englishmen, my companion, who had been annoyed by the motion I have described, exclaimed, "Och! and how extramely unplaisant is the motion of a coach when it's still!"

The part of the vehicle which supported the coach-box was not on springs—this, joined to the bad state of the roads, made the office of coachman so laborious, that twenty-five miles was considered a hard day's work—the back part of the coach was called the basket, and it was literally a basket of wickerwork, fixed on the axle-tree of the hindwheels; of course, your luggage was battered to pieces, for the coach was really made to advance by trotting, and a speed of five miles an hour was obtained, which, with a slight declivity, some

times amounted to six. On one occasion, I had put a large and beautiful specimen of lead ore, enveloped in many wrappers, into the middle of my clothes in the portmanteau, hoping that the elasticity would preserve it; but at the end of sixty miles I found that it had worked its way through coats and trowsers, down to the bottom. No one thought of remonstrating at one of the inevitable casualties incident to travelling—and it was long after the invention of springs before they thought of putting the box and basket on springs also, and thus not merely preserving the luggage, but enabling the coachman to drive an hundred miles a-day, as was generally the case on the road to Brighton.

The astonishment was unbounded when Mr. Sedgwick (I believe) of Bath, first introduced the custom of putting flints on the road without any soft earth "to bind them together"—a system to which M'Adam succeeded in obtaining the sanction of Government, and to which he has had the honour of giving his name. It is said to be a great feather in a man's cap to give a new verb to the language, but this dictum is of equivocal authority, since the respectable Mr. Burke discovered a new mode of ensuring a steady supply for the dissecting-room. We now talk of Macadamizing roads and Burking victims, but the inventions, I believe, are not held in equal honour.

Previous to the introduction of this mode of road-making, it was the usage to throw all your hard material into the ruts, which thus formed in dry weather a sort of stone rail-road, regularly pressed down into the earth after rain, and replaced the next fine weather—the middle of the road being only intended for the horses' feet, was left in a puddle, though here and there a large piece of stone was thrown down because it would last.

The common answer to an invitation from one family to another, was, "We will come and see you as soon as ever the roads will admit of travelling." As to making them serviceable in winter, no one was so sanguine as to expect an impossibility.

The practice of cutting down the summits of hills, or filling up valleys, was not yet invented—the principal hills (especially Chalk Hill near St. Alban's) were provided with a sort of station-house at the bottom, where a number of men with large wooden wedges at the end of poles, were always to be found; their duty was to walk behind the carriage as it mounted the hill, and thrust the wedges under the wheels, and the horses made a spasmodic effort for a minute, and then rested; they also steadied the carriage on its descent, and prevented its overturn when a wheel slipped off a large stone into a deep hole. In this mode it was possible to accomplish sixty or seventy miles in the twenty-four hours, and we were not a little proud of our superiority in this respect over foreigners—a superiority that was as real then as now. I once posted from Pontarlier to Paris, in the month of November, in a light but firmly built carriage; the law enforced only four horses, but such was the state of the roads, that four horses could not draw the carriage, and I was under the necessity of actually putting six, with three postilions. Hurrying home and bribing for the sake of expedition, I could not venture to travel but during daylight, and just accomplished rather less than an average of four miles an hour.

For a long distance in the neighbourhood of Woburn Abbey, on the great highway from London to Ireland, the road, if road it might be called, was composed of deep sand, through which a pace of one mile per hour was thought a very fair progress in dry weather. It was impossible to make roads through sand, as all the world knew. It is now as good as any road in the kingdom.

Habits of excessive drinking were at this period universal, and the clergy were by no means more abstemious than the laity. It was not, indeed, considered quite delicate or proper for them to appear drunk in the pulpit or the reading desk, though even this I have witnessed in the case of three men whose livings were not ten miles from each other; such was then the laxity of ecclesiastical discipline. But in the symposia of the gentry, and on any day but Sunday, it was by no means thought to be incongruous that a clergyman should be like the rest,—he was expected to be a jovial dog as others; and if he could point a few jokes at the doctrines it was his duty to teach, he was considered a good honest fellow with no nonsense about him.

The reader will suppose that I am describing the manners of a class many degrees below the rank of gentry,—it is not so,—I speak of the tables of men of from seven hundred to two thousand a year, and of their superiors, many of whom were noblemen of large possessions. I cannot believe, from what I know of Scotland, that Scott needed to go back sixty years from the time he was then writing, to make his description of the Baron of Bradwardine and his compotators applicable—to drink deep was a sign of manhood, and from the mode in which they commenced their excesses, drunkenness soon arrived,—six or eight habitual toasts were inevitable,—"Fill your glasses, gentlemen,—no daylight, no heeltaps,—a bumper;"—these were tossed down in rapid succession, and wine glasses in those days were like claret glasses in ours, a bottle would only fill half a dozen.

In politics it is the universal custom on both sides to hold the opposite party responsible for all the extravagancies and follies of their adherents. This may be all very well in newspaper controversy, and an additional squeeze of lemon from time to time is especially necessary to make the punch acceptable to the popular palate; but it is unfair and unjust, and indulgence in the practice tends to mystify and vitiate the judgment. Certainly were I held responsible for the toasts I have drunk or acquiesced in, I should cease to glorify myself in the title of Tory. It was amongst that party that I principally witnessed the scenes here described, and the sentiments then uttered would not now be avowed in an assembly of hot-headed Orangemen, as those of the opposite party would even disgrace O'Connell. These toasts served, however, as the excuse for excesses of which artizans would now be ashamed. To leave the house of your entertainer *able to walk* was a stigma on his character and on your own manhood not to be effaced, till a repetition of the debauch with still greater excesses, had given evidence of your virility and of his hospitality.

To ensure himself against the disgrace, the deep disgrace, of the accusation that a gentleman had left his table *sober*, it was not by any means uncommon to lock the door on his guests till they had drunk as much as *he* thought proper; and I recollect with loathing the filthy scene which a dining room presented on the following morning. I was fortunately too young to partake of these excesses, and the gradual approach of a better feeling throughout society made

them always an object of disgust. Often did I vow that *my* children should never witness a similar humiliation of their father to that which I often saw, though not at home; and though I have partaken of a few, and but a very few, debauches in my time, the advance of civilization made temperance an easy virtue long before I had an opportunity of setting an example of any kind to my children.

To secure the wished for consummation of intemperance, all kinds of stratagems were resorted to—hats were not to be found, great coats had vanished, or the sleeves of them were sewed up, coachmen and grooms were too drunk to guide the horses, and had to lie down on the hay in the stable till they were sufficiently recovered to do their duty; for, like master like man, and they sometimes bettered the example. All served as a pretext for renewing the debauch, which was often prolonged till daylight, although, in those days, dinners were early—rarely after three o'clock.

"Ah, sir," said to me the ruined keeper of an hotel which had once been the centre of fashion, but which the enlargement of London had entirely superseded,—"Ah, sir, time was when every night we were obliged to send home a dozen gentlemen in hackney coaches because they could not stand, and carry to bed perhaps as many more who were too drunk even to be put in a coach—those *were* times! but now! why, sir, for a dozen years past I don't think any gentleman has left my house tipsy. No money to be made now, sir!"

Poor man, thus it is; no improvement can take place in our mutable society without reducing many to beggary. The introduction of printing inflicted starvation on the meritorious transcribers of books. Father Mathew's labours have ruined hundreds of distillers and brewers. Railways have depopulated towns, and, worst of all—our own *vested interests!* Think of the desolation of doctors from the spread of temperance and vaccination!

We were near a depôt for French officers on parole, and their free admission into society, as well as the admission of so many emigrants of first rate education and refined manners, had, I think, some effect on the sentiments of their entertainers. Intemperance never was a French vice, but, indeed, intemperance in the use of French wines is a very different thing from intemperance in the use of port, sherry, and malt liquor. One exhilarates, the other stupifies; the effect of the first soon passes off, but the other remains till the next day or the day following.

How erroneous is the opinion commonly entertained of the character of French emigrants. That the increasing complexity of governmental embarrassments necessitated a revolution, may be conceded, but that it was produced by the general depravity of the higher orders, and of the clergy, I utterly deny. France, till her disastrous interference with the revolt of our colonies, was rapidly progressing in wealth and happiness, and there is every reason to believe that all the alterations necessary to adapt the form of government to the progress of knowledge would have taken place quietly; but when the most inflammable appeals on the abstract right of resistance were spread amongst the people, translated from the English language—when a nation of political children were fed on brandy caudle instead of pap—it is no wonder they were driven mad, and would not wait for the slow progress of social reform, especially when they saw the success of such principles on the other side of the Atlantic. When once a revolution was established, it assumed the form of all revolutions, and became a contest of the "have nothings" against the "have somethings." Whenever such a contest is fairly in train, there can be little doubt of the issue, when one party outnumbers the other twenty to one.

But how exemplary was the conduct of the refugees;—unlike the Spaniards (a great number of whom I was acquainted with,) who absolutely knew nothing, and could *do nothing;* the French emigrants set themselves energetically to work to gain a living, by the accomplishments which had been the ornaments of their prosperity—drawing, fencing, dancing, languages, mathematics, geography, and other acquirements, were accessible to all the youth of England, from the very humble remuneration they required. Men who had been compelled to relinquish twenty thousand-a-year, occupied themselves in making list shoes, and feather tippets, rather than be a burden on the country which afforded them shelter;—and then the heroic cheerfulness with which they bore their misfortunes, was more than noble—it was sublime.

Above all, the clergy—men who might have stayed in their own country without danger, had they consented to take an oath of obedience to the new state of things—an oath which only the most punctilious conscience could disapprove—these men preferred poverty and exile, to the slightest breach of what they considered their duty. It was a different thing with the nobility, who, being distinctly convicted of large possessions, could give no guarantee to their despoilers, but their heads; for the patriots did not place entire confidence in their new title deeds, unless signed with blood;—the crime of hereditary wealth could only be adequately punished by decapitation. With the clergy, however, a slight concession would have placed them in safety;—but it was contrary to their consciences, and they refused.

It was very affecting to see the cheerfulness and good temper with which these unhappy people submitted to their fate;—their patient endurance of the taunts and insults to which the then state of the public mind subjected them;—the violent anti-Christian hatred, not merely of the Catholic system, but of its professors, (a totally different thing,) which then actuated the populace—nay the mass of the nation. I remember with shame, the feeling with which I then joined in little annoyances, and the humility and benevolent compassion which disarmed us in spite of our bigotry.

I was taught French, at less than half-a-crown a lesson, by a man who had been minister of state; and again, by one of the most amiable and most virtuous of men, a mitred abbot;—and I recollect, with admiration, the pure patriotism with which they heard of the triumphs of their countrymen, even when those triumphs seemed to insure their own exile and poverty; and of the sorrow with which they heard of disasters which promised their own restoration to wealth and honour. If I were a Frenchman, I would point to these things with more pride than to the victories of Jupiter Scapin.

A curious remnant of ancient taste occurs to me.—General Count Rochambeau, who had surrendered at St. Domingo, was one of the prisoners of war. His chief amusement was his garden, which, as it was a sloping bank adjoining the public road, enabled him to display the vagaries of his fancy to advantage.

His beds of flowers being arranged into a pattern, he carefully plucked away all the green leaves, so as to leave one square yellow with crocuses, for example—another blue with hyacinths—the next green with parsley, and so on; and he sat in his little arbour, to enjoy the public admiration of his skill and ingenuity.

Although I am inclined to contend for the influence of French officers and French clergymen in promoting the temperance they preached and practised, yet there was certainly another motive still more powerful which actuated the British public—namely, the increasing taxes on wines, spirits, and malt. When I was a child, excellent port wine was sold at sixteen shillings the dozen, and when bought by the pipe, might be laid in cheaper, though the common price, if sent for from a tavern, was a guinea. When the duty on some wines was increased to eleven shillings a gallon, on brandy to three or four and twenty shillings, and malt to (I think) seven or eight shillings a bushel; and when taxes were doubled and trebled, men had less means, and less leisure, for beastly intoxication;—they were compelled to exert themselves—to take more land into cultivation—to cultivate it better—to employ the idle—to invent means of increasing and economizing their earnings or their rents; and notwithstanding all the enormous expenditure of the war, the country became richer and more civilized;—tens of thousands of men who would have stagnated through life in ordinary times, a nuisance to their fellow creatures, became active, enterprizing, inventive, careful, prudent, temperate, and virtuous. Thus, as St. Paul says, "all worketh together for good;" and Providence makes even the calamity of war sometimes tend to the ultimate benefit of the human race.

A curious instance of the prevalence of intemperate habits, in the latter part of the last century, has been mentioned to me by old merchants. They were accustomed to meet in the street, or in the exchange, and no bargain was considered binding, till they had adjourned to a tavern, and partaken of a gill of wine together. This was repeated to every fresh contract; and a man of extensive business was necessarily drunk before dinner; gradually it became the custom to spit out part of the wine,—then to give part of it to the waiter; and latterly a charge was made in every contract for the price of the gill of wine, instead of actually drinking it; this charge ultimately became a perquisite to the clerks: and, as the habit was attended with no profit to the merchant, it was at length abolished. It was found that the clerks acted on the high principle of a hackney-coachman.

"Something to drink, if you please, your honour."

"Something to drink, you rascal?—why you seem to spend all your money in drink;—*you* have no clothes on your back, and your horses have no flesh."

"Begging your pardon, sir, that's my *honour* as does that."

"What do you mean by that, fellow?"

"Why you see, sir, when a lady or gen'leman says to me, coachman, here's sixpence to drink—I don't think it would be *honour* in me to spend it in anything else."

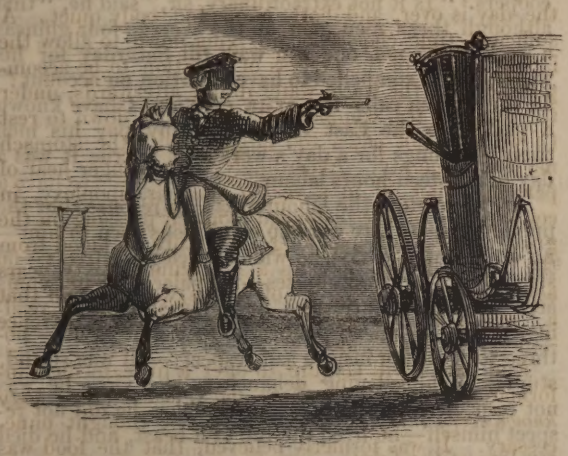
So, no doubt, thought the merchants' clerks, till their masters abolished the temptation.

The habit of taking a substantial hot supper after a hearty dinner was yet in vogue in my youth, and I know some country gentlemen who still adhere to the good old custom, although they have altered their dinner hour from one or two to five o'clock—a *mezzo termine* compromise with fashion. The present mode I think cannot be improved; it is virtually a very early supper (seven o'clock), after the business of the day is over, and both mind and body quiet. A sufficient time elapses before lying down to allow the laborious part of the process of digestion to be accomplished, and the warm water drank afterwards, under the name of tea, completes it, and we lie down to rest (if we have not eaten too largely), with the stomach moderately empty. Accordingly, we no longer hear of persons going off in a *surfeit*, that is, apoplexy, in consequence of the distended stomach pressing on the great vessels, and impeding the return of blood from the head. If we take up a magazine of sixty years ago, and look over the list of deaths, we shall find that a "surfeit" was a casualty of very frequent occurrence—it is now almost unknown.

And here I will venture to offer a little medical information; though in these days, *when every body knows every thing*, it may, perhaps, be thought unnecessary. It was formerly believed, that the food was gradually ground down and softened into a pulp in the process of digestion: an accident enabled us to prove that, on the contrary, of the whole mass in the stomach, only the outside layer is dissolved by the acid of digestion, called the gastric juice. When this is all expended, digestion ceases till more is formed, and the undissolved portion takes on the process of fermentation; till, by the slow creation of fresh gastric juice, the function is re-established. In the meantime, the distressing and injurious effects are obvious.

The insecurity of the roads was such, that to travel after dark was considered a wanton risk, and foolhardy exposure to danger. The Royal Mail was repeatedly robbed, and the ordinary coaches frequently. The apathy of the public at these atrocities, may be judged from the following incident.—My father was desirous of benefiting by the new invention of gold touchholes, and accordingly brought up to town with him the barrel (only) of his fowling-piece. When he arrived at Bagshot, and had taken an early dinner, and while there was still an hour of daylight, the landlord came into the room uncalled, to remonstrate on the danger of passing the heath, and to urge him to wait till morning, when he would have plenty of companions; told him that a celebrated highwayman on a white horse (!) had already robbed several families that day! and that there was every probability that he was still prowling about. My father, who had business of importance in London which required his presence early the next morning, determined to incur the risk—half believing that the landlord's object was to secure the advantage of another guest for the supper, bed, and breakfast,—so he passed on. He was scarcely arrived at the middle of the heath, when the *celebrated highwayman*, on his white horse, rode up to the side of the carriage, and made him repent his temerity in rejecting the counsel of the landlord. It happened, that the muzzle of the fowling-piece was visible at the open window; the man, looking askance at it, moved round to the other side; it was changed over to the other side, and carefully pointed in a proper direction, so as apparently to be ready for execution, whilst only just enough of it was shown to give it the aspect of a horse-pistol: again he rode round, and

again the barrel was changed. After a few more of these reconnoissances, the enemy thought it most prudent not to persevere in the attack on a man apparently so well prepared, and he galloped away.



Now what would be thought of such an event in the present day? Here was a series of robberies in broad day; no pursuit—no other excitement in the country but that of terror, and a cowardly acquiescence in what was thought to be an inevitable evil—the white horse, too! —as if in defiance and contempt of the "authorities." In fact, in the immediate neighbourhood of London even, these things were done with impunity; the late Dr. Babington, father of the present eminent physician, was twice robbed and illtreated in broad-day on Blackheath, and the man was never discovered. On the road to Croydon it was the custom for travellers towards evening, to wait, if going towards that town, at Streatham, and if coming thence at Thornton Heath, till a considerable number had collected; without which precaution it was considered unsafe to pass a spot called Norbury Gate (where a handsome villa has since been erected, now belonging to Mr. Saunderson) at that time *a very dangerous place, much frequented by robbers!*

So intolerable was this state of insecurity, that a very spirited Irish physician practising in London, whose name I regret to have forgotten, was moved to remedy the mischief. One remarkable man had committed not merely many audacious robberies, but many acts of wanton atrocity; the gentleman prepared himself for his dangerous course of knight-errantry, and sallied forth in his carriage, in each hand a double-barrelled pistol. The highwayman had scarcely time to present his pistol and utter the usual formula "stand and deliver," when he received the contents of two barrels in his body, and fell dead from his horse. The doctor, having provided himself with cord, stuck the man's ancles on the spikes behind his carriage, and tying them securely, left the body hanging down, and the head dragging on the ground. In this fashion he drove back into London to the astonishment and horror of the populace, the head being battered to pieces on the stones. This little exploit was as extensive an advertisement as could be wished, and the effect was extraordinary; for more than a year there was an entire cessation of horseback robbery.

Is it not strange that the public could acquiesce in the existence of this Reign of Terror? We can hardly conceive that such a state of things could be tolerated for a single week; yet, after the most audacious act of robbery, the country did not rise universally as they would do in the present day, and spread the hue and cry for twenty miles around as quickly as horse could travel, but quietly lamented their hard fate, resolved never to travel late in the evening, and confided themselves to the protection of a police so notoriously defective; yet that police was, I believe, just as anxious to discover offenders as the present, but they were ridiculously weak in numbers, and the public gave them neither information nor assistance, although the persons of the robbers were well known, and people went every evening to that celebrated den of infamy, the Dog and Duck, to see them in their symposia, enjoying their claret and champagne along with their fame.

To give a true description of this notorious place would throw discredit on all my preceding statements; it would be vain to expect belief unless I could be allowed to bring forward individual facts duly authenticated by public records, which the decency of manners in the present day would not permit to be put in print. I the more readily abstain, as it never was my fate to be present at any of these orgies, which were a disgrace to Europe itself, and I should be under the necessity of giving the history from the testimony of others only a few years older than myself, but who, being born in London, were of an age to participate or at least to witness these scenes, while I was in the *pure* atmosphere of the country, specimens of which purity and innocence are recorded in preceding pages. I only remember the existence of such a place as the Dog and Duck, on the site, as nearly as I can recollect, of the present noble structure, the Bethlehem Hospital, in St. George's Fields. It was ostensibly what would, in the present day, be called "a Tea Gardens," (which like "a Wine Vaults," is now a classic location). It was the rendezvous of pickpockets, thieves, highwaymen, boxers, cudgel-players, prostitutes, and other votaries of vice and debauchery, and if I may believe my informant, the most depraved imagination of man could not conceive a vice that did not there find the means of gratification.

But we will pass over all further mention of this loathsome den, and I will merely state that persons of the strictest character were in the habit of going to this place as to a show, where were pointed out to them, the "man that robs on Hounslow;" the man "who attacked the gentleman's carriage last week at Bagshot;"—the "celebrated pickpocket, Barrington;" —the "eminent footpad of Norwood,"—and so on, just as we should point out at the theatre the officers who had distinguished themselves in such and such a battle, or the celebrated speakers in Parliament. These men set public decency at defiance till their hour was come, till they were *ripe*, as the phrase was; when a long career of success having rendered them careless of precautions, the fruits of their plunder were found on their persons, or in their rooms, under circumstances that made conviction inevitable, and they were then duly strangled for the edification of their fellow-creatures.

One thing which essentially contributed to spoil the trade of highwaymen, was the invention of country bankers, and bank notes. Guineas could not be recognized, and were therefore safe plunder; but bank notes, and especially *orders on bankers*, were a poor reward for the risk of the neck, as they could not be presented without almost certain detection; more especially as a signature was at that time required to a

receipt, and the accomplishment of writing was rarely possessed by the very gentlemanly men who followed the chivalrous profession of robbing on the highway.

Yet the police were not inactive even in those days, as was testified by the numerous tassels of human bodies, suspended from ropes in the Old Bailey. This practice, like the other "ingenuas artes," softened the manners of the age, and did not allow them to remain brutal. As a further encouragement to the advancing refinement, a long row of the remains of human bodies on gibbets ornamented the banks of the river Thames, and afforded demonstration to every foreigner who visited our metropolis, that the English were a highly civilized nation, and worthy of their exalted position. These bodies were enclosed in frames of iron, not so closely webbed, however, as to prevent the free access of the carrion crows; who, while enjoying their luxurious repast, and especially their first *bonne bouche* of the eyes of the corpse, called out, like the owls in the tale, "Long life to Sultan Mahmoud; while he lives, we shall never want ruined villages."—"Long life to English lawyers; while the present race exists, we shall never want a tid-bit for our young ones." I think I had the happiness to witness the first meal of the crows on the body of Abershaw, who was gibbeted on Kennington Common—it was a glorious sight.

What a pity that the mischievous goosequill should ever have been plucked from its comfortable resting-place, and its split tongue made to speak so loudly—disturbing the repose of so many good sort of people, who rested in calm reliance on the care of Providence, and comforted themselves with the apothegm, that no institutions are perfect. "It is a glorious country—the law is the perfection of human reason; these innovators are disguised rebels, who would overturn our whole constitution, the wonder, admiration, and envy of the world!!"

The goosequill worked away, however; and as men opened their eyes to the absurd, as well as wicked perversion of justice, it was found that juries became more and more perverse and obstinate; and at last compelled an alteration of the law, by the conclusive evidence they afforded that it could not be enforced.

Here let us pause awhile, and take a retrospect of what has been already said. If any one doubt the accuracy of my tale, let him refer to old newspapers, or even to the Annual Register—let him read the evidence of Mr. Place, of Charing Cross, before a committee of the House of Commons, as well as the pamphlets he has put forth on the subject of his past experiences. There is no lack of evidence of facts much stronger than any I have related. On the contrary, it has been my object rather to soften than exaggerate, from the fear of being considered to have drawn rather on imagination than memory.

The improvement in the manners of the aristocracy (always imitated by the class next below them, and thus downwards) led to the improvement of the middle classes; but it was much later ere the immense body of artisans and mechanics began to partake of the general amendment. The high excitement of the war, and the enormous taxes it occasioned, aided the process with the employers, but aggravated the evil among the lower classes. Every man was sure of employment and high wages, whatever might be his character. A time of war, if the country be not itself the seat of it, is the millennium of the labouring class; the gradual dispersion of the large capitals in loans to the government spread ease and luxury among them, and the wages they obtained would scarcely be believed in the present day. I was once present when the clerk of one of our principal brewers was paying his labouring coopers. "Is it not extraordinary, sir," said he, "that although these men gain on the average four guineas a week each, not one can wait till Saturday for his wages, but is compelled to have a portion on account?" In the sudden calls for extra exertion, I have known a packer to the East India Company pay his men twenty shillings for a day's work,—it is true it was a day of eighteen hours labour.

At this period, the labourer had no resource but the public house—there were no exhibitions open to him—no ornamented park—no wide and elegant streets—no steam boats—no omnibuses—no palaces or museums accessible to his curiosity—no coffee-shops—no reading-rooms—no cheap publications—no literature—nothing to elevate or inspire self-respect;—all was sordid, stupid, soul-deadening debauchery and vice; he was not respected—he was not respectable—he did not respect himself—he lived the life of a beast, and he died careless of the future.

Considering myself as addressing the young, under which term I include every one born in the present century, and therefore a class comprising four-fifths of the population of the country, I enter into details which may, perhaps, seem trite or ridiculous to men of my own age; but as the minutiæ of memoir-writers in the time of our fathers and grandfathers is exceedingly interesting to ourselves, I take for granted that similar records of our own times will be equally interesting to our successors. Should the present sketch excite any attention, I shall at leisure fill up the outline and make a regular picture of past times. Were I capable of writing a novel, and putting in action the very men and women I have seen and known, without calling on my invention for a single incident or character, I should make up one of the most interesting books ever written, more especially when the progress of my narrative should lead me to the early events of the French Revolution; for the effects of that volcanic eruption were felt in this country in as great a degree of intensity, though not manifested in the same mode, as in France. This, however, must devolve on abler hands and heads than mine. I hope that among the few, who from age, education, position, and adventurous life, are fitted for the task, some one may be found speedily to undertake it, lest the extraordinary state of *transition* of that period should pass into oblivion unrecorded. It is full of instruction and amusement.

The curious contrast between the remains of the period of formality and restraint, and the advancing progress of slovenly license and negligence in dress and manners, would form an exceedingly amusing chapter of what Carlyle quaintly calls "World History." The tight breeches and large bunch of strings at the knee hanging down to the ancles, the flap waistcoat, the straight coat without a collar, the plaited stock, the ruffles, the broad and dangling frill, the large shoe buckles, the profusion of hair powder, and the low-crowned hat, were symbols of the wearer's party, and showed him a determined Conservative or Tory; while what was called "the slovenly pantaloon of the low-born assassin," the long lanky elf locks, the brimless hat, with crown like a steeple, the strip of cloth down the back called a coat, coming almost to a point at the

bottom, the double breast and lappels turned back beyond the shoulders, the waistcoat stopping short of the waist by six inches, the low-heeled shoes tied with long ribbon draggling in the dirt, and the loose and shambling walk, denoted the Jacobin, or, as he called himself, the Republican. I know not which manner and which set of habiliments were most absurd and ridiculous.

There was, however, this difference in the effects of the two,—the man who was punctiliously dressed was compelled in his own defence to preserve a decorum of manner and behaviour, and an apparent deference for the feelings of others which reacted on himself,—to show levity in a dress so formal would have made him an object of laughter,—and it is on this ground that I hope to see the dress of our judges preserved;—its original purpose of impressing awe on the bystanders may no longer be obtained; but it does certainly promote a dignity and sedateness of manners in the judge himself, which tends to keep up a reverence for the administration of the law.

I am here tempted to fly off at a tangent, and give a few striking examples of this effect of dress on the manner, and ultimately on the character of the individual; but I refrain—my paper is already too long. I proceed to the Republican.

The slovenliness and negligence of his dress had the natural effect on his manners—he discarded all deference for age and station—felt the most ineffable contempt for all observances, and spat about on the carpets with an ease, elegance, and profusion, still to be seen in America. Reverence for parents was a superstition that it was high time were abolished; to rise on the entrance of a superior in age or station was a remnant of barbarism beneath the dignity of a free-thinker; and respect for women was feudal folly—they were meant for sensual playthings, and not worthy of attention for any other object. The Tory at this time was simply ridiculous, but the Republican detestable and loathsome.

Each of the parties into which the nation was then divided, as in the present day, carefully selected all that was bad in the principles, practice, and character of the opponent, to make up a "fair and candid" description of the party. The Republican hated the Tory, or, as he called himself, the Royalist; while the Tory simply despised and loathed the Republican.

The present race of Liberals will think it strange that the predominant feeling of the nation should have been at that time most emphatically Tory; and the mobs which vented their enlightened rage on their opponents (after the fashion of Nottingham, in the time of the Reform Bill), were every where inclined to wreak summary vengeance on the Jacobins. I remember the riots at Birmingham, when Dr. Priestley's house was destroyed, and the burning of Baskerville's beautiful mansion in its vicinity; and I saw the ruins of the latter place twenty years afterwards, when the large board, occupying almost the whole length of the house, and which had been erected by the calm indignation of its proprietor, still remained, with the words "Shame to Birmingham,"—a memento of the "wild justice" of the mob.

George the Third and his ministers are often accused of making unjust war on the French, in the time of their confusion; the accusation is false—they did all that was possible to avoid it, but were overpowered by the irresistible resolve of the nation at large. The government of Great Britain abstained, even after the ferocious idiots who then swayed the destinies of that unwise people had officially proclaimed, that, in whatever part of the world men would rise against their rulers, they might depend on the aid of France; and after all, it was France that declared war against England!

But the subject grows under my hands, and the topics which yet remain to be treated are innumerable. Whether the thoughts and recollections I have thus loosely strung together shall interest the public, remains to be seen. A few words to a class of persons, who, since the great change made by the Reform Bill in the constitution of Parliament, are become the real arbiters of the destinies of this mighty and glorious nation, and I then wait to see if it be worth while to resume my pen.

The great change I have spoken of is sometimes brought to the mind vividly by a very slight circumstance; and as publications of this kind reach the hands of persons who have neither leisure nor inclination for the higher departments of literature, I hope that what I am now saying may tend to cheer the heart and soothe the envy of many an industrious artisan. I went to visit the city of London after a very long absence, and not finding the gentleman of whom I was in search in his counting-house, looked about for a place in which I could pass the hour I had to wait, without the expense of taking a meal in a coffee-house or tavern, not being acquainted with any body within a moderate distance. On casting my eyes around, I saw written up on a very neat, clean, and respectable house, the words "Coffee Shop and Reading Room." I entered and found a large room well lighted with gas, divided into boxes well painted, handsome paper on the walls and cieling, and the mahogany tables covered with a profusion of newspapers and periodical publications. Not wishing to eat, I merely called for a cup of coffee; it certainly was not very attractive, but it was drinkable. I became deeply engaged in the magazines for the hour, and on inquiring what was to pay, was told ONE PENNY.

Now here, said I to myself, is a triumphant proof of the advance of civilization,—a sum not sufficient to buy a glass of gin furnishes a labouring artisan with shelter, warmth, light, society, intellectual amusement and instruction, with bodily refreshment and rest—a sum which is scarcely missed from his earnings. If you who are now reading my remarks happen to be a man of this class, thank your stars that you were born in the nineteenth century, and do not repine at a fate which, whatever you may think of it, possesses more materials for happiness, and for appreciation of happiness, than that of a similar class in any other nation in Europe. Above all, recollect the dignity and the privileges of forming part of the most mighty nation on the globe—knowing that the very name of Englishman is a title of honour. Do your best to inculcate contentment and industry in your fellows; and, above all, forget not the Providence that permits you to possess physical and mental enjoyments, such as were absolutely inaccessible to men of moderate fortune and independence in the time even of your grandfather. Teach your children to appreciate the advantages of their lot, and to avoid all the absurd longings for seditious notoriety which embitter the possession of every blessing, by setting a man constantly to a comparison of his own state with those above him instead of those beneath him. Envy requires no cultivation.

A VISION IN PAN'S-DELL.

I HAVE seen Pan!—Within a sheltered hollow,
Where fir trees laced their branches overhead,
As if to hide the spot from fierce Apollo,
To which of yore his vanquished rival fled:
Some dubious marks of goat-like hoofs espying
Along the margin of the tangled glade,
I followed on their track, till deftly prying
Amidst the thickest covert of the shade,
I saw great Pan!

Beside a gliding stream the God was seated,
In the dull umbrage of o'erhanging trees,
From whose sear boughs the yellow leafits fleeted,
In whirling eddies on the autumn breeze.
A sweetly solemn air his pipe was playing,
A mournful requiem for the dying year,
He said—"The winds are cold, the woods decaying,
I may not, must not, longer linger here."
I have heard Pan.

"Oh for the satyr's hut, the sprightly sallies
Of shepherd mirth, the wine-jar's purple rill,
The sunburnt revels in green Tempé's valleys,
And the wild dances on the Argive hill,
Where oaten reeds piped out their simple measures,
While from my nook I watched the merry clan,
Till one with lips impearl'd with dewy treasures
Would steal away, to talk an hour with Pan.
Pan—goatfooted Pan!"

The song was hushed, and sad and heavy hearted,
Upon my ears its lingering music fell,
As with a start the clattering hoofs departed,
Their lessening echoes ringing down the dell.
But yet methought a deeper gloom denoted
The bower from which a sylvan god had fled;
The falling leaves in thicker currents floated,
And darkly waved the fir boughs overhead.
I had seen Pan.

And what indeed is Pan?—an Emanation
From the bright thoughts and glowing hearts of yore,
Taught by the spell of Fancy's young creation
On high devotion's eagle-wings to soar.
Then, when the ripened ear gave up its treasure,
And the full vintage heaped the wine-press o'er,
Their hearts, oppressed with thankfulness and pleasure,
Exclaimed—"The Gods reward our toils—adore
The mighty Pan."

Pan is a mythus of the woods and mountains;
The pine-tipped valleys and the olive shades,
The warm spring rains, the showers from sparkling fountains
Singing sweet music in the Cretan glades,
The tinkling sheep-bell,—oxen meekly lowing,
The pipe low breathing by the willowed streams,
The whispering groves, the runnel's silvery flowings,
Leaped into Godhead in the Grecian's dreams!
They had seen Pan!

H. A.

A PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

AN I ever forget the heroic virtue of a lady—a West Indian? — Such an instance of duteous submission to her destiny, such humble gratitude for a special interposition in her favour, cannot fail to excite unbounded admiration! It is impossible to do justice to the impressive and awe-struck manner with which she related the circumstances of her escape from a fate worse, a hundred times worse, (in *her* estimation) than the most painful death.

I have said she was a West Indian: her education was at least equal to that usually bestowed on Creoles in those days. She could read and write—play at cards, and ride on horseback; quite enough, surely, to satisfy the world which surrounded her, many of whom were by no means so accomplished: but she had another claim to their respect—she possessed a peculiar talent in managing refractory slaves by dropping lighted sealing-wax on their naked skin,—an admirable punishment invented by herself, which had the great advantage of not injuring "Pa's property," by rendering the obstinate wretch incapable of work. In short, at the age of thirteen, she was not merely an accomplished girl, but, with the precocity of the climate, was really an accomplished woman.

One great defect in her character, however, formed a sad drawback on her chance of matrimony—her father, not being rich, could give her but a small fortune. Three men, as many women, two boys, and three girls, constituted her whole property. Notwithstanding this defect in her character (the only one by the bye considered of any importance in the very enlightened part of the world which she adorned),—notwithstanding this defect—this *grand* defect, she was solicited in marriage before she had entered her fourteenth year, by a gentleman of fortune recently arrived in the island. With the *naïve* innocence and simplicity of youth she soon gave him her whole heart. He was young, handsome, healthy, well educated, of exemplary character, and had had an opportunity of showing, during a revolt, the highest courage and the most heroic magnanimity. All the friends of the family came to pour out their congratulations, and to overcome the reluctance of the father—a reluctance founded solely on the conviction that his daughter was yet too young for the probable duties of a mother. It was in vain that the lover entreated—that the young lady threatened to drown herself: the father, while acknowledging all the advantages of such a match (for he had taken care to ascertain, beyond the possibility of doubt, the solidity of the gentleman's character, and the weight of his purse),—the father still refused to allow an early union; but at last said, that, as he was going to the United States on business, he would take his daughter with him, and, on his return in six months, they had his full consent to marry. With this limited concession the lovers were compelled to be content. Their parting was, as usual, a most overwhelming event—vows of eternal love and constancy were exchanged, and, as the lady phrased it, "I was fit to break my heart; I was sure I never could live out the six months, and only hoped that 'Pa' would see how miserable I should be, and consent to shorten the time. This, in fact, he did; and at the end of four months we were on our voyage back again—when, how wonderful are the ways of Providence! and how little do we know what is best for our good! On our return it pleased Heaven to raise a violent storm, and by such special providence we were driven into St. Kitt's—where—oh! how can I be sufficiently thankful for His goodness!—we found—you will hardly believe it—we found, that this very man that I was going to marry—this treacherous man——"

"My dear Madam," said I, seeing her so agitated, "pray compose yourself—I guess the rest of your story—you found he was already married?"

"Oh! no, Sir, no—worse than all that—we found—that this very man was a native of St. Kitt's—and that—that—that his great grandmother *had been a woman of colour!!*"

Yes;—Heaven peeped through the blanket of the dark, and cried,

"His great grandmother was a woman of colour!" A. L. W.

LAMENT FOR A LOST HOME.

'Tis a little cot, with its garden green,
Keeps in my memory wearily;
With its twin flower-beds, and the walk between,
Too narrow for two save they went as we
Love-like, with twining arms, to pass
Up and down 'twixt the borders of grass.

And the trellised door, and the simple seat,
Where the two geranium plants were placed,
Which look'd so fresh and smell'd so sweet,
Tempting the bee, though pressing his haste,
To come and drink of the honey they bore
In cups oft filled from their full hearts' core.

And the little gate, and the ponderous bell
Swinging the wall and the tree between,
Whose sound was seldom acceptable
Save when there was only *one* in the scene:—
The *he* or the *she* of that simple show
That's lock'd in my brain—never to go!

Lock'd in my brain's most vital part,—
It is the ache that drags me down,
With many a painful spasm and smart,
To the place where the countless dead are strewn:—
'Tis this that makes mine eyes to weep—
'Tis this refuses them their sleep!

Every plant in that garden throve,
Though oft uprooted to set anew;
Not one, though untimely its remove,
Had heart to die as most plants do:
We bathed them daily—never in vain—
For the veriest stump 'gan leafing again.

There were two acacia trees—
Very beautiful they were
As they shook their light locks in the breeze,
Like a maiden's glittering hair.
During summer the birds made vows
All in the shade of their delicate boughs.

The summer days seem'd never too long,
The winter ones never too short:
Our wants were sore, but our hearts were strong,
And that little home was as a fort
Against despondency and dread,
And the ills that distract the heart and head.

But we and the world were not good friends,
We lacked that bustling quality
Of turning to our private ends
The "high ones" of society:—
We could not learn to compromise
'Twixt our pride and our necessities.

And so, although we tried to stay
The many ills that daily grew,
We nathless soon were bann'd away
From that dear home. To see us two
Tearing ourselves from the place apart,
Would have touch'd, I think, the stoniest heart!

First, there was each chamber to leave,
Each with its separate memory
Of happy night, or morn, or eve,
Spent in affectionate gaiety;
And then the green grass, and the flowers
So eloquent of the vanish'd hours.

Badly I bear my loss! Alas,
It is, in truth, a fatal thing!
It sickens the life in me:—It has
Corrupted my flesh in its early spring:
'T has made a woman of me, quite,
And left me weak for the worldly fight.

I'll tell you true, I'm but twenty-five:
(There is an age whereat to die!)
And nothing of me is well alive
But the brain, which eats vitality;
Mine eyes in their pallid lids do burn
Like lamps that illumine a dead man's urn.

We have had terrible things to bear:
None but ourselves do know the truth!
Oh! could you but see us, you would swear
You saw twin ghosts of love and youth;
So ghastly pale and thinn'd to the bones—
The white skin covering skeletons!

"Things at the worst oft mend," they say;
I'll credit the proverb and hurry hence;
Temptation walks in the broad highway,
Luring both honour and innocence.
Home, home, while the brain can yet withstand
The strife of the heart and the twiteh of the hand.

A

A TRIP TO HAVRE DE GRACE.

READER — Have you ever been in Normandy? No? Then, if you are happily one of the *beatiores*, to whom has been given the thrice enviable power to "wander at their own sweet will," be advised, and go at once.

When once on the soil of the Northmen put your dignity in your pocket, a pair of thick shoes on your feet, and rambling about for two or three months in that beautiful father-land of our sires, rich with memorials of the past—monumental and gorgeous—thronged as the storied oriels of her time-worn cathedrals, you will come back to our dear old, sulky island, with a thousand sweet and solemn memories and images in your mind, which as yet have no place there. But then, again, it may be that this delicious rambling is to thee a thing forbid; if so, come and see with my eyes, and we two will run across, and snatch a glance at the fair town called The Haven of Grace, so named by him who cast a wall about it, and made of its fishermen's huts a city; who in sadder days, after too freely indulging in the more regal pastime of battering towns down instead of building them up, wrote to his proud mother, from the bloody field of Pavia, "*Tout est perdu sauf l'honneur!*" The chivalrous Francis is long ago departed, but the noble port that he built still stands greater and fairer than he left her—*Allons!*

One burning July morning, I left a watering-place on the south eastern coast of England, after remaining there long enough to be sick of every person and thing in it. I had followed all the pretty girls home, and found out all about them; I had read all the novels in the libraries, new and old; seen all the conjurors, listened to all the street musicians, raffled at all the raffles, and smoked all the good cigars in the town. I was intimate with every boatman in the harbour, in the vague but earnest and enduring hope of meeting with a real smuggler, such as are described in novels, and seen in melodrames—fellows plunged up to their hips in huge black boots; but alas! in vain. I had walked on the sands every morning—had sat on every one of the little chairs—had had my eyes and mouth filled from the wooden spade of every infantine sand-shoveller "upon the beached verge of the salt flood." I had, in short, exhausted all the excitements of R——, and resolved to effect my escape.

About two o'clock, the vessel that was to carry me to Southampton lay off the harbour, and I was pulled off to her by a couple of boatmen. It was blowing what the sailors call a capful of wind; that is, a sort of zephyr that makes a landsman hold on his whiskers with both hands.

Among my fellow-passengers was an old Gaul—a fat white Frenchman, with a bulbous, walnutty nose—who in spite of the most violent convulsions of sea-sickness, would persist in endeavouring to eat something, apparently in compliance with some abstract theory of his own upon the subject. A dozen times was he suddenly obliged to rush from the table, (urged by some fierce volcanic action of his "ingeniorum omnium largitor,") to his little berth at the side of the cabin, and as often did he return to the charge—his cadaverous face and rolling eye looking like a galvanized calf's head—muttering faintly, "*Il faut que je mange une petite quelque chose.*"

By the way, is it not amazing that men will voluntarily place themselves in a situation in which they well know beforehand that they shall be attacked by this most ludicrous and degrading malady; and that, too, not from the fear of death, or any other nearly ade-

quate motive, but in most instances instigated merely by the love of gain, or the hope of amusement? That they will consent to pass through all its loathsome stages—the meditative, the dubious, the don't carish, and the hysterically hilarious, down to the final desperate plunge to leeward, ending in blank despair and apathy?

On the evening of the following day we arrived at one end of the Southampton pier, and I had the satisfaction of hearing the starting bell of the Havre packet at the opposite one: I seized my little portmanteau, and ran for it. I wore moustaches and beard (a great convenience in travelling), which, together with my blouse and travelling cap, gave me a somewhat foreign air; not unlike (I must confess,) that of the expatriated youths, who sell in the streets of London, "*a larsh von vor de laidee, and a leetel von vor de baibee.*" To this appearance, and to my being so ungentlemanlike as to carry my own luggage, I was indebted for a shout of laughter from some of my unpolished compatriots who thronged the pier, with cries of "*Go it, mounseer! That's the time o' day, Froggee! Brayvo, Parlyvoo!*" The captain of the steamer was among the loudest of the laughers, and called out to me, "Nearly too late, Mounseer!—never mind—jump along for'ard." To this I replied by flinging my portmanteau at the head of a grinning cabin servant, who (though I dare say he had never read the drama in which that vital distinction was first discriminated to *my* simple apprehension,) had evidently thought me "a person—not a gentleman."

The captain, seeing from my taking possession of one of the best berths in the after cabin, that I had "put money in my purse," and that I was an Englishman, found also that he had made a small mistake, and became elaborately civil for the rest of the passage. Here was I then fairly on my way, at last, to that land of old romance, which from my earliest childhood I had dreamed of. I promised myself a sojourn of at least a couple of months, and the exploration of every interesting spot in the old dukedom. "Man appoints," says the proverb, "and Heaven disappoints." It will be seen how charmingly this promise was fulfilled.

The day was fine, and a lovely moonlight night succeeded, the greater part of which I spent on deck. In the crimson dawn of the next morning I saw the beautiful promontory of *Cape la Hève,* frowning over the purple water directly between us and the point of sunrise; and by half past four its noble forehead was glittering in the daylight, for the "far-shooting Apollo" (called by the blind singer of Scio, Απογων, on account of his godlike exemption from the miseries of shaving), was resting his chin upon its craggy top, as his fulgent visage looked out in golden smiles over "the wine-coloured ocean."

On landing on the quay at Havre, I was greeted with a humorous contrast to the brutality of my brave countrymen at my embarkation. I happened to have a sketch book, and some drawing implements in my hand; and a custom-house officer, who kept the gangway, seeing me rather rudely obstructed by some gend'armes on duty, cried out, "*Doucement, doucement, messieurs! Ne voyez vous pas que monsieur est artiste?*"

"And now," said I to myself, as I stepped on shore, "now am I in Normandy—the land of troubadours and pippins—of the angelic Agnes Sorel and the diabolic Robert the Devil."

As I passed up the hill leading from Havre to Ingouville, I saw a fellow performing a little household operation in a way so ingenious in its multiplication of labour, that I think it worth describing. He had a frame-saw, of some three feet in length; one end of it pressed against a block, and the other against his own person, about the region of his *epigastrium;* against the teeth of this saw he rubbed a small log of wood, grasped firmly in both hands, and upon the two ends of the wood he was leaning the whole weight of his body, as if he wished to pinch his saw in two pieces; but, no doubt, really with the hope of eventually cutting the log in half. I watched him for about five minutes, during which he had with great labour produced about a table spoonful of sawdust, whereupon, being myself a cosmopolite and philanthropist, I ventured to intimate, that to my insular simplicity, he appeared to be rather *wooding* his saw than sawing his wood, and proceeded to recommend the mode which prevails among the "*sacrés Anglais.*" Jacques Bonhomme, however, was not to be moved by a jest, and he replied curtly, but with perfect politeness, that "this was the best way, *because* it was the way that they always saw firewood in Normandy." To this convincing reason, of course, there could be no reply.

After a most substantial breakfast, I sallied forth for a ramble among the trees and fields. The woods, for many miles round Havre, stretch up the sides of the beautiful hills that encircle the town, enclosing in their folds a thousand little shady solitudes, "places of melancholy delight and musing," in which, as you stretch yourself in their shadow, you hear the sound of myriads of tiny waterfalls, that trickle down their slopes murmuring like noontide bees,—

> While the gloom divine is all around,
> And underneath is the mossy ground.

Among the many little antique villages which nestle down among the old groves of beech, chesnut, and elm that cover this scenery, I visited that of St^e^. Adresse, in whose chapel Robert le Diable was married to the fair Bertha. The very stones on which I stood had rung to the armed tramp of the demon knight! I renewed my vow there, not to quit Normandy until I had viewed the land from Dan even unto Beersheba.

Havre appears to be the principal port for supplying France, and, I should think, all continental Europe, with parrots. All along the quay are shops filled with parrots; and in almost every private house there is at least one parrot gabbling and screaming, as only parrots *can* scream. They talk, too, incessantly. I do not think I can conscientiously say, that I observed any who could absolutely *converse* like that "very large and very old grey parrot," mentioned so gravely by Sir William Temple, which, when old Prince Maurice, of Nassau, politely inquired of it, "*Que fais tu là?*" replied, "*Je garde les poules!*" conceitedly adding, "*Et je sçais bien faire!*" But they are great linguists. Those in the better quarters of the town say little but "*mercie madame,*" and such like. "*Mercie madame,*" followed by a scream that skins one's teeth,

salutes the passenger at every step. The vocabulary of those who reside on the quays is infinitely more rich and varied, but, owing to their intimacy with sailors, douaniers, &c. &c., it is hardly fit for quotation.

Notwithstanding the increased intercourse between the two countries of late years, the Normans do not appear to have advanced greatly in the study of English syntax. This is the more surprising when we remember that their town is constantly crowded with Americans from New Orleans, New York, and other new places in that country, where it is admitted by all Americans that the purest English in the world is spoken. Some of the inscriptions in the island tongue over the shops of Havre are exceedingly droll, though none of them perhaps are equal to the dainty notification which a dear friend of mine read twenty years ago over a hairdresser's shop in Paris, to wit, "Here to cut off hairs in English fashion."

Very few beggars are to be seen in Havre; but there was one worthy of this class of eminent merit. He was a very tall, broad-shouldered, hairy, eupeptic looking savage, with a wooden leg, who usually reclined in a most luxurious attitude against a heap of stones on the pier, and was evidently full to repletion of veal, garlic, and brandy. When any one looked at him, he would brandish his wooden leg, and moan forth in tones most pathetically raucous,—"*Pour l'amour de Dieu! Ayez pitié d'un pauvre malheureux estropié dans la fleur de sa tendre jeunesse.*" Which *tendre jeunesse* had endured for at least five-and-forty vigorous years, and he was drunk every day. This was, in fact, the only beggar I observed *within* the walls of Havre; but there was another of a very different aspect, of whom I took note a little space from the town on the road to Harfleur. It was a blind man, very old. I first saw him sitting in the sun on a bank by the way side, and he seemed to be under the care of a pretty little girl, about six years old. He told me it was his daughter's child.

In my life I have never seen elsewhere so sculpturesque—so grand a head, as that old mendicant's;—he might have sat for Samson Agonistes. He was passing his hand gently up and down over the face of the child, *feeling* how beautiful it looked; and a smile in whose depths a whole infinitude of patience, and love, and heroic endurance lay revealed, rested on his face like the sunshine.

Poor old sufferer! The national curse had clung to him like the rest—he had been a soldier. I had much talk with him more than once, and thought my time well spent.

On my way homewards from my first visit to the pier, a noble structure, I passed the town prison, a squalid, ragged-looking old building approached by an arched gateway of enormous span. "I will get an order from the commandant," thought I, "and inspect the interior." I had an opportunity of doing so shortly after (as will be seen), by my own unaided influence. I was much amused with the appearance of a regiment of infantry of the line in garrison in the town. Such fellows I had never seen before but in a caricature shop—men of all sizes below five feet three or four inches—mean-looking, dirty little vagabonds, dressed in very full short trowsers, or rather leg-bags of dingy red drugget, with a *coatee* of the same material of a dull sooty blue, with an immense bunch of red worsted on each shoulder; a straight upright cap with about half an inch of rim, looking like a mutilated chimney-pot; thick clouted shoes, patched and cobbled in many places; black leather gaiters, and a black stock; no gloves even on parade. And, it is my belief, no *shirt*, for the sleeves of their coats are very wide and ill-fitting; and in some individuals who have been so unfortunate as to shoot up to the gigantic stature of five feet six or seven inches, they do not reach much below the elbow; and yet, in spite of the facility of inspection thereby afforded, I never could discover the slightest indication of any such garment in contact with their gaunt extremities. Their whole aspect was far inferior in martial air to that of the supernumeraries who guard criminals, &c., in melodramas at our minor theatres. The contrast between them and a brigade of artillery, also quartered in the garrison, was extremely ludicrous,—the latter were very fine martial-looking fellows in handsome uniforms, —some of the sappers had beards worthy of Belisarius. When, however, I had an opportunity of seeing the little dingy blackguards of the line under arms, they reminded me of a story they tell of Buonaparte, when the emperor Alexander of Russia remarked to him in a disparaging tone, that the French troops were very *small*. "*Oui, sire, oui,*" he replied, "*ils sont petits, —mais ils sont* MORDANTS."

In the course of my rambles in the fields, I met one morning with a fine grey-headed old fellow dressed in a blue blouse and sabots, spinning rope on the sunny side of a hedge. I entered into conversation with him, and found that he had been a soldier and served under Soult in Spain. To the inquiry whether he preferred his former profession to his present one, he replied, *No;* that he much preferred rope-making to man-killing. "It is all very well, sir," said he, "to be a general of division, or even a colonel. It is well enough to be Marshal Soult; but believe me, it is a very bad trade for the journeyman." Thinking to get into his good graces, I began to talk of Buonaparte,—said that he was a great man, and made one or two other remarks of equal point and originality; but I found to my surprise that I made no impression. The old journeyman soldier evidently thought but poorly of his great master-manslayer.

"He was a great man in *his* way," said he, "and so am I in mine. He was a very good soldier—*c'etoit son metier*—it was his trade, and he understood it well. *I* make very good ropes—it's all the same thing. As for him—*c'etoit un gaillard qui savoit bien tuer tout le monde.*"

"But," said I, "you will allow that on the whole he was a benefactor to your country?"

"I don't know that, sir," he replied, "that man killed three millions of Frenchmen."

Altogether it was evident, that my old friend preferred the *metier* of Lachesis and Clotho to that of Atropos; and whether from professional partiality or not, I cannot but think he was right.

I left my old friend twisting his hemp (who made me a bow at parting that would have done no discredit to the court of Louis le Grand), and strolled again to the harbour where I saw La Reine Amelie—the pleasure yacht of the Queen of France—a beautiful little schooner of most elegant shape, all satinwood and gilding, manned by some of the finest and most sailor-like looking fellows I ever saw. One of her

crew called out to an English sailor, on the quay, who was eying the craft with a critical and somewhat contemptuous air, "I say, meestaire; your Quin, has she a ships like sees?"

"My Quveen?" said Jack, "Vy, I shid be ashamed of her Majesty if she'd spit in such a thing."

The square in front of the theatre was crowded with strollers, eating, drinking, smoking, and chatting, or listening to the exhortations of the conjurers, *grimaciers*, "*mendici, mimi, balatrones, hoc genus omne*," with which the place is thronged. One fellow amused me much, by holding forth respecting the virtues of a miraculous powder of his own invention, for destroying fleas. He commenced, by pointing out the many inconveniences of being assailed by one of these little dragons. This he did in most expressive pantomime:—first, he was the lover on his knees, before his mistress, interrupting each tender protestation to scratch his leg;—then he took a bit of wood, and imitated the action of shaving; cutting his nose, in consequence of a violent assault in the rear;—then he was a *fanatico per la musica*, engrossed in the performance of a new violin concerto; he fiddled with all the intensity of visage of the most enthusiastic amateur;—then, in the middle of a die-away *adagio*, after a severe struggle with his feelings, he interrupted to scratch his elbow. The fellow convulsed his hearers, and his flea powder appeared to have a great sale. His popularity was shared by a grimacier, who had a head of long black hair reaching to his waist, exactly like a woman's;—and by altering the arrangement of this, and by wrenching his features into amazing contortions, he became twenty different persons, in as many minutes. His face was closely shaven; and when he had adjusted it, he thrust it through a hole in a large board. Grimaldi might have envied his Protean plasticity of visage. His tongue was about the size of a horse's, and he thrust it out, down to the fourth or fifth button of his waistcoat, and sucked it all up again into his mouth, with inconceivable celerity. The fellow seemed to wring his face like a wet cloth. My attention was attracted by another crowd a few paces off, the nucleus of which I found was a little hunchback; one, indeed, who, had he lived in the days of his brother of the thousand and one nights, would certainly have had his turban filled with sequins, the very first time the disguised caliph mingled with the crowd that surrounded him. This little person was dressed in his shirt and trowsers only—the former, in whiteboy fashion, over-all. The grounds on which he claimed public benefactions, were these:—he first went round the ring of spectators, and endeavoured to induce them to put their hands under his shirt, and carefully examine his hump; for my own part I preferred taking its merits for granted;—but many enthusiastic physiologists *did* fumble his hump with very great relish. After he had exhausted the number of his manipulators, he stood for a few minutes in the centre of the circle, for the purpose, as he said, of absorbing his hump; he then made the circuit of his patrons, and convinced them that his hump was diminished to the size of an orange. Whether this most accommodating gibbosity was a natural or an artificial production, I cannot determine, but I am disposed to believe that it was a genuine hump; for he underwent a very rigid examination, and had, besides, all the unpleasant anxious expression of face, and peculiarities of person usually attendant on spinal distortion. "The art of our necessities is," indeed, "strange, that can make vile things precious!" This fellow *would* probably have starved without his hump, unless it could be absorbed into his system for nutriment, like that of the camel of the desert. And even were it so, how short-lived the support rendered! He could not have lived through a hard winter upon it, like a bear upon its paws. No! take his hump, "and you do take the means whereby he lives." Humpless, he would be dinnerless;—but now look at my little lord! laughing, chatting, chucking the grisettes under the chin; complimenting the old dames with the cherry baskets; alternately sucking in and swelling out his hump, with as proud an air of self-satisfaction, as a dancer exhibits when he has stood on one leg longer than any other person can stand upon two. And better still, pocketing centimes, liards,—nay, even sous by handfuls.

"And to-morrow," said I, as I strolled up the hill to Ingouville—"to-morrow I will shoulder my knapsack and walk to Harfleur, and there I will take the boat to Rouen, and see the spot where they buried the lion heart of King Richard, who ate the Saracen's head; and where they roasted alive the poor Maid of Arc—a fine and impressive example of the wisdom of our ancestors.

"And I will take a peep at St. Denis, and see how King Henry the First sleeps after his last supper of lampreys; and then I will cross over to the far Calvados, and see Caen, whence sprang the noble Norman woman, Charlotte Corday, who sent the squalid fiend, Jean Paul Marat—*Ami du Peuple*—to his last account; and I will come back over the bloody footsteps of Henry of Monmouth, and look upon the field of Agincourt." And then—then, I reached the door of my friend's residence, just at the same moment with the postman, who put into my hand a letter from England, and in another minute all my *châteaux en Espagne* had crumbled into dust! This letter required my instant departure. I prepared myself to sail by the next day's packet,—and so ended my travels in Normandy. The steam-boat started, nominally at 5 P.M., and, accordingly, at 5 P.M. I was on the quay, where I found the steam-boat, and where the said steam-boat remained till nearly seven.

As I was about to descend into the cabin I was stopped by a *gend'arme* of the *Garde Municipale*—a tall, lean, hungry-visaged man, with two short bunches of black bristles on his upper lip, apparently growing out of his nostrils. This hirsute functionary demanded my passport. I had landed without one, and was not aware that anything of the sort was necessary to insure my departure. This I explained to the civic dragoon, but "*Vous ne partirez pas*," was all that I could extract from him in reply. I then called the friend at whose house I had been staying, and also the owner of the vessel, one of the most opulent merchants in Havre, to testify to my respectability, my loyalty to Louis Philippe—my attachment to the house of Orleans in general, and the Royal Usher in particular; but all their protestations in my favour were of no avail—still it was "*Vous ne partirez pas!*"

"Where then," said I, "is the Consul's office?"

"*Là bas*," said he.

"*Là bas*." I went, and found, of course, that the

office was closed. I then bethought me of imploring the assistance of the Consul of the United States, but Uncle Sam was not at home, neither. When I again arrived at the quay all the gangway boards except one were removed, and at that one was posted my inexorable foe, the *gend'arme*, just in front of the paddle-box. My friend shouted to the shipowner, who was standing on the deck, "What's to be done? Cannot get his passport!"

"Tell him to come on board," was the reply. Come on board?—but how? Had I knocked this French dragoon into the water and drowned him, I should, probably, have been guillotined. Thus, I have little doubt, in the present half civilized, grossly prejudiced state of French society, would so meritorious an act have been requited. I paused a moment; just as the said worthy stepped on shore, and while the captain was shouting "*En route!*" *I* leaped on board by jumping over the quarter rail; and dived, as quickly as possible, into the cabin, unseen by the enemy, whom I watched from the port-hole of one of the little state rooms, in full retreat down the quay, happy, no doubt, in the full belief that he had outwitted the "*sacré Insulaire.*" The vessel slowly wound her way through the maze of shipping by which she was surrounded, and my escape was complete. I had eluded the vigilance of the omniscient argus-eyed French police. I had escaped from *La belle France* without their knowledge. "Oh, shame to thee, land of the Gaul," and under the very nose of one of their most jealous watch-dogs! French police, indeed! Bah! Would D 24, or C 25, have suffered a Mounseer to play such a trick? No! Mounseer would have found himself in the *stashunus* before he could have twirled his moustache. Sir Frederick Roe and Colonel Rowan for ever! Vidocq and Fouché be . . . . Here, I was interrupted, not like Don Juan, "by a knife," &c., but by a volley of execrations from some one upon deck, apparently addressed to some one a-head of us. I borrowed a large cloak from one of the passengers, changed my cap for a hat, and thinking myself sufficiently disguised to prevent recognition from the shore, I ran on deck to ascertain the cause of the confusion. One of the large barges used for clearing the mud out of the harbour had broken from its moorings and drifted right athwart our course: after much swearing and much poking at the barge with long poles we were at length clear of her, and in another moment hopelessly aground upon a mud bank in the middle of the harbour!

It is or was the practice of the Havre packets to wait for freight to the very last moment that they think there will be water enough in the harbour to float them out; and thus, if any little delay occur at starting, they are of course obliged to wait the return of the tide. I believe they calculate the water to a pint. I am sure, that had there been a hatful more on this occasion, we should not have stuck. I did not fear any farther annoyance from the accident, than a six hours' delay; but I was ruined by the zeal of my friend on shore, who had seen our disaster, and came off in a boat to spend the time of our detention with me on board. The *gend'arme* who had returned to the quay, also came off in a boat, accompanied by another individual of his own species. On sight of this dread freight, I, immediately, like William in the song, "descended to the deck below," where I concealed myself, and soon heard the fellows inquiring for me of other passengers within a yard of my hiding place. They soon reascended to the deck, to go (as I fondly hoped) ashore; but alas! no; the captain came to me, and was very sorry, &c., but the officers of justice had refused to leave the ship, or permit the vessel to quit the port, unless I was given up. Accordingly I surrendered, and my friend in blue, with a polite "*Je vous invite, Monsieur,*" handed me down the side. When we reached the quay, I ran briskly up the ladder, thinking to myself, "Well, then, I must amuse myself for two or three days—get a passport, and go by the next packet." I had proceeded a few steps, when the *gend'arme*, laying his hand on my shoulder, informed me that I was his prisoner, and once more invited me to accompany him.

"Whither?" said I.

"To the *Commissaire de Police.*"

"On what charge?"

"Attempting to quit the country furtively."

Of course my education had not been so neglected in my youth, but that I very well knew one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen;—but whether from contempt, or what, I know not, certain it is, that I quietly submitted to this summary "*ne exeat,*" and was marched between the two armed dragoons, attended by a numerous retinue of highly respectable and unsympathizing little boys, to the *bureau* of *Monsieur le Commissaire.* A wicket was opened; and sitting in the air before his office door, was the redoubtable *Commissaire* of Police himself. He was a red-gilled, bloated, bull-dog looking fellow, dressed in a tight blue frock coat, and a "little brief authority." His ample paunch hung over his thighs in spite of his tight buttoning, and on his paunch rested a newspaper. From the smell of garlic and brandy that floated round him like a glory, I surmised that he had but just dined; and he was evidently very savage at having been disturbed in his digestion. After a few questions as to my nation, profession, place of abode, &c., delivered in a ferocious tone, intended to impress me with an exalted idea of the dignity of French Crown officership, he merely nodded to his satellites—my obliging custodiers, and resumed his study of the "*Journal du Havre.*" I was then once more marched through the public streets to the prison.

"*We* do but *row,*" says Hudibras—"we're *steered* by Fate!" I had embarked at seven o'clock that evening for England; and, lo! the gaol of Havre de Grace was the port I found myself in at eight. I devoutly wished all passports and gend'armes at the devil, and expressed as much to my two guards, in the choicest French I could command; to which one of them, being like Brutus, "much enforced," condescended to reply, "*Bien, bien; c'est tout egal!*" and so they departed, and "went on their way, and I saw them no more," after they had delivered me into the safe custody of the head jailor, with a verbal description of my crime against the offended majesty of French law.

When a certain lady, who had been charmed by his writings, but had never seen his person, wrote to Mirabeau, saying how much she longed to see him, and begging that he would *describe himself* to her, he complied with the wish of the fair enthusiast, in these brief and self-adulatory terms; "Figure to yourself a tiger that has had the small-pox!" A portrait, *that,*

from the hand of a master. But how, benevolent reader, how shall I paint to thee the jailor of Havre prison? To him old "Coupe Tête of the tile-beard,"* who figured in the Reign of Terror, must have been an Antinous. It was an aged head—grey—and of marvellous wickedness;—he appeared sick, too, in the last stage of mercurial dropsy; and the face was like that of a superannuated bulldog, made bald by the mange. This gentleman having ordered my friend who had accompanied me to quit the prison directly, immediately inquired whether I would like a private room; and, on my replying in the negative, led the way through a long, low, stone passage, to a door at the other end, which he opened, motioning to me to enter. I took a peep at the interior which he disclosed; and I said, "You are joking—you can't mean *that?*"—but he *did* mean *that*—and insisted on my entering. The place in which he wished me to abide was a stone dungeon, of some twelve feet square, and twenty feet high, lighted near the top by an iron-grated hole, about a foot square. Along one side, about eighteen inches from the ground, ran a sort of wooden shelf, like that provided for the hounds in an English kennel; on this bench lay two men asleep; the stone floor was covered with mud, bits of bread, picked bones, &c., besides much filth ineffable, unprintable. "But why can I not remain with those gentlemen?" said I, pointing to a crew of ragged prisoners, crawling about listlessly in a yard about twenty or thirty feet square, leading from the passage. "Because," said he, "they pay for a private room; and if you do not choose to do so, you must go in there." I appealed to the other prisoners, and they confirming the words of the grand chamberlain, I submitted to the imposition, and joined my fellow jail-birds. My companions were about twenty in number—most of them sailors of various nations, confined for creating disturbances in the public streets.

Had I not possessed money enough to purchase the enjoyment of this refined and agreeable society, I should have been locked up in the noisome den I have described. That was, in fact, the prison of Havre; all the rest of the building was an hotel kept by the jailor. The black-hole was White Cross-street, and the rest was the Queen's Bench. The first of my fellow-prisoners with whom I made acquaintance was a Yankee sailor, confined for thrashing his mate, who, by *his* account, had slightly provoked him to this breach of the peace by merely knocking him down with a handspike, and then threatening to stab him with a clasp-knife. I described to him the cause of my detention, and was congratulated by him that I had not been provoked to strike either of my captors. Some sailor friends of his, he told me, had been sent to Toulon, to saw stone for six months, for striking some of the *Garde Municipale*. "They was a drinkin' in a cabbery," said he, "when some o' these French chaps come in, an' one on 'em reached over, and drinked out of their bottle; one o' my mates gev' him a pat o' the head, an' from that they got to fightin'. Some o' these here jaundyarms come in, an', o' coorse, took the part o' the mounseers, an' my mates they took an' broke the swords of the jaundyarms, an' leathered 'em almighty well. But, in the mornin', they was all took up, an' now they're a sawin' stone at *Toolong*, and *will* be these five months; an' how they are to get to home I don't know, for their ship sails to-morrow I guess."

By this time I began to feel hungry, and learning from my friend the Yankee, that although the prison hour of supper was past, I could purchase any thing in the jailor's kitchen, I proceeded thither, and procured a roll and a little brandy, and then desired to be shown my *chambre particulière*. I chatted some minutes with a wretched, toothless, mummy of a woman, the jailor's servant, who was very civil to me, and, in the course of our talk, asked me if *Londres* was *bien loin de l'Angleterre?* After satisfying her on this curious point of insular geography, and paying for my supper, I was escorted by a turnkey—the most ferocious looking savage I have ever beheld—to my apartment, and locked up. The room, which was very small, was furnished with a truckle bedstead, with a sack of straw upon it, covered with a sheet, a blanket, and a little rug, and one chair, but no table. The other wing of the prison, which fronted my window, was used as a hospital for women, under the direction of the sanatory police. From one of the windows of this part of the building was hung a miserable, dirty, tri-coloured flag, evidently composed of rags of women's dress. This banner was illuminated by two or three bits of candle stuck in the window. There was dancing going on in the room, and its wretched occupants were celebrating the anniversary of the *three days of July!* By and by the dancing ceased, and a very sweet voice was heard singing one of the old "*provençal*" airs to a guitar. This again was interrupted by ribald jests and shouts of mirth.

What a volume, thought I, might be written from the brief histories of the poor revellers in that lazar house! There was something to make the heart ache in the tremulous refined tone of the poor girl who sung. I pictured her to myself a bright-eyed, laughing child at her mother's knee, receiving her first music lesson—and now! The train of thought was sickening—I closed my window and endeavoured (with only partial success) to shut out the sound of a screaming Marseillaise Hymn, in chorus, which now burst from the hospital. The sounds in the prison gradually died away, and I had begun to despair of getting out that night. I threw myself upon my sack of straw, and in my dreams was soon occupied in endeavouring to persuade the Yankee sailor not to persist in wearing the uniform of the *gend' armes*, urging that it was highly improper for so delicate a young girl as himself to wear such a dress while singing before company. And I had nearly succeeded in convincing him of the absurdity of accompanying his voice on the cocked hat, when the clang of the prison bell rang through the passages, and woke *me*, and also two or three furious mastiffs, which roam at large about the jail during the night, to prevent the untimely departure of any of the guests in their master's hotel. The late visitor was my friend, who brought with him the owner of the vessel and an order for my unconditional release, signed by the commandant of the garrison, also a *passport*. The old Cerberus of the prison most jealously inspected the order. I paid him his fees, and, with a cordial "*au plaisir de ne vous revoir jamais!*" I vacated his dominions. My friend and I adjourned to a *café*, where he recounted to me the difficulties he had encountered in procuring my liberation, which, as they are curiously illustrative of national

* He was called "*tuile barbe*," from the resemblance of his red beard to a tile.

character, I will relate. First he went to the private house of the British Consul, at the Côte d'Ingouville; the consul was gone to Rouen, and would not return for four days. "Where did his clerk and representative live?"—"Near the Harbour." To the Harbour my friend came. Of course the clerk was out; his servant thought he was at the Theatre. To the Theatre hied my friend. He, however, bethought himself of Franconi's Circus, out of the gates of the town, and there he found the consul's clerk, who, with much good nature, left his darling *spectacle*, and off they posted to the office in search of a *possible* blank "*permis*," signed by the consul before his departure. By good luck one was found, and my description duly inserted from *hearsay*. Still, however, to borrow the diction of Cockaigne, I was in "the stone jug." My untiring liberator then seized upon the ship-owner, and insisted on his devising the means of his enlargement; gently hinting as a persuasive, that, as he had been himself the original adviser of my saltatory embarkation, in the very teeth and defiance of the constituted authorities, it would be necessary, in case I were detained all night, and brought before the worshipful magistrates of Havre in the morning, to state the whole circumstances of the affair, not omitting *his own* share therein. On hearing this, he, in the most disinterested manner, offered to call on the commandant, the mayor, &c., &c., on my behalf; and evinced no less solicitude, than if the case had been his own—although up to this point he had, as Swift says, "borne his neighbour's misfortunes like a Christian."

After chasing the commandant about the town for nearly two hours he was at last hooked, and the circumstances of the case were thus explained to him by my veracious advocate, the shipowner. I *had*, he affirmed, a passport the day before; in confirmation of which, he produced the one just obtained from the Consul's clerk. That I had unluckily left it at Ingouville in my hurry to get on board; and that the *gend'arme*, instead of permitting me to return and fetch it, as I had proposed, insisted on my going before the Commissary of Police: and this sublime flight of imagination he wound up, by declaring that I was a British officer on leave, that my detention would be attended with the most serious consequences; and concluded by describing the manner in which I had eluded the vigilance of the *gend'arme*, carefully omitting all mention of his own share in the transaction. The old soldier laughed heartily at my adventure, and signed an order for my immediate release.

And that is the way in which they put people in prison and let them out again, in the good town of Havre de Grace.

THE POOR CHILD'S HORN-BOOK.

BY PAUL PRENDERGAST.

We are a people who pride ourselves upon our common sense. Common sense is that faculty which enables us to decide dispassionately on a matter, and to see through sophistry and humbug. It is that power by whose aid a jury returns a just verdict, in spite of the logical artifices of the hired pleader, who, with his "harlot tongue," for lucre, endeavours to pervert their judgment. It is, in other words, sound reason, which, however, is not particularly common.

Do we deserve the credit which we take to ourselves? Do we display our common sense by the laws which we make and maintain, in our social usages, and in our manner of treating the questions—political, moral, and religious—which are continually coming before us? Have we shown it in our behaviour to the poor? and especially in our provision for their moral and intellectual instruction?

Why, yes; strange as the answer may seem to some, we do, and we have—after a fashion. A fundamental axiom of common sense is, "let all men take care of themselves;" and this we have always acted on most studiously. Unfortunately, however, the common sense of too many of us is not sufficiently excursive to perceive that to effect this laudable object it is necessary that a man should, to a certain extent, take care of others, if but to prevent them from molesting him. We have let people starve till they could starve no longer, and were driven into insurrection and rapine; and every now and then we see that the task-master, who has been taking too much—that is to say, too

little—care of himself, not considering his slaves, goes to sleep in security, and, to use an Irish idiom, "wakes up the next morning with his throat cut."

Acting rather too short-sightedly on the prudential maxim above quoted, we have left our poorer fellow-creatures a prey, not only to starvation, but to stupidity. Ignorance was esteemed by our ancestors as the parent of submission, and they were partially right; for that which reduces a man to the level of a beast of burden, helps greatly to induce him to allow himself to be used like one.

Had servility been the only offspring of ignorance, it had been well; but ignorance has also brought forth crime. Hence has arisen a demand for the education of the poor—just to keep them from picking and stealing.

Is that demand well founded? To determine this question, let us endeavour to see to what extent crime is the result of ignorance.

Dishonesty, like avarice and oppression, arises from that limited species of common sense which seeks too direct self-interest. "Who would work and not go thieving?" says he who is fool enough not to see that honesty is the best policy. To check this propensity to get a living in the readiest way, punishment has been devised; but if a man about to commit an offence does not take into consideration its probable consequences to himself in the event of detection, punishment, as regards that man, is inoperative. Ignorance prevents a man from reflecting on these consequences. By this ignorance we do not mean ignorance merely of the fact so poetically embodied by the young pickpocket, in a district which its popularity forbids us to quote, or of the certainty that, if found out, he will be sent to Tasman's peninsula, but ignorance of the elements of those two complex ideas—imprisonment and transportation. The imagination of the thick-headed clown who goes sheep-stealing, depicts not to his fears their delectable details of solitude, weariness, cold, chains, slavery, hunger, and the whip. And, wherefore, but for ignorance—but for the want of that cultivation of his reasoning powers, which would have enabled him to use them—to think, apprehend, calculate, and foresee?

So far have we been speaking of the natural-born thief, if we may use such an expression; but we have now to consider another sort of theft—that to which the delinquent has been driven by dire necessity.

That a wife and several children, screaming in the agony of hunger for bread, form, in addition to the cravings of a man's particular stomach, a pretty strong inducement to him to steal a loaf, is a fact admitted on all hands, except by the law, which, being no respecter of persons, does not relax its severity in favour of the poor.

That multitudes are in the predicament just stated, is certain; and the expense of confining them in gaols and workhouses, and of transporting them beyond the seas, is keenly felt by the better orders.

Now ignorance produces and perpetuates poverty. When a man, born well off, runs through his fortune and becomes reduced to beggary, opinion writes him down an ass. When a man, born poor, but in possession of all his faculties, not having work found for him is unable to find any for himself, because want of information disqualifies him for aught but manual labour, and probably, also, from taking the right course to get that, in consequence of which want of work he becomes a starving pauper, surely this man's poverty is owing to his ignorance. But such is the case of thousands.

Men, even tolerably educated, finding themselves without means, do not usually, we believe, cheat, rob, and murder, in order to better themselves, but rather look about them, and turn their hands or their heads to some occupation not likely to lead to Newgate, whereby they may be enabled to live. The charitable opinion entertained by some, that education will only render the poor more crafty in the perpetration of their villanies, is therefore not exactly tenable. We shall be told, perhaps, that the poor gentleman has moved more or less in good society—that is, society composed of good men, in Shylock's acceptation of the phrase, and has inhaled morality from the atmosphere which he has breathed in; and yet your Dodds and your Fauntleroys had the advantage of respiring this salubrious gas. The truth is, that a thoroughly bad man—an irredeemable scoundrel—is a blot upon, and an exception to, human nature in general, be he rich or poor. The naturally good are rare also. The majority are of a middling character. They are made what they become; and we assert this, not upon the authority of Mr. Owen, but upon that which tells us "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

One great cause of pauperism is held to be the inconsiderate commission of matrimony, and the consequently superabundant population. It has been attempted to suppress this offence by the separation of husband and wife in the workhouse; but this experiment has answered very indifferently. Want of reflection is the real cause of the enormity. A poor but educated man pauses on the brink of the hymeneal precipice—looks before he leaps—weighs—doubts—considers—thinks; for he has been taught to do so, and does not, in general, marry till he can afford it.

It cannot, therefore, we should think, but be admitted, that the more general diffusion of knowledge would tend, in no slight measure, to relieve the parish, as well as to lighten the calendar. "Common sense" surely must appreciate this "*argumentum ad crumenam.*"

"But reading and writing will not make men good." No, friend Cantwell, certainly not: but the education we intend is, the imparting of such knowledge to the mind as may habituate it to thought, and strengthen its moral principles; and if, in the plenitude of your sagacity, you ask what knowledge will do this? we answer, "such as you would give your own child," unless, indeed, hypocrisy enter into your curriculum.

We have abstained from any remarks on the justice of inflicting misery, in the shape of punishment, on the ignorant offender whose nature has been formed by our own social institutions; because we have wished to confine our appeal to the faculty which we began by considering, and have a salutary fear of being accused of "sentimentalism." We argue that money would be saved by educating the poor. What will be spent on schoolmasters will be saved in policemen.

The Government, not long since, brought in a bill having for its object the education of a large body of poor children,—those employed in the factories. It was frustrated; and why? The scheme included religious instruction, to be furnished, exclusively, by the clergy of the Establishment. Petitions against the

measure, from all the Dissenters in the kingdom, were showered into the House, and ministers were obliged to abandon it.

Mr. Hume, subsequently, introduced a resolution, which, if adopted, would have led to the formation of schools, wherein knowledge, exclusive of the peculiar theological dogmas on which the various sects are divided, but inclusive of the moral doctrines whereupon they all agree, would have been afforded to the scholars. This proposal was treated with much contumely in the House, and was also derided out of it, as if it had been quite absurd.

We are not, we must confess, sufficiently acute, to perceive that no education at all is preferable to such education as was proposed by Mr. Hume.

"Oh! but it is impossible to separate secular from religious instruction." Very well, then, do not separate them. Let the regular instruction in religion be furnished by the clergy of the establishment; and let dissenting ministers attend for that of the children of Dissenters, whose parents may wish them to be brought up in the same creed as themselves; moreover, let them be paid, if they wish to be paid, in proportion to the number of their pupils. "But the spectacle of rival sects will unsettle the children's minds." How is it, then, that it does not unsettle the public mind; for the public is divided into sects? Public institutions should be adapted to the wants of the public.

Now comes the tug of war. "It is necessary," say the obstructers of education,—the withholders of the Horn-Book from the Poor Child, "that the State should teach her children the true religion." Very necessary; highly fit and proper. But pray tell us, ye THWACKUMS, which of the contending sects into which Christendom is divided, is in possession of the true religion?

The Christian world, at the Reformation, was either divided into sects, or it was not. If it was not divided into sects—if church authority existed—then there was one uniform standard of belief,—one true religion, from which all who departed were heretics and schismatics. That standard of belief, that true religion, must have been the creed of the majority; by what other test could it possibly have been determined? Now what child, (not being a pauper) of ten years of age, does not know that the most numerous church in the world, was, and is, the Roman Catholic Church?

Consequently, those who contend that the State ought to teach the true religion, must mean, unless they talk barefaced nonsense, that she ought to teach Roman Catholicism. They mean, however, no such thing.

If, at the Reformation, Christians, collectively, did become divided into sects, each determining its creed by private judgment; if no church authority existed, then religious truth is a matter of dispute; whereon, indeed, each man may entertain his peculiar opinions, but which opinions he has no right to enforce upon others except by argument.

Is it not, then, flying in the face of all consistency, to set up the creed of a province as the only true religion in the whole world? The Church of England *may be* all this; but so *may* the Church of George Fox. And who is to decide this question? Who but a judge whose name we may not take in vain?

How is it that those Protestants who clamour for church authority, an authority which, if it ever existed, they disobey, can persist, in defiance of every thing that is reasonable, in their preposterous pretensions? Surely it cannot be from motives of pecuniary interest. Are they not, at least, sincere in their profession? Do they not believe that truth must ultimately triumph, and consequently that, were the voluntary system itself established to-morrow, and they left to fight on even ground with their rivals, the victory would certainly be theirs;—and the spoils also?

Will any one presume to say that there are not quite as many good men among the Dissenters, as among the Church people? Then, why not let the Dissenters have their share in education? And why, above all things, because it is impracticable to teach the poor, universally, the state religion, keep them without any religion, or education either? Such is their present condition. For its results, see the hulks and the tread-mill.

"Academies for Young Gentlemen," whereof dissenting scholars are allowed to attend their own places of worship, and to receive instructions from their own ministers, answer tolerably well. Why not, also, "Academies for Young Paupers?"

And now we would ask this question. Whence, after all, are the strongest religious impressions derived,—from public teaching, or from private and personal ministration? Oh! but all this trouble cannot be taken with the poor. It was, however, taken with them by the Apostles, why not by their successors?

That which obstructs education, which withholds the Horn-Book from the Poor Child, is either foolish bigotry, or a feeling still less respectable.

Let us hope that public opinion, which, when deliberately expressed, is ever paramount in England, will no longer allow the general order, tranquillity, and happiness to be trifled with by nonsensical dogmatism.

THE STOLEN SHOULDERS.

BY THE LATE AUTHOR OF "THREE COURSES AND A DESSERT."

This assize case came off before I went into business for myself. It was tried during the period I occupied the situation of junior-desk, front-door clerk, in the office of Mr. Ephraim Hobbs. All the circumstances are strong in my recollection, nor is it a matter of wonder that they are, for the odd turn which the prosecution took, had an important influence on my own destiny. I may as well mention at once, that I never felt thoroughly in love with any female in the world but Miss Kitty Hobbs, my respected and wealthy employer's only child, then a beautiful hoyden, a fraction or so above seventeen, and entitled, by the will of a grand-aunt, to 10,000*l.* long annuities, on the day of her marriage, or that of her becoming of age, whichever might first happen; no bequest could be more clear, or less unfettered by contingencies. The testatrix, detesting law, though her brother-in-law was an attorney, had, under first-rate professional advice, so worded her will, as, if possible, to avoid the possibility of a quibble being raised, whereupon to found a suit. I have reason to admire her good sense, and to revere her memory; but, judging from her portrait, which disfigures, rather than adorns, that side of my study to which the back of my chair, when I read or write, from long habit, I suppose, seems to be inveterately turned, it is no matter of regret to me that she and I were never acquainted; a cross-eyed, crabbed-mouthed, crusty-cheeked old crone: an accidental glimpse at the innocent canvas that has been made the means of perpetuating her vinegar countenance, is always sufficient to set my teeth on edge. Yet, odd to say, her grand-niece, the young, the blooming, soft-eyed, rosy-mouthed Kitty, was wonderfully like her; so much so, indeed, that I have often said to myself, "Is it possible that ever this good lady could have looked like Kate, or that Kate will ever look like her?"

Hobbs had an excellent practice. He kept no less than seven clerks, though only a country attorney. Two of them, I recollect, from the wide range of his business, were allowed horses. He was steward to the Earl of Rolthead, and concerned for nearly all the good old families within a circuit of ten or fifteen miles. "Semper vigilans" was his motto, and truly no man could be more wide awake. He lived in good style; still every one who knew him, felt conscious that he was rapidly feathering his nest. His residence was in the precincts of the assize-town for the

county, of which, by-the-bye, he was treasurer and clerk of the peace, not that it matters much to state these circumstances.

Now for a word or two about myself. My father and mother, of whom I was the only child, both died while I was young. I have not the slightest recollection of either, except a vague idea, indistinct, uncertain, and unsatisfactory, as the remembrance of some fragments of an old dream, that once when I was lying sick, and half-asleep, a tall, pale, beautiful, and richly-dressed lady, with large dark eyes, who, I have reason to know, must have been my mother, came to my bed-side, weeping so violently, that, as she bent over me, the tears fell fast and hot upon my burning brow, and that she dabbed them up with her rich, glossy, raven locks, which were all dishevelled like those of one in utter despair. As I should think, that must have been the day on which my father suddenly died. She, I learn, did not long survive him. I have a portrait of him, not at all prepossessing—would to God I had one of her! I say this most intensely. I have said it a thousand times, I feel assured that I shall do so a thousand more. She has passed away from the face of the earth, and nothing remains of her on its surface, but one of those jetty locks, beneath which her marble forehead used to gleam. I have it, and no man's exchequer is rich enough to buy it of me. It is enshrined in a little silver locket, set round with minute pearls, intrinsically worth about a guinea, but to me the trumpery bit of bijouterie is inestimable. It contains *all that is*, of one who gave me life. My path through life has been much checquered; more than once, or twice, or thrice, I have actually wanted bread; absolute starvation has stared me in the face, but I never have had courage enough to part with the sacred monument in which my mother is enshrined. Notwithstanding all the rubs of life, I glory to say she is mine still. Critics talk of the degradation of the sublime art of painting when applied to mere portraiture. But what stuff this is! Portrait painting is historical painting in the highest sense of the latter term. How infinitely more valuable is an authentic delineation of the features of Wolfe, than any imaginative composition, proposing to depict the circumstances of his death at Quebec! And in private life, what object of art can be so endearing as that which displays the well-known form, the features, and the expression of a much-loved relative—a mother, for instance, a sister who died in her teens, or a child, an only one, it may be, who blossomed and withered away while yet an infant? In such cases, the portrait not only affords a reminiscence, but is an absolute authoritative and gratifying record of that much-loved being, who was, and has passed away. I once knew an artist, who almost broke his heart, in fruitless attempts to make a sketch from memory of his departed daughter, a beautiful girl, who died when between fourteen and fifteen.

Well, on the death of my parents, I was transferred to the care of my father's executors, each of whom like himself, was a downright dare-devil fox-hunter. They sent me, when old enough, to a very expensive school; indulged me in lots of luxuries, and, about my fifteenth year, articled me, giving a very heavy premium, to a tip-top attorney in town. During the five years of my legal apprenticeship, never being deficient of money, I lived like a fighting cock, and being regarded as a young man of fortune, was made to learn nothing. Indeed, I took a foolish pride in assuming more ignorance than could fairly be imputed to me, of everything relating to legal affairs. At the close of my articles a frightful change came over the face of my affairs. Both the fox-hunters, after having dissipated my father's money, suddenly went to the dogs, leaving me penniless. After, however, having undergone an infinity of mortifications, and surmounted various appalling difficulties, I found myself, through the instrumentality of one, to whom, it seems, I happened to be kind when he was an errand-boy to the gentleman with whom I was articled, installed with a seedy coat, a lank cheek, an hungry belly, on a stool at one of the desks in the office of Mr. Ephraim Hobbs; to whom my friend, the *ci-devant* errand-boy was cash clerk, and consequently, though young, shaved the top of his head, and wore hair powder, in order to look sufficiently respectable for his important office.

Being the junior gentleman at desk, I had to remain at my post, while all the others went to dinner. I did not regret this much, as during their absence, Miss Kitty, almost every day, at that particular time, wanted wafers, papers, or something or other out of the office. Gradually we became on familiar terms, and at length the young beauty, pretending to take offence at something I said, condescended to pout at and pinch me. That night, ambition and love totally deprived me of sleep. Early the next morning, while I was alone in the office, Mr. Hobbs called me into his room and asked me if I thought he might entrust me to deliver a brief. I replied, with a heart beating high with hope at the prospect of having an opportunity of distinguishing myself, that I did not know but I would do my best. To my dismay he hesitated for a moment, then turned on his heel, and walked slowly into the outer office; "confound it," he exclaimed, suddenly returning, and speaking rather to himself than to me; "I wish either of the other young men—either—no matter which—was in: for even Grundy himself, fool as he is, knows the routine. Where can they *all* be? *All?*" The assizes were then being held at the neighbouring county town. We had a very heavy and important cause (a writ of right, I remember,) fixed to be taken the first thing on the following morning; and the clerks were *all*, in fact, scouring the county in different directions for the purpose of bringing up a formidable

array of some sixty or seventy witnesses. Of these circumstances I was about to remind him; but scarcely had I spoken three words, when he interrupted me by foolishly exclaiming: "Yes—yes—I know: don't perplex—don't worry—don't enrage me. You see me in a state of—what shall I say?—and I must be off myself in a second—and yet you will..... Is there no beating any sense into you? Are you so utterly void of discrimination? But come, come," he added, in a somewhat kinder tone, noticing my emotion; "don't be agitated; for I'm not angry—not positively angry, observe; though its very provoking—very so indeed—the first instance I ever met with in my life, of a very stupid young fellow being at all sensitive. Now, attend to what I say. I shall intrust this case to your management. Don't be frightened; for it is so utterly hopeless that you can scarcely blunder into any mischief. It is an affair of two sheep or rather two shoulders of mutton. The animals were stolen by one Higgins. After his trial and conviction this morning, our client, Aminadab Loam, will be arraigned as receiver of part of the stolen goods. The constable, it seems, traced two of the shoulders to our client's possession, and found them baking, both *at once*, in his oven. My noble client, the Earl of Rolthead, with that exalted benevolence which so pre-eminently distinguishes him, has, at the earnest and pathetic entreaties of the man's sister-in-law, Miss Potiphar Loam, the young milliner; and with a view of ensuring him a fair trial, on the glorious principle, that every man is to be supposed innocent, until proved to be guilty, humanely instructed me, at his lordship's own costs and charges, to defend the prisoner. You will, therefore, hasten into the town, inquire for the Criminal Court, enter it boldly; and should the ushers attempt to stop you, as looking at your appearance they most probably will, damn them without the least delay; ask them who are they, you should like to know? and say, pushing them with an air of outraged dignity, that you're Mr. Ephraim Hobbs' managing clerk in criminal business. Never mind the lie. In the court, you'll be sure to see Sir Gumption Taw, the gentleman who came to dine here with Serjeant Bagtheblunt, yesterday; give him this brief, and as soon as the case is over, fight your way out of court, and run as if for your life, hither to inform us of the result,—*us*, I say, for the earl himself will be here anxious to know the effect of his beneficent interference. Nothing can be more simple, you see: a child, an idiot might do the business; I expect, therefore, that even you wont make a mess of it. Indeed, I don't see how you can," he continued again, half soliloquizing; and, as I was retiring, "or, to be more frank, I would not trust you, that is, had I any one—no matter who—any one else at hand."

Big with the consciousness of bearing a *bonâ fide* brief, though merely on behalf of the receiver of a portion of some lost sheep or so, and eager, if possible, to distinguish myself, I rushed, with zealous haste out of the house, and ran for nearly a mile, best pace, as the sportsmen say, dreading at every step to be overtaken by a countermand. In the town, all was bustle, eagerness and confusion. I saw many of the old accustomed London faces, but avoiding recognition, hurried onward to the court-house. Oh! thought I, if I can but do something noble—something great, in this case! with what honour shall I return! with what pride, to-morrow, while the other clerks are at dinner, shall I relate the particulars of the exploit to Catherine, as, to use the simple language, with a mere nominal alteration, of some humble songster,—

> "The thought of Miss Kitty still ran in my mind,
> For Love did torment me so."

'Tis true the case appeared to be quite hopeless, as Mr. Hobbs said, still there was no knowing what might happen; and then, again, the more utterly hopeless it was, the greater honour would legitimately accrue to me, could I succeed in getting the pretty Miss Potiphar's unhappy brother off. The benevolent Lord Rolthead, in consideration of my triumphantly fulfilling his benevolent intentions, might positively ask me to dine at his table. In imagination, I was complacently picking my teeth over his Lordship's pine-apples and milk-punch, at a very square party, with Hobbs opposite me, and the parson of the parish acting as croupier, when I reached the Court-house door. As luck would have it, the door-keeper of the criminal side happened to have been one of the ticket-porters in the Inn of Court where I had served my time. During my golden days, the poor lean rogue used to black my boots. Now he was fat, burly, and exhibited other ostensible signs of promotion. His sister—a sweet little blue-eyed girl—but let me not breathe a syllable against one, who died with a beautiful baby (in giving life to whom she parted with her own existence,) on her pillow, and whose last words were:—"Oh! if I had but the wedding-ring of poor Ned—which he so often offered me, and though he was but a humble journeyman carpenter—on my finger, I should feel proud to go to the other world in this way; but as it is, save me, Doctor! save me, for God's sake! I can't—I won't—I mustn't die in sin and sorrow thus." Poor sweet thing! she *did* die, though no human being ever made more desperate efforts to live. Her brother was disconsolate at the catastrophe; and, in the hope of restoring him to his tranquillity, a certain grave bencher obtained him the post in which I found him officiating.

He recognized me in an instant. A tear (I solemnly swear to the fact) gushed into each of his eyes, as he took in, at a glance, the *tout ensemble* of my shabby costume; and, slily slipping a crown into my hand, (which, somehow or other,

I had not presence of mind enough to reject,) he opened the door, and without uttering a word pushed me bang among the assembled barristers.

Sir Gumption Taw, whom I had seen the day before on his alighting with Serjeant Bag-the-Blunt at my employer's door, was seated at the opposite side of the table, nearly under the judge. It was impossible to get at him. I could not even catch his eye, until after I had contrived, through the medium of many barristers and attornies, intervening between my position and his—for the Court was much crowded—to forward him my brief. Then, indeed, his professional glance took a rapid circuit of the Court, and at length fell upon me. I significantly bowed, and he no less significantly smiled. He then sat down, and with an affectation of desperate fortitude began to read the brief. Higgins, the stealer of the sheep, was already on his trial. Indeed, when I entered the Court, his Lordship had nearly concluded summing up; and before Sir Gumption had waded through the sheets, I had succeeded in getting placed before him. The Jury, without the slightest hesitation, had returned a verdict of *Guilty* against the prisoner at the bar.

The principal, as the thief is politely designated on these occasions, having been tried and convicted, every impediment was removed to the arraignment of our worthy client, the receiver. He was brought into the back part of the dock in time to hear the fag end of the sentence pronounced on his friend, the principal. I cannot, in justice, describe his appearance as prepossessing. He had an immense mass of red, ropy hair, piled in confusion, with the ends sticking up like carrots, on a head as big as a bushel. His eyes were very small, set askew in the sockets, and otherwise pig-like. His nose, too, which was upturned, and very moveable, strikingly reminded me forcibly of a hog's snout. His mouth was of huge dimensions, and bristling with tushes. Altogether, he looked just the sort of person that would take two shoulders of mutton for one meal. A good physiognomist might have made a tolerably correct guess at the offence for which he was about to be tried. My heart sank within me, for I saw it was all up with us. When told to raise his hand and plead in the usual form, the stupid booby held up not one, but both; and at the appearance of the huge fat paws dangling in the air from his wrists, a titter, sickening to me and ruinous to our client, ran round the whole Court. Every one seemed to be struck with the same idea; and before the titter had subsided, the wag of the circuit, an old bottle-nosed little barrister, remarked, with a grin, to his Lordship, that "the prisoner at the bar actually came into Court with the fact upon him, for *two* such shoulder-of-mutton fists I, for one, never beheld." Bad as his jest was, it set the whole Court, as usual in such cases (for the worst of jokes will tell in a Criminal Court), on the broad grin. The Judge looked at the jury—the jury looked at the Judge—the Bar looked at both—and the spectators at all three; and each party, keeping the other in countenance, a general giggle ensued, in which even the booby at the bar could not refrain from joining. To me, alone, it was no joke.

While the indictment was being read, the jury, to do them justice, carefully compared the charges therein contained with the prisoner's countenance, from which, however, conviction seemed to flash upon their minds at the utterance of every word. Our counsel looked at me across the table, and, by the mode in which he took snuff, and threw down our brief, telegraphically told me that there was not the slightest chance. The first witness (a parish constable), ambitious to prove all that he possibly could, completely settled the question with his Lordship, who, when two shoulders of mutton, clearly belonging to the stolen sheep, were proved to have been traced, beyond the slightest doubt, by the parochial functionary, into the prisoner's oven, looked most significantly at the jury, and the jury, in return, looked most significantly at him. It was clear that they perfectly understood each other — the prisoner was to be found guilty. Nothing could save him; and the hope of distinguishing myself on this occasion ceased to flutter in my breast. Be it observed, I did not care a farthing for the fellow, for he was evidently guilty, but burned to get him off, for my own credit and advancement. Such is law.

"That is my case, my Lord," said the prosecutor's counsel, after all the witnesses had been examined, cross-examined, and re-examined, each of the last two processes having more clearly shown the guilt of the prisoner than its predecessor. Of the result it was impossible to entertain a doubt. A verdict of guilty, and a sentence of transportation for life, stared us in the face. Nor were we unprepared for it. Our counsel was making himself agreeable to a beautiful young married lady, sitting within three of his Lordship, on the circular bench. I sat pale as a sheet, just below the felons' bar—while our client stood just above and behind me, convulsively grasping the iron spikes in front of his ignominious enclosure, and jabbering like a frightened bear in his den.

My Lord had arranged his seat so as to sum up with ease, and the jury turned to him with open mouths. Before he began, however, he thought fit to blow his nose. Odd as it may seem, this trifling event had a material influence on the destinies of myself and of the prisoner at the bar. During the operation, an idea flashed like lightning on my brain, and modest as I was, I felt instinctively compelled to broach it—ay, even in open court, with my own voice, than the sound of which, to a retiring youth, in a public assembly, nothing can be more awful.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," said the Judge, "I beg leave"—

"My Lord," quoth I, in a trembling tone, interrupting his address.

"Silence in the Court," vociferated the usher.

"How dare you interrupt the proceedings, young man?" quoth the Judge, in a solemnity of tone that seemed to drive every drop of blood in my body to my overcharged heart. "Gentlemen of the Jury"—

"My Lord—my Lord!" I emphatically gasped.

"Who *is* this youth?" inquired his Lordship.

"A clerk," I believe, of my respectable client," responded our counsel; "Mr. Zachary Hobbs, who happens to be concerned for the prisoner."

"Oh, indeed," ejaculated my Lord. "Well, young gentleman, what have you to say?"

"My Lord," I replied, worked up to a pitch of desperation, for all eyes were turned upon me, and there was no possibility of receding from the conspicuous station which I had so rashly assumed, "it is impossible, on account of the press of barristers, to get round to our counsel in this case, who would doubtless press the point I have to urge, if instructed so to do, with much more force than myself; but such, I humbly submit, is no reason why the prisoner should not have the benefit of it."

"Certainly," said his Lordship; "waiving forms, tell us at once, young gentleman, what is your point."

"Why, my Lord," said I, somewhat encouraged, "the prosecutor's case is concluded."

"Decidedly," quoth the Bench.

"Well, then," said I, getting bolder by degrees, "what has he proved? First, that two sheep were stolen—granted. Secondly, that two shoulders of such sheep were found baking in our client's oven—granted again; but what is our client charged with in the indictment? This, namely, for having feloniously received, and being found in possession of, two shoulders of such two sheep. I admit his having been detected in the apparent ownership of the two shoulders; but no one has proved that one belonged to one of the sheep, and the other to the other—no witness has sworn that they were not right and left. Had any one shown in evidence that they were two right shoulders, or two left, then our client might have been convicted of having received 'parts of the said two sheep;' but as the testimony stands, he may only have had two shoulders of one of them—one right, and the other left. He cannot, therefore, be convicted of having feloniously received parts of the *two* sheep, when perhaps, (and he is entitled to the benefit of the doubt,) he may only have received two limbs of one of them."

The Judge listened to me—so, indeed, the whole Court—with breathless attention; and, when I concluded, his Lordship threw himself back on the bench with the look and air of an exceedingly ill-used man. Our counsel bit his hang-nails with much ferocity, increased, I presume, at not having had the credit of taking such an objection himself. The twelve good men and true stared stupidly into each other's faces, like so many mystified sheep in a pen; and the brute at the bar, who seemed to be conscious that affairs had taken a turn in his favour, began to dance the double-shuffle, whistling at the same time, with great energy, the tune of "Go to the Devil and shake yourself," through his nose. It was no easy task to subdue him to propriety; but this being at length effected by the gaoler and his assistants, literally—all other means to put an end to so gross a scandal failing—by two of them holding his arms, a third hanging hard by his legs, and a fourth griping him tight by the proboscis; the Judge, still looking indignant, leant forward over his desk, and thus addressed the Bar in general, but our counsel in particular, to the following effect:—"Really, this sort of a thing is far from being productive of delight. Gentlemen seem to forget the heavy responsibility thrown upon the Bench. When counsel are employed for prisoners, the Court relies on their attention to every point that can be brought forward in favour of the accused. But what's the consequence? Here is a man who, however guilty he may be in a moral point of view, yet, looking at the indictment, is, in the eye of the law, perfectly innocent. I should have summed up strongly against him; the verdict would doubtless have been *Guilty;* and, laying my hand upon my heart, I solemnly declare it was my intention to have transported him for life. Now, I ask, is not this awful? Positively it's quite amazing to me that the point, so well put by his client's clerk—a point so very obvious—should not have occurred to the ingenious counsel retained by the prisoner."

"My Lord," exclaimed the gentleman thus directly alluded to, and almost bursting with vexation; "allow me to submit that the point, being—as your Lordship is pleased to observe—so very obvious, it is more strange that even the Court itself"—

"Oh! don't take what I've said as being at all derogatory to a gentleman of such high talents as yourself," interrupted the Judge, recollecting, perhaps, on a sudden, and sorry to have forgotten while making the previous observations, that he had hopes of being, on a vacancy occurring, placed at the head, either of his own, or one of the other Courts of Westminster; and that the person whom he addressed, though nobody, as it were, at the bar, was an M.P., and nearly allied to a noble family possessing the most exalted political interest. "What I have said," his Lordship continued, "I wish to be understood in a general sense. Besides," he added, with a leer at the lady to whom our counsel had been speaking, and whom for the first time (the lovely creature having just thrown back her

rich Valenciennes veil over her satin bonnet), I now discovered to be the rich heiress, the general toast, supreme beauty, and absolute pride of the whole county, my employer's rompish daughter, Kate;—"in Miss Kitty Hobbs's presence we must not be severe, for, as the immortal poet (I forget his name) aptly says;—

"If to *his* share some trivial errors fall,
Look in *her* face and you'll forget them all."

A buzz of approbation arose, and the delicious Kitty, blushing up to her brilliant eyes, hastily and awkwardly drew down her Valenciennes veil. How my heart palpitated!

For a moment silence prevailed. It was broken by the Judge thus abruptly addressing Serjeant Bagtheblunt, leading counsel for the prosecution. "Well, Brother Bagtheblunt, what have you to urge against the objection?"

"I leave the matter entirely with your Lordship," replied the Serjeant.

"Then, gentlemen," quoth his Lordship, addressing himself to the jury with much gravity, "I am bound to direct an acquittal. Two sheep have clearly been stolen, and two shoulders of the stolen mutton have been undeniably traced to the prisoner's oven; but it has not been proved that such two shoulders were, as the indictment charges, 'parts of the said two sheep:' for all we know, they might be parts only of one of them. You must, therefore, of course, find the prisoner not guilty."

The jury did so; and I rushed out of Court, dancing with joy. I hastened homewards, enjoying by anticipation, as I went, the hearty applause of my respected employer. On passing the window of his private office, I saw him closeted with Lord Rolthead. Both of them caught a glimpse of me, and no sooner had I entered the house, than I was summoned to their presence.

"Well, what's the result?" quoth my employer, as I entered the room.

"Transported for life, of course?" apathetically observed Lord B.

"No, my Lord," said I, delighted at his anticipation.

"What!" quoth he, in a drawling tone; "you haven't let them hang him, I hope, young man, have you?"

"Far from it my Lord," I replied with affected nonchalance. "He's acquitted."

"Acquitted!" exclaimed my employer, dropping his nether jaw.

"Preposterous," said his Lordship. "The fellow's guilt was so clear, that all the lawyers in the universe could not have got him off. You must be mistaken, young man, from your imperfect acquaintance with legal forms. Acquitted, eh? That would be unfortunate, indeed, after my having gone to the expense, and taken the precaution, in order to make assurance doubly sure, of employing my own confidential professional adviser on his behalf. Acquitted, eh? You are wrong, young gentleman, you ought to be more attentive—you ought, indeed."

"Your Lordship will be good enough to excuse him, I hope," said the attorney; "a mistake on this point is to be attributed to inexperience, and, I fear, an unusual degree of dullness. Quit the room, sir, hasten back to the Court, and for the satisfaction of his Lordship, procure from the clerk of the arraigns an official minute of the vagabond's conviction and sentence. It's not quite regular—but get it at any price; stay, mention my name. Fly. Through your stupidity, I shall be labouring under a serious imputation until you return."

At this moment a sudden but terrific uproar was heard in the outer office, and before one could whistle, in burst Aminadab Loam, with all the official establishment, excepting myself, hanging, like duckweeds about a pike pursuing a trout, from various parts of his body and limbs. To him, the stalwart vagabond, a posse of pale, lean lawyer's clerks offered no impediment. Lord Rolthead was struck aghast; Lawyer Hobbs trembled from head to foot; and to speak the truth I myself felt far more uncomfortable than before, for the brute had evidently been drinking since his discharge.

"Liberty for ever!" vociferated he; "liberty! my Lord! and moreover thank your Lordship for it. I come to pay my respects as soon as possible. Hurrah! hurrah! I say for Lord Rolthead, and three cheers, twice a week, afore the church door for Lawyer Hobbs. Hang all transportation, and transport all hanging! Mind me, Lord, I sha'n't forget this. Never more, while Aminadab Loam lives, shall a hare be wired, or a pheasant noosed in your preserves; I means to cut it; and further than that, every one else shall cut it, too, in this parish, or feel a fist most folks have a right to be afeard of, meaning my own. No more baked shoulders of sheep for supper; nay, nay, I feels, though I'm handy nigh to drunk, a reformed man. And what d'ye think has made me so? Why, your kindness. I've got a place at plough already, and means to go home to mother and cry like a child. Excuse me, my Lord, but your Lordship and Lawyer Hobbs for ever! Hurra! I be a new man. But I say, Master Hobbs," he added, looking significantly towards me, "that's a deep un. Keep a sharp eye upon him, or, mind me, he'll do you."

So saying, the fellow, attended by the clerks whom he had dragged into the room with him, departed, and I was again left with Lord Rolthead and Mr. Hobbs.

"This is very strange, Hobbs," his Lordship was pleased to remark.

"Perfectly unaccountable," replied the attorney.

"Your stupid clerk, then, it seems, was right after all."

"It would seem so, indeed," responded my

employer, "but how in the name of fortune," he added, addressing himself to me, "did this occur? Sir Gumption must have been mad."

In reply I gave him a plain, unvarnished account of the whole affair, at the conclusion of which, after having exchanged a most significant look with Lord Rolthead, he arose from his seat, clutched me by the elbow, and so conducted me through the outer office, to his front door, where, with sarcastic politeness, he wished me an excessively good afternoon, pledged himself to forward my portmanteau, with a quarter's salary in lieu of notice, to the Bull Inn, no less speedily than would be possible, and advised me to seek for a more extensive arena in which to display my talents; "for," he observed, "believe me, young gentleman, you are much too clever to have your extraordinary talents buried in so dull and honest a village as this."

As he, rather rudely, pushed me down the steps from his front door, Sir Gumption Taw, in a flashy curricle, containing, besides himself, a young tiger behind, the glorious Miss Kitty, and her pet poodle in front, pulled up at the foot of them.

I went away, disconsolate as ever man or boy could possibly be; and yet I trust the kind reader will be gratified to know, that, as the song says, "I managed my matters so neatly," that within six weeks from the time when I was almost kicked from the door of Mr. Ephraim Hobbs, on account of my want of stupidity, Sir Gumption Taw was jilted, and I became, by stratagem, the matrimonial yokefellow of my darling Kate.

"THE STARRY HOME."

The greenwood wild, to the roving child,
With its brake and deepen'd dell,
With its fitful gleam in the pale moon beam,
Seems the work of magic spell.
His pleasures here are found—no care
Steals over his lightsome soul—
For the spangled sky, with its dome so high,
Presents him the promis'd goal;
And he looks and laughs for his home so bright,
Which should come ere the morrow descends in night,
And the thick groves ring as they hear the song
Of the roving boy while he strolls along.

He has seen the spring, and the young birds wing
Their way to the tallest pine,
Has watch'd their rest 'neath the mother's breast,
Still his hand's unstain'd by crime.
No spoiler he of their liberty—
Or else for the rover wild,
Those scenes so dear of the greenwood here
Soon would lose their solace mild;
And while stars fly up with sparkling spring,
He is waiting with hope when time shall bring
The day he'll readily take his flight,
To dwell in those realms of diamond light.

The Spring is gone, and the Summer come,
Fields wave high their golden sheen,
And the harvest cheer of the rip'ning year
Is spread on the village green.
But he seeks the brook with anxious look,
For his soul still longs to mount,
And lists to the rill, while rippling shrill,
For call from the fairy fount.
But its gurgling note, though a pleasant sound,
Has failed in producing that joyous bound
Which would to the rover sure have come,
Had it told a tale of his welcome home.

The trees have now shed their leafy head,
And the wind is cold and chill,
And the garner'd store on the well-thresh'd floor,
With the heavy crashing mill,
Bid all prepare for the close of year;
But the child still seeks the grove,
And his voice full strong is fir'd with song
In praise of his greenwood love.
And the cheerful hearth he seeks that night,
Telling his mother, with proud delight,
That ere the morrow shall dawn in day,
In a starry home he'll be far away.

She has laid him down in his russet gown,
And his tabor pipe put by;
The berries red hang o'er his head,
But his eye's towards the sky;
And his bed with leaves and strowen sheaves
She has made near the oaken tree,
For the hectic flush, like a summer blush,
Says the spirit soon will flee.
But to soothe her grief, as the ebb of life
Is passing strong—with emotion strife
She cries, while the birds still near him sing,
"Why weep?—I shall return with spring."

D. M. E.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

THE town of B——, in Derbyshire, is situated on the gentle acclivity of a hill of considerable height, one of a great many similar eminences which extend for seve-several miles along the banks of a mountain stream, whose impetuous course is broken here and there in its devious way, as it winds and curls like a glittering snake, with numerous falls: the foaming waters at these spots leap over the barriers of rock which intercept them, rushing and murmuring with incessant sound, and continue to hurry along by the rich meadows and flowery banks shaded with fine trees which make the scene one of peculiar beauty. The stream is occasionally crossed by bridges of antique form, steep and heavy with pointed buttresses, in the recesses of which are steps for the convenience of the numerous anglers and loiterers who hang over its parapets, and where once a cross looked forth upon the flood beneath.

Following the course of the clear little river one way, it is lost to the eye amidst its windings between the overshadowing hills which spread out and intersect each other in all directions, some covered with emerald fields to the summit, others crowned with thick rich woods in which the various tints and forms of the ash, chestnut, oak, pine, cedar, and yew are remarkable. The hawthorn grows here to a very great size, and late in the spring flourishes in extreme beauty, the branches being covered with wreaths of snowy flowers of the purest hue, or occasionally blossoms of a delicate pink, which perfume the air in every direction: these charming trees are scattered at the edges of the woods, by the river side, and in the meadows, in infinite profusion, and beneath glow flowers of every colour amongst the fresh grass—the forget-me-not and the milkwort predominating and casting a pale blue veil, as it were, over the fields, while in other places the rich tints of the kingcup throw a net of gold over the meadows.

From the height of every one of the fine hills above the town, the buildings which form it are seen clustering, as if for protection, beneath the walls of the high and commanding tower of the antique church, whose circular arches, ornamented with mysterious-looking heads and zigzag mouldings, prove its venerable date.

Here and there, half way up the eminences, in many directions, handsome and well-built modern houses appear from the midst of luxuriant gardens and groves. Almost all are of a shape which shows that a taste for antiquities pervades the spot; but there is one which, when once discerned amidst the dark thick foliage which surrounds it, cannot be mistaken for an edifice of modern erection, built in imitation of the abodes of a race past away.

When you are on low ground, and are crossing the pretty green meadows through which the stream meanders, you cannot at first perceive the house, for a circle of high overarching trees, much darker in tint than any of those of younger growth which surround them, entirely shroud the building: it is only after passing two lodges, and following a walk for some distance, that you suddenly stand before an opening which discovers a gateway, flanked by two long ranges of low grey buildings which extend some distance, at the extremity of which the upper part of a house can be discerned above the wall.

It is formed of a confused medley of turrets, gable ends and chimneys, and its shape is somewhat difficult to define. Above, beyond, and around, it is hemmed in with immense dark trees: if you mount the steep hill on the descent of which it is built, you meet only with an enormously high wall shaded with large branches, while on the opposite side of the road a thick grove endeavours in vain to conceal the rushing, sparkling river hurrying and murmuring along towards a stone foot-bridge which spans it, nearly opposite the first gate which gives entrance to this singular fabric.

This bridge is very long and narrow, and has the same angular projections common in this part of the country: in one of the centre recesses there are the broken remains of a stone cross, long since destroyed.

A large ait, covered with trees, interrupts the river, while a foaming waterfall, just above, chafes into anger again. A pile of dark red and grey rocks rise perpendicularly from amidst a thick wood at some distance; and the luxuriant foliage of the same wood, through which a road has been cut, shuts out all further view.

Immediately behind the antique house to which the stone bridge conducts, is an abandoned quarry of red stained stone, and heaps of grey ruin are so mixed with the excavations, that at first it is difficult to decide whether the arches and bridge we see are natural or accidental.

A gigantic wall of great thickness encloses a park crowded with rich dark trees, whose high close branches prevent a glimpse of the house appearing; and at one extremity there is what seems to have been formerly a bridge over a fosse, beneath which a dark grim arch proclaims that on that spot once stood a strong tower or castle, which neither time nor violence has been able entirely to remove from the face of the earth.

Concerning this mansion, a friend of mine related to me the following circumstances:—

It was my fortune, in the summer of 1842, to visit this part of the country, where the diversion of angling can be procured in great perfection in the clear streams of the neighbourhood. I had been led by the beauty of the weather and the uncertainty of my sport to some distance from the town where I was staying, and, by the time I began to think of returning, the clouds had gathered very ominously over the high hills round, the wind began to howl in the hollows, and in a short time the rain descended in torrents: it was late in the evening, and I packed up my fishing apparatus, and prepared for a wet walk home; but when I reached the little stone bridge over the torrent opposite the ancient mansion just described, the storm became so violent that I hastened towards a thick grove of trees which promised shelter: lightning, and increasing peals of thunder warned me, however, that it was unsafe to remain there; and following the skirting wall of the garden, I came at length to a gate, which, being ajar, I pushed open, and found myself in a dreary court-yard. The barking of a dog attracted the attention of an old woman, who stood in a doorway near; and to her I hastened without further ceremony, and begged half an hour's shelter.

My appearance told my story, for I was drenched with rain and had all my tackle with me; she could not, therefore, suspect me to be a thief; and when I assured her beforehand I was an honest angler, she smiled good humouredly, and said they were seldom visited by suspicious characters in that part of the world. "You are more likely to stand in awe of ghosts," I observed, looking up at the grey gloomy turrets which frowned through the dark clouds above.

"Oh! then you have heard of our reputation here," answered she, "although you are a stranger. But I suppose every one knows about the Lady and her Son."

I surprised her by announcing my ignorance of the story to which she alluded; and she was not long before she told me the legend attached to the house of which she was the present guardian, and, except a stable-man, the only inhabitant.

Before, however, she began her story, she conducted me to a distant part of the house, and opening a low door with a circular arch ornamented with a Saxon pattern, introduced me to the chapel, a small building with a low groined roof, lighted by several windows in which some panes of painted glass still remained: on the stone floor beneath one of these lay a figure very perfect, but evidently of antique date, by the form of the dress, which was that of a female, having a robe fastened on each shoulder with a brooch, and wearing on the head a coronet and veil. A lion was at the head, and a lioness supported the feet. In her arms she held an infant, one of whose hands was caressing her cheek, and the other held a scroll on which were traced characters so nearly effaced as to be read with difficulty; but which announced her as "the Lady Constance, for whom, with her son, the reader was solicited to pray."

"This tomb," said my conductress, "belongs to a lady of high rank, who had suffered some wrong in her day, or else her spirit could not be so uneasy for so many years: for she still walks with her child in her arms, as you see her there. It is not the fashion now to believe these things, but it is nevertheless as true as that no one belonging to this family can ever shut a door after them; and that I have had reason enough to know."

"You tell me a strange thing," said I, laughing, "which reminds me of a college friend of mine who had that same failing, for which he was sufficiently worried."

"What was his name?" asked she.

"Julian Frecheville," I replied; at which she turned on me a look of surprise.

"It is no wonder," she exclaimed, solemnly—"there never was a Frecheville yet who could shut a door; he must have been the son of the last owner of this very house, and to him it now belongs, but he never came here yet, and I dare say never will, as no one can live in the old place who has any of the old blood in them. For fifty years I have lived here, and five times I have seen the lady and her son walk out of that chapel along the old hall, and throw herself off the tower at the north side. The day after I have seen this, came the news of the death of one of the family, and no eldest son has ever lived beyond the age of twenty."

"My friend," said I, "is very nearly that age now—"

"I know it," returned she, "but he will never see twenty-one, for the spirit appeared a week ago, and it is a sign that never fails."

I looked at the old housekeeper, and observed that there was a wandering wildness in her eye, which told that the monomania which had taken possession of her mind, probably from her secluded way of life, had somewhat unsettled her intellect, but I listened with some interest as she went on with the story which she seemed to take a pleasure in relating.

It was one stormy evening in winter, when the moors were covered with snow several feet deep, that the porter of this house—this is many years ago I am telling you of—as he was closing the wicket of the drawbridge, thought he heard a low wailing cry, which made him pause. He distinctly heard the chapel bell, which was tolling curfew, but after listening a little, nothing else was audible, and he was just shutting the gate when the same cry attracted him again, and this time he felt convinced that it was a child's voice. He looked out, and plainly discerned through the

snow, a female figure closely veiled, carrying something in her arms, approaching the house: presently it came near, and as it did so, he heard these words,—"For the love of our Blessed Lady, give shelter to me and my son."

The porter was so taken by surprise that he could not reply, and the female glided into the court-yard, pushing by him so quickly that he could hardly believe what had happened. He shut the gate, and advanced to the stranger, who in a low tremulous accent told him that she had lost her way, and should have perished in the snow with her infant, but for the sound of the chapel bell, which had guided her safely. "Let me," said she, "go to the shrine of the Blessed Lady of Mercy, and there offer up my prayers for our delivery; and then let me entreat you to give me some food, for I am very faint."

There was an air of command about the lady which at once forced him to comply with whatever she desired; accordingly, he led her to the chapel, and left her on her knees at the altar.

When he returned, the lady had risen from her prayers, and following him across the court, ascended with him a flight of stairs which led to a small room at the top of a tower: here he had placed refreshments for her.

"Is your lord at home?" asked the stranger.

"He is expected to-morrow," answered the porter, "unless this fall of snow detains him; for he is gone some miles distant to fetch his bride, to whom he was married at her father's castle a week since."

"Is he then really married?" was the question asked by the lady, in a hollow voice.

"Yes; as I told you, a week since: she is the daughter of the richest lord in Derbyshire, and is the greatest beauty in the country."

"I shall not intrude," said the lady; "he will not find me here when he arrives: I only ask this night's repose, and I only wished to commend myself and my son to the care of Heaven."

The porter then retired, and left his guests in the tower; but what was his horror on rising at daybreak, to behold the lady with her dead infant clasped to her breast, dashed a mangled corpse on the stones at the foot of the tower.

He was so much overcome with terror that he knew not what to do: he had mentioned to no one the arrival of the lady, as he feared the old seneschal, who was a harsh man, would blame him for having allowed her to enter. He called his wife, and together they carried away the bodies, and concealed them in a vault near the chapel, removing all traces of the fearful accident as well as possible.

He never mentioned what had happened, but it preyed much on his mind, and he often wished he had had courage to tell it: to his wife alone could he venture to speak on the subject, and her fears so much overcame her loquacity, that no one but themselves ever knew of the transaction at the time.

The snow, meanwhile, increased so much, and continued so long, that it was three weeks from the time of the stranger lady's arrival before the master of the house, Julian Frecheville, returned to his home; but, contrary to all expectation, he brought no bride with him, and when he crossed the drawbridge it was evident to the old porter, who had known him from a child, that he was an altered man.

The first order that he gave, as he entered solitary and mournful, attended only by one squire, who was as gloomy as himself, was, that the door of the mansion should from henceforth never be closed night or day, and that the porter should watch continually lest any one should claim hospitality.

For three years Julian Frecheville remained sad and unsociable, and his former gay and pleasing manners were quite changed; he would see none of his companions, and would sit for hours at the window of a tower which looked far over the moors, gazing as if for some object which never blessed his sight. He would sigh and weep; and in the silence of night the old porter, whose conscience kept him wakeful, would observe him continually descend the stairs to the chapel, and there, at the altar of the Virgin, pray for hours.

Having seen this for some time, at last the porter could not resist the feeling he had of desiring to commune with his master, and to relate to him the event which had so much disturbed him.

Accordingly one night he entered the chapel at the same time as his master, and meeting him in the aisle, threw himself on his knees and recounted to him the whole story.

Julian listened, pale as death and gasping for breath, enquired if both were dead—the mother and child—when they were taken up.

When he heard that they were, he became calm, but there was a fixed look of despair in his face which terrified his servant, as he heard him say—

"Unhappy Constance—*Constance* indeed! hadst thou waited but one day!—but it is too late!"

He died raving that same night: and it was soon after, on his death-bed confession to a priest, that the porter revealed what was thus known. When Julian expired, the last words he uttered, were—

"Never shut the door—she may come yet."

"He left a will—written just before he was seized with delirium—commanding that a tomb should be erected in the chapel of his house, with effigies—in fact, the same as those you, sir, have just seen—a lady and a child: no one ever knew who she was, nor her history, but from that time this house has been haunted by her ghost on the occasion of any death in the family, and no one of Julian Frecheville's race has ever been able to shut a door after them from that day to this."*

* In the antique church of Scardiffe, not far from Bolsover Castle in Derbyshire, is a singular monument, to which a legend is attached, that the Lady and Child, whose effigies there repose, were wandering in the neighbouring woods on a winter's evening, and were saved from perishing there by the sound of the curfew bell, which guided them to Scardiffe. What the history of the desolate mother may have been is a mystery. The sexton tells you that she was the daughter of King Charles and a princess, as the crown on her head testifies. The figures are very well executed, and there is considerable majesty in the lady's expression. The child holds a scroll, on which, in Leonine verses engraved in Lombardic capitals, partly defaced, is this inscription:

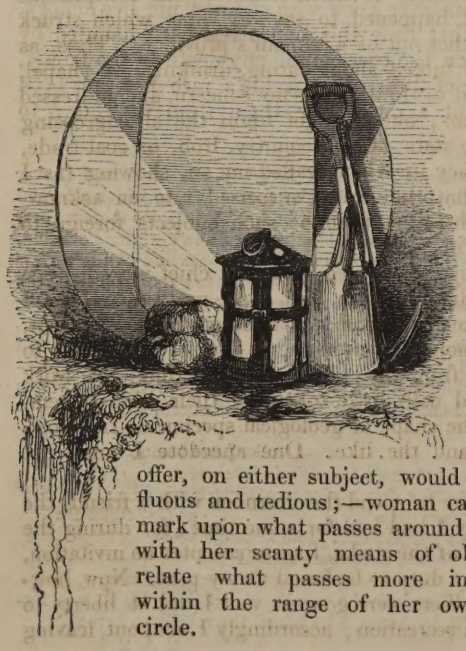
Hic su . . . . . ulier jacet tumulata
Constans et grata Constancia jure vocata
Cū genetrice data proles requiescat humata
Quanquam pece . . . . . us sint cumulata
Crimine purgata cum prole Johanne beata
Vivat, prefata sanctorum sede locata.
Amen.

The Frechevilles had the manor of Scardiffe till it was forfeited, in 1275, by Adam, who joined the rebellious barons.

I was amused at the time at the narrative of the old lady, told with the sincerest belief in its truth; but after I returned to London, and its season, I forgot the circumstance, till a few days ago I received a letter from a friend at Toulouse, of which I give an extract:—

"You recollect our friend Julian, who never could shut a door after him?—well, to prove how necessary it is to break people of bad habits, I must tell you—though I grieve to do it so seriously, of his fate. He was travelling in the Pyrenees, in the winter, a thing which none but an Englishman would do; he had taken a mule and a guide from St. Jean Pied de Port to Roncesvalles, and had reached the latter place in a snow storm. He was glad to get shelter in a poor hut of some peasants, who allowed him to sleep there rather reluctantly, as they said the country was so unsettled that they knew not who was friend or foe. It seems he got up in the night, for you know how fanciful he was, to observe the effect of the moonlight on the fine forest near—for he was heard exclaiming, in Basque, of which language he had made himself a proficient, in admiration of the beauty of the scene. The next morning, the peasants finding he did not appear, at a late hour mounted to his dormitory, and to their horror found him lifeless, stabbed in several places; his portmanteau rifled, his purse gone, his clothes strewn on the floor, and the door of the loft in which he slept, which was reached by a ladder at the back of the house, open; he had forgotten to shut it after him. Poor fellow! he was twenty that very day, and was heir to a fine estate somewhere in Derbyshire!'

SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE AND THE COLLIERS.



IF the terrible nature of a collier's work the public are already fully aware; — they know also the miserable wagesthey receive:— all the remarks which a womancan offer, on either subject, would be superfluous and tedious;—woman can only remark upon what passes around her, and, with her scanty means of observation, relate what passes more immediately within the range of her own narrow circle.

From the nature of the trade in which I am engaged, and the conspicuous situation of my shop, in the most thronged part of the northern entrance to the busy town of Birmingham, I was most particularly exposed to the visits of the colliers during the late calamitous strike: well aware of the entire justice of their demands, wondering at their patient forbearance, and feeling in my heart that they were perfectly justified in the course they had taken, of course it became my duty to do all that I could to comfort and assist them. As the first group departed from my door, I promised, in my own mind, that I would never allow one to go away unassisted. This, I afterwards found, was a vow of tremendous magnitude, and not to be kept by a person in my humble circumstances; accordingly, I should have had the mortification of failing, had it not been for the prompt and powerful assistance of two or three female friends, whose activity in collecting all the "omnium gatherum" of their kitchens, and confiding the same to me for distribution, to my infinite satisfaction, enabled me to perform my vow, and conferred happiness on many a family.

To the credit of the working men of Birmingham, they nobly contributed, out of their scanty wages, to the relief of the distressed groups of colliers which

swarmed in our streets. They would desire them to attend on Saturday nights, at the various manufactories, and as they, the workmen, came out from receiving wages, every man regularly handed over his donation to the collier appointed to receive for each group. The great majority of the shopkeepers also did their duty, as members of that great human family of which these poor sufferers were part. But, alas! what shall I—what can I say—of our upper classes, our rich and influential neighbours, our aristocracy, in fact?—why, that, with some few bright exceptions, they acted up to the eternal character of an aristocracy—they were like the priest in the parable, "they passed on the other side;"—they not only did no good themselves, but they tried to prevent others. Placards were issued by the authorities, ordering all colliers found begging in our streets to be sent to prison. Still they came; and though, in obedience to the law, they did not beg, their anxious earnest looks, their odd attire, their strange and wondering straggling about the streets, sufficiently identified them, and needed no interpretation. They were frankly called into the houses and fed. Out came more placards, warning the inhabitants of the enormity they were committing in relieving misery. Of course these were treated with the contempt they merited. (The Birmingham people think with the Duke of Newcastle.) Then policemen were stationed at the northern entrance of the town, to intercept and detain them as they came in. That proved complete folly, for they came by circuitous routes, and the townspeople allowed them to sleep in stables, outhouses, &c. An acquaintance of mine used to "litter down" sixteen every night for a fortnight.

Thus much upon the state of affairs in Birmingham, during that memorable period; as to the state of the great mining district, from whence these poor creatures came, it was, and is, lamentable in the extreme. The human mind naturally rejects the alternative of begging as long as any thing remains; and, with this feeling (creditable to our nature), many a family avoided begging as long as they had a single article to sell; pawnbrokers had declined loans some time; even after all was gone, they have been known to stay in their naked homes until one or more of the children sickened, when the master-principle of woman's nature being awakened, the mother would go forth to beg help, and the father would wander perhaps to Birmingham, or some other town, on the like errand.

That before they would do this, they would even rake up all the rejected offal and potatoe peelings from dunghills, is a fact.

It will be said that these relations, coming from themselves, are not to be relied upon. I can only say, that I am witness to the truth of every statement I make. I have known the mother of a family (father killed in a mine) beg a quarter of a peck of bran, tie it up, and boil it as puddings; and the whole family, consisting of the widow, three children, and the aged grandfather, subsist upon it for a week; at the end of that time they were beyond the wish for food, being all very ill, with the exception of the woman, who had eaten very little of it, as she emphatically said, "her tears had been her food." The poor old man and one of the children died, and the mother, conquering her natural timidity, came out to beg.

The extreme simplicity of these poor people struck me as extraordinary, answering every question with readiness and artlessness, except upon religious subjects. Although prepared for this, from what I know of the nature of their religious instruction, I own I was not prepared for such an amount of bigotry; well as I know the priesthood by whom they are taught, still the extreme narrowness of their views, and the canting, whining tone assumed, was grating and shocking to my ear, as soon as any thing was said that could be at all construed into bearing upon religious topics. Numerous and greedy as locusts, their preachers, teachers, class-leaders, &c., have ever contrived to make a comfortable living, and have thundered contentment in the ears of the credulous people so long, that, though they do not feel that contentment, they try to persuade the spectator that they do or ought to feel it.

Aware, then, of the course of instruction under which the credulity of these children of nature has been fostered, we can feel nothing but the deepest pity when we find them trying, in their coarse, clumsy way, to enlist our sympathies, by assuming the cant and whine of the religion, or the hypocrisy, or whatever it is, which they have been taught. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth;" "all things are of God;" "the cross of Christ must be borne," &c. &c., are sentences which they have learned by rote, and which it is evident they use to show us they are not reprobates, but which they are puzzled to reconcile with their actual sufferings, and know not whether to believe or not. Poor things, how should they? They are taught that they are chastened by the Lord, and their own observation contradicts it, for they feel only the cruelty and oppression of man. Hardy, well built, and vigorous, they come from the hands of their Creator; but wither and die under the wrongs piled upon them by their brother man. But it has ever been the trade of their spiritual instructors to keep this out of sight; and we can have no feeling but sorrow for the victims of such a system.

The artlessness of their manners was conspicuous whenever I happened to say any thing which struck them as rather out of a woman's province. Thus, as long as we talked about eating, drinking, or chapel, they seemed to think it was my concern, and addressed me as ma'am; but if I got upon the all-engrossing subject, the state of the country, iron, or coal trade, &c. &c., they invariably called me sir, showing (as I thought) that they were surprised into an acknowledgment that they thought such subjects foreign to "woman's mission."

That they are endued with that chief ingredient in all real religion—pure and holy gratitude—I have many convincing proofs. When, on Saturday night, they had money given to them, they always came to buy bread from me. Many, when they got work again, called with little tokens of their kind remembrance in the shape of geological specimens, tiny coal-hammers, and the like. One anecdote I must not omit.

I had gone to spend the afternoon with a friend, the first holiday I had had for some time; for during the long period of the strike, I never accepted an invitation, feeling it my duty to be found at my post. Now, however, the colliers were gone in, and I was at liberty to take a little recreation; accordingly I went out, leaving

a young lady in care of the business. She was sitting reading, when a stout hard-featured woman, with a great basket on her arm, came into the shop with the inquiry—

"Bin you the woman o' this shop?"

"No!"

She went out again, and commenced an examination of the building. Stepping in again, she said—

"I bin roight, tho'; I see I bin roight; the big flour shop, the little bread shop, the big gates, the pump, the pigeons, and the geese-i'-the-yard. Oh, yes! I bin roight; the missus wor koind to the colliers, wain't hur!"

My young friend now began to comprehend her, and said, "Oh, yes! you're right, but she's out. Have you any thing to say to her?"

"Yes," says the woman; "I've got a good gel (deal) to say to her. My son, Tummas Mally, hur knows my son (God knows I did not know her son from scores of flannel frocks who came every day), he tou'd me to be sure to call and tell the missus that he'd got work; he know'd she'd be glad to hear it."

"Yes, I'm sure she will, if he's got his full price."

"He's got his price, woman, and now we doan't mean to be tommied any more, but come to Brummagem and buy what we want. This is my first coming; we've got money now, not tommy, so I bin come to buy up for the week."

"Well, she'll be very glad to hear it."

"Ah; but I've got more to tell you. My son, Tummas Mally, have got two parrots, an' he made up his mind, when hur was so koind to him, to gie hur one. He used to say, hur words cheered him up, and did him as much good as the victual hur gave him; and he said, if ever he got work, hur should have one of the parrots. Dun you think hur'd please to have him?"

"She'd be highly pleased with it, and set great store by it, I'm sure. Is it a crockery ware parrot, to stand on the mantelpiece?"

"Bless you, no! it's a real, live parrot; we've got two, as a young mon brought from over the seas; we've got a young 'un, and an ould 'un. It's the ould 'un; he can say anything a'most; poor fellow, he wor a'most clammed (starved) this turn; neighbours often tou'd my son to bring him an' sell him, but he hadn't the heart; he a'ways said, the missus here should have him, if hur would, and he should often call and see him. To-day is Monday; and my son means to bring him next Saturday as ever comes; so I wish you good bye, Miss, and be sure you tell the missus; remember my son's name bin Tummas Mally."

I need not say that, when told all this on my return home, I treated it as a joke, though why such a joke should be played upon me, I could not think. Impatiently my young friend and myself waited for Saturday to see if Tummas Mally would keep his word. True as steel, however, he made his appearance with Polly, who is now an especial favourite with us, and instead of being a starved handful of feathers, is rich in plumage, and saucy in speech, calling out lustily, "Come here, poor collier," and answering the question of "Who are you," with "I'm Tummas Mally the poor collier, who are you pray, a policeman?"

I must leave this pleasing part of my subject, and proceed to say that I made the most minute inquiries of every group, asking the relative prices of every article of consumption as sold by the retail dealer, and as doled out at the tommy or truck shops. From all I have learned, that in Bilston the first article of life, bread, is charged as shilling loaves, weighing at most of the tommy shops 5 lb., at others nearly 6 lb., never exceeding that weight; this bread is exceedingly coarse and bad; (our bread made of best seconds flour weighs 4 lb. 5½ oz., and is sold for sixpence halfpenny; brown bread, same weight, fivepence halfpenny; and even the brown, or inferior bread is much better than the Bilston shilling loaves). Fearing to be deceived on this point, I have frequently quitted the shop, and have overhead them saying to each other, "How nice this bread is; it's brown, but it's so good, ours don't seem like bread to this." Coarse cloth, such as working shirts are made of, is charged tenpence a yard; I have seen a sample, and declare I could buy as good anywhere for fourpence: miserable bacon, which a man described to me as "salted fat pork," so badly cured and wet, that the water oozed out, ninepence per pound; same price for cheese which could be bought anywhere else for fivepence. One of our townspeople attends Bilston market with bacon and cheese; and his articles at fivepence are so superior to what is got at the truck shops for ninepence, as to be the subject of frequent comment, being taken from house to house to be compared, and how freely descanted upon we need not say.

Here follow a list of prices as I received them from a collier's wife, and which has been fully corroborated by others; in fact, I have found no disposition to exaggerate,—on the contrary, when told that I earnestly desired the truth, the answer has always been to the effect, "We'n sooner tell thee under than over, because they sha'n't say we be'en telling lies on 'em."

"In the first place we must have ten shillings a week tommy; if we get any more in the week we may have the money."

"How much does your husband earn?"

"About twelve, sometimes thirteen shillings, (but we're much better off than some); if we were to get a pound we must still take ten shillings tommy; but very often he only earns ten, and then we've no money."

"What rent do you pay?"

"Eighteenpence a week, but we owe a great deal; we could not pay it, no how."

"But I thought they could not force you to take truck instead of money; you could lay a complaint before a magistrate."

"We know that; but if we do we can never get work of any pit after, for they be all magistrates themselves, or related, or friendly, or something; whether there is an understanding among them or not, we can't say, but it looks very like it, for if a man refuses to take truck, he is discharged, and no other pit will employ him; they don't want men there, they say."

"What is the price of flour?"

It is always very inferior, and charged eightpence per bushel more than best seconds anywhere else; coarse brown sugar, like sand, eightpence halfpenny; halfpenny a pound advance upon the current price of soap, and a whole penny in quality; commonest black tea, fivepence halfpenny per ounce; very fat bacon, eightpence (selling here at fivepence), tolerably good,

ninepence; ham, a shilling; cheese, eightpence. This woman assured me that for the sake of having a little cash she has many times walked to Birmingham to sell her sister for sixpence, sugar which has been reckoned to her at ninepence a pound; and it is a notorious fact, that often when they have got their week's flour, they cannot muster a halfpenny to buy yeast, and that it is the practice to leave a piece of soap or pound of sugar in the hands of the publican as security, until they can by some means raise a halfpenny to redeem it.

The Butty Colliers (kind of second in command) generally keep public houses; the mistress of one addresses a collier's wife with, "Why don't you have some ale? you suckle a child—you ought to have some."

"I've got no money."

"Oh, go to your tommy-shop and bring me a pound or two of sugar, and I'll let you have some good ale, such as you ought to have always."

Here commences a wholesale domestic tragedy; a growing love for drinking on the part of the woman, with all the dissimulation necessary to conceal it, and a spirit of recklessness produced in the man, by finding that with all his labour he only becomes worse off and more involved.

This state of things I became acquainted with, in a sort of recriminatory dialogue between a collier and his wife; he observing that many of the women liked the system, because the landladies were always ready to help them in these sorts of contrivance—and by these means they got a little ale, though at the same time they knew the ruinous consequences of it; the woman retorted, by saying, "that the landlords used every art to get them to spend every farthing of what was over their tommy score, when they went to be paid."

"Do you then receive your wages from public houses?"

"Not in every case, but very generally—and then our money must always be changed at the bar, and we must have a quart of ale, and we often stop and drink more, tempted by the sight of some nice hot joint of meat, which they promise us a bit of—if we drink like men."

I have one honourable exception to the long list of tyrant masters, and really it is quite refreshing to speak of him.—"My master," said a Bilston collier, "is a good man; he pays us at six o'clock on Saturday nights; neither he nor any of his butties keep shops; we have our money, and go where we like to spend it—but his master, pointing to a companion, never reckons with them till six or seven weeks after the work is done, and by that time they have eaten it all out at the shop—and more to it."

One master publicly declares, that he gets more by his two truck shops than by his two blast furnaces.

Some few years since, a friend of mine built a row of houses at Bilston, which are exclusively tenanted by colliers. He has received no rent from any for a very long time, and says, that knowing they have no money, and that even in work, under the present system, he is certain they could not pay him—he cannot find it in his heart to take their miserable furniture, and turn them out, so there they continue to live—my friend's property being a positive loss to him.

Butter six weeks since in Birmingham, was selling at one shilling, and by these shops, one and fivepence per lb. Meat bought on the Friday, not being eatable, the woman took it back—it was changed certainly—but on the Saturday the man was told they had no farther occasion for him, and he has been unable to obtain work at any other pit.

If this is not grinding the face of the poor, I don't know what is.

I have said that the simple honesty of these people is proverbial, and under their circumstances, quite marvellous. I freely trusted them with dishes, jugs, handkerchiefs, &c., which were always duly returned, sometimes a distance of fourteen miles,—but candour compels me to say, there is one district which must be the exception to this high moral character; and it is most extraordinary and curious to observe how exactly the boundaries of this exception are defined. I allude to the region called Old Hill. It would be an interesting question for the consideration of philosophers, why the natives of this particular spot should be afflicted with such greasy palms, that everything seems naturally to stick to them; and why they also have such a propensity to quarrel, that a family is scarcely to be found, without one or more of its members having "got into trouble," as it is called, from one or other of these causes. This disposition of the natives is the more to be wondered at, as of all the country round, their zeal in all religious matters is the loudest and most obtrusive. No where are the preachers so energetic: chapels and meetings abound, and as to singing hymns, (or as they call it, shouting,) I need only repeat the common saying —"that you may hear an Old Hill meeting three miles." They seem to rush eagerly to these exercises, as to some amusing excitement; there also is all their finery displayed. The whole district being, as one may say, one large cinder heap, is very dusty, and the women's petticoats are therefore worn exceedingly short, fully exposing a pair of well greased leather lace-ups, a gown of the gaudiest colours, with an unsullied white apron, while the neck is always decorated with a string of paltry beads, or a band of black velvet. Owing to the constant practice of carrying heavy baskets of coal on the head, the females acquire a stiff, perpendicular gait; from the same cause the throat becomes thick and muscular, which renders the decorative part of their dress anything but becoming.

Such is the costume at Easter or other festivals, when there is more than common going on at the meetings, &c. &c. At such times, if you enter any of these places, you are overpowered by the strong smell of peppermint. The chief shopkeeper of the district declares, that when they were in work, he has sold a quarter of a hundred weight of peppermint lozenges, on one Easter Monday—the girls saying that "it did for scent as well as suck."

That a mercurial desire to appropriate every thing to their own use prevails in this particular division of the mining districts, is a singular fact, and will be readily recognized by any acquainted with the locality; a total absence of shame or feeling on the subject is also prevalent; they do not seem to think it is a crime. A droll anecdote occurs to me. A young acquaintance commenced shopkeeping there, and after a short time killed one of his pigs; his landlord, who lived next door, gravely telling him that he must take the carcass into the house, and sit up all night to watch it. M——

treated the matter very lightly, saying, they could not break in without his hearing.

"Oh bless you, they wouldn't mind that at all."

Disregarding the warning, M—— hung the pig up in the kitchen, locked the doors, and went to bed; not so his anxious landlord, who sat by the fire listening to the pattering of the rain. Presently he heard his active neighbours busily at work removing the brickwork from under his parlour window, under the mistake that he had added his little sitting room to my friend M——'s house. No concealment, no silence was observed, the bricks as they were pulled out were thrown on a heap, amid the chatter of many voices, male and female. The old man, throwing his wife's shawl over his head, to screen him from the rain, ran into M——'s back yard, calling out, "They'n come for thy pig, they'n come for thy pig!"

"You shan't have it, if you are come for it," said M——, throwing open the window and presenting a gun.

"Oh do'e shoot, oh do'e shoot," cried the old man, in an agony at sight of the gun, "I'm disguis'n in my wife's shawl."

Peals of laughter now arose on every side, some who were standing round the palings of the back-yard calling to M—— to shoot, while those in the front seemed to consider the mistake they had made as capital good fun. "We'n broke into the wrong house, what'n ye think?" was the signal for roars of laughter, and they all seemed to enjoy it amazingly. M——, however, being more serious, came to the front window with his gun, when his neighbours, wishing him "good night," withdrew; and as the next morning everybody knew all about it, and appeared to think it an excellent joke, there was no more said about the matter.

Hitherto, I have only spoken of the men; I am now about to remark on the present condition of the masters, particularly in the iron trade, whose good or bad condition is inseparably connected with the coal trade.

About five years since, the iron masters of Scotland began to be aware of the advantages of their position, as compared with those of South Staffordshire, two great natural advantages involving a third, the ore of Staffordshire yielding 35 per cent., while that of Scotland yields 74. The Scotch ore has only to be removed from the hills on inclined planes, while that of Staffordshire is dug out of the earth; and finally, the richness of the Scotch ore renders the tedious and expensive process of calcining almost unnecessary. The iron masters of Scotland, of course, made the most of these advantages, but at the same time wished to agree with the Staffordshire masters as to price, as, by that means, they (the Scotch) would realize an enormous profit, whilst the Staffordshire men would be able to keep their heads above water. To this end a deputation was sent, which was met at Wolverhampton with derision and contempt; some few of the smaller fry of masters were inclined to reason the matter, but the leviathans of the trade would hear of no arrangement: the deputation left them, with a promise that, within three years, they should be so undersold in their own market (Wolverhampton) that it would be impossible for them to stand under it; the period named has not yet arrived, for this took place about two years since, but the promise is fulfilled to the letter. To meet the continual reductions of the Scotch, the masters here have, from time to time, resorted to the miserable expedient of lowering wages; till now, at two shillings a day and two days work a week, it is impossible to make any farther reduction, and they are now selling their stock at ruinous prices and at a downright loss.

The iron masters are generally supposed to be wealthy—but my own impression is, that the supposition is anything but correct. If, instead of great wealth, we were to read great credit, we should, perhaps, be nearer the truth. My idea is, that by the universal mode of giving three months bills for every thing, they manage to live, as one may say, three months beforehand; then, as they are all connected in some shape or form with the truck system, the goods obtained by three months bills are doled out at an enormous profit to the workpeople, in lieu of, or in part of wages, so that by the time the bill becomes due, the iron may be turned into money, and the credit of the master sustained.

That the whole district must eventually close, the masters well know. They say so themselves with grave faces; they know that if the Scotch would now agree with them, the Belgian is ready to step in and undersell both.

The face of the whole district is changed. Instead of looking smoky as it used to do, there are no works moving, and a solitary smoke here and there alone indicates to the passing traveller the character of the interesting country around him. To enlarge upon this state of things with reference to the immense population is quite superfluous; it is painful, it is disgusting, it is revolting to enumerate the miseries of this portion of squandering—spendthrift—bankrupt—luxurious—"merrie England."

DOGS' TALES.

THE AUTHOR'S DOG.

BY R. B. PEAKE.

SPANIEL with a sore eye, which evidently looked as if it had seen better days —was now on his legs. After a respectful bow, (wow, wow,) to the assembled members, he began as follows:—

I was one of six fubsy puppies that resembled balls of wool, and born at Leatherhead, in Surrey; and after passing the first nine days of my life in a state of blissful darkness, I awoke suddenly one morning, and saw the amiable being to whom I had the honour to be son. The poor old thing was gazing at me with delight as she administered the nourishment customary on infantile occasions.

My mother's master, Mr. Merrypebbles, was a gentleman of landed property, but who was never perfectly happy if he had not a jolly party visiting at his house, consisting of several odd characters, which I am enabled to describe; for when I was about five months old, I was presented to a favoured frequenter, one Mr. Delawhang, an author, and thus became an author's dog.

Mr. Delawhang was a strange being: he had a good heart, but rather an emollient head. In the precarious profession he pursued, he was occasionally in embarrassed circumstances: he was not quite so weak as Oliver Goldsmith, but then, to balance that, he had not his learning or his genius. He could joke at his own misfortunes, and never cared at raising a laugh against himself.

"Very hard times, Mr. Delawhang," remarked a friend.

"Very," replied Mr. Delawhang; "my butcher will not trust me with a leg of mutton, which circumstance causes me to think that 'the times are *out of joint*.'"

Another of the visitors of our host at Leatherhead was a Mr. Roughwood, an attorney of the old school, who had resided in one set of chambers in the Temple for forty-nine years; and during that forty-nine years, although he lived freely, he had only once been attacked by indisposition. He felt himself ill about three o'clock in the morning; so he opened his bedroom window, and sprung his rattle. One of the Temple watchmen hearing this, hastened to the spot, and inquired what was the matter? Roughwood, finding himself better, apologized to the watchman for disturbing him, shut his window, and went to bed again. The fact is, he had dreamt that he was very sick.

Roughwood's principal practice had prospered in those glorious times, before modern innovation had applied itself to simplify the law of this country, and to endeavour to abbreviate the duration of causes.

Roughwood thus soliloquized: "Please God, these four Chancery suits will keep me comfortable for the remainder of my days." He had also a favourite toast, which he was in the habit of proposing when he dined in the hall of Clifford's Inn, (a small chapel of *ease* to the Temple,)

> "Here are plaintiff and defendant,
> And may they never know the end on't;"

which was, of course, always drunk with heartfelt enthusiasm.

Then there was old Peabank, the apothecary, who, though no M.D., was called by courtesy Doctor Peabank. He was fortunate in having about a dozen patients, principally ancient ladies, who were never any better nor any worse; good old tough wearing articles, who imagined they were kept alive entirely by the efficacy of Dr. Peabank's draughts and mixtures; when it would not in the least have mattered if Mrs. Jones had taken Mrs. Brown's medicine, or Mrs. Spooner had swallowed Lady Todel's electuary. Peabank's grand secret was in playing whist with his patients, and thus, by losing his points, he made them. Mr. Peabank was an oracle at Apothecaries' Hall, as it was then constituted; and he ordered all the good dinners for the council, &c., at Canonbury House, and was no mean proficient in consuming his share of the same.

We had other visitors, amongst whom were a newly married couple, a Mr. and Mrs. Gwillim. He had been a widower, and she a widow twice before. Gwillim was a haughty, ignorant, bashaw sort of fellow, but his wife was a dasher, with a pretty face, and a figure that set off a riding habit well. She drove a pair of horses skilfully, and, if there was occasion, did not make the slightest scruple in rapping out an oath. She had been bred in the country, and had the qualifications of Diana Vernon, without her educational acquirements and taste for literature. Mr. Gwillim fell in love with her riding habit in Hyde Park, and made her the offer of his hand. She accepted it at a hand gallop, and they came down to Leatherhead to pass a portion of their honeymoon.

And here all the parties were as happy as good eating and drinking, and a change of scene, and country air, generally make people. As for myself, I was a joyous little dog, much caressed, and had plenty of chicken bones.

There was a well laid out garden, with a bowling-green for fine weather; and within the house a billiard-table. The host, Mr. Merrypebbles, was hospitable, and never so delighted as when he could get up a practical joke.

In the arrangement of these jokes, he had two able assistants in my master Mr. Delawhang, and Nudds.

The first specimen, was to try the temper of Mr. Gwillim, who, they were aware, was very fond of his bed in the morning. So, about the period that poultry go to roost, Nudds went into the hen-house, and selected two young sprightly Bantam cocks; with which, unseen by any body, he ascended to the sleeping apartment of the newly married couple; and put them up loose on the top of the tester of the bed, which was within a foot of the cieling.

There, as it speedily grew dark, the Bantams remained quiet, one at each end. Mr. and Mrs. Gwillim had eaten a good supper, and partaken of some capital punch mixed by my master, (who for the concoction of farces, salad, and punch, had not his equal;) the newly-married couple were consequently soon in the arms of Morpheus. At the earliest dawn of day, the Bantams awaking, began alternately to crow with all their might and *main*. The lady started out of her sleep first, perfectly at a loss to account for the sounds, and she had some difficulty in waking Mr. Gwillim, or at all getting him to comprehend anything. He had been dreaming about money-matters, and he conjectured that his wife was alluding to his bankers, "*Cocks and Biddulph*." "There they *go*," said Mrs. Gwillim. "Safe as the Bank of England," answered Mr. Gwillim.

It was not yet sufficiently light to see the Bantams, but they continued crowing at each other, trying which could do it the loudest. Then all the cocks in the neighbourhood, in every variety in the art of *chanticleering*, responded. The worthy couple now sat up in bed; and they heard a clawing step across the top of the tester. The Bantams, who were rivals, approached each other, and they had a regular fight that lasted two hours, over the heads of Mr. and Mrs. Gwillim. The old fashioned lofty bedstead was too nigh the ceiling to drive the Bantams down. Then the victor exulted.

At breakfast time, Mrs. Gwillim laughed immoderately as she described the scene; but Mr. Gwillim, who was of another temper, and who had it not in him to take a practical joke, was sulky for the day.

Delawhang and Nudds contrived to insinuate that old Roughwood was the author of the Bantam joke, and told a story of him, which positively occurred.

Roughwood had betted two of his associates at the Rainbow, that he would walk, on the following Sunday, from the bottom of Coventry Street to Hyde Park, between the hours of three and five, in a gold-laced, three cornered, cocked hat, on condition that they would go arm in arm with him. Roughwood won his wager, but his companions got quite as much of the London stare as he did. They were all three in the law; and at the corner of Bolton Street they unluckily met the Lord Chancellor. Roughwood contrived so to alter his features by distortion, that he passed his Lordship undiscovered, aided by the queer hat: the two *abetters* heard of their Sunday freak afterwards in no pleasing terms.

Gwillim, on hearing this, was assured that Mr. Roughwood had taken the liberty with him; and he determined to wait his opportunity for revenge.

Delawhang made a discovery that Nudds had formed a ridiculous objection to owning, when he was absent from home, his trade or profession. So he made up his mind to draw him out.

Nudds having remarked, that "thank Heaven, he was beforehand in the world"—

Delawhang said, "Yes, my friend, you made your fortune by *the hardest extremities*."

"I have prospered honestly," replied Nudds.

"I say, Sir," continued Delawhang, "that you have profited by the *hardest extremities of others*."

"Why, he is not in the law," grunted Roughwood, with a chuckle.

"No," answered Delawhang; "but for years past he has been the contractor for the wooden legs of the Greenwich and Chelsea pensioners."

Here Dr. Peabank joined in, and affirmed that his friend Nudds, as he knew in his own practice, was the best maker of artificial limbs in London; in fact, many of *his* patients had worn them.

An odd little incident now added to the offence taken by Mr. Gwillim. A friend of our host, Mr. Merrypebbles, had sent him from Hampshire, a basket of small live crawfish: there might be about 300 or 350. The cook had directions to boil them, that they might be served for supper or breakfast; but being busy with her dinner, she left them, very incautiously, in her open closet, without again shutting the lid of the basket. The consequence was, that these little black lobsters crawled out, got all over the house, up stairs, even into the bedrooms, where some of them found their way to the interior of Gwillim's top boots; others were traversing with difficulty the carpets, rugs, and oil cloth; a few had merged into the conservatory. The cat and her kitten were anxiously watching, and pursuing them in all directions, but could make nothing of them. A ride being proposed, Mrs. Gwillim went to her chamber to put on her much-admired equestrian habit, which was hanging over the back of a chair; but raising it from thence, she discerned three black living creatures hanging on by their claws to the skirt.

Now, Mrs. Gwillim had passed the early part of her life in a part of England where these animals were unknown; so she rang the bell, and reprehended the chambermaid for leaving the window open, allowing the bats to come in. And she had read of dreadful things about bats, though she did not believe in all she read.

Presently, up came Mr. Gwillim, with his face agitated with resentment.

"What is the matter, my love?" inquired his spouse.

"Another insult in this house, my love," replied he. "If I don't go to town to-morrow, I must call Mr. Merrypebbles out for inviting me hither."

"What *has* happened?" said the wife.

"Why, Nudds tells me, that he thinks that Mr. Roughwood has filled every room in the house with live crawfish."

"Crawfish!" exclaimed Mrs. Gwillim; "then these cursed things I took for bats are crawfish, are they?"

The wrongs of woman came uppermost in her mind, and she muttered, "If I was not a lady, dammee, I would kick Mr. Roughwood."

"Wait for me, my dear," said Gwillim, "I owe him a spite;" and he proceeded then to pull on his Hoby-made top-boots: as they were fashionably tight, he applied the boot-hooks, and by a concentrated muscular force of arms and legs, his foot was powerfully

thrust into the boot, thereby smashing two living crawfish flat!

My master, Mr. Delawhang, when his dramas were produced, had the power of writing free admissions to the theatre, for his friends.

Mr. Merrypebbles' baby was to be baptized. (This, be it remembered, was before the passing of an act of parliament which enjoins that all children are to be christened in their parish churches.) At the period we are describing, christenings *at home* were celebrated with much festivity. The Rev. Mr. S***** was detained on an important decision with the bench of magistrates. The party, godfather and godmothers assembled—but all in disappointment at the non-arrival of the clergyman.

"Never mind," said Delawhang, "I have a remedy to provide for the absence of the parson. If any gentleman present WILL TAKE ORDERS, I will write them for him."

I find I am rambling; but recollect I am a spaniel, and rambling has been my habit from puppyhood; I now am very old, and I must narrate the facts as they come uppermost in my memory.

Nudds and my master had once devised a scheme for a practical joke on old Roughwood. The Templar had laughed until his eyes watered at the adventures of the Gwillims, and little thought that it was now to be his turn. Mr. Merrypebbles had engaged him in a game of bowls in the evening, while Delawhang and Nudds, with a great deal of difficulty, got a donkey up the broad oak staircase, led him into Roughwood's room, and backed him between the side of the bed and the wall: drawing the curtain, there they left him.

The "getting up stairs" was no easy task. Nudds had got the donkey's two forelegs over his shoulders, and Delawhang, by skilfully twisting the tail of the animal, made him ascend gradually with his two hind feet. It was a truly intellectual exhibition.

During supper the conversation was purposely turned on daring robberies and murders; Mr. Merrypebbles admitted that his neighbourhood was a very unsafe one, and that his house had been broken into several times.

"Now, which way did the burglars get in?" inquired Peabank.

"Once by the staircase window over the hall door, and another time by the window of the room in which our friend Roughwood sleeps."

"Agreeable information," thought the attorney.

Delawhang went on inventing horrible stories about thieves, until those who were in the plot could scarcely believe it possible that he could lie so much like truth.

At length the punch-bowl, which had been twice replenished, was out; the chamber candlesticks were called for: the party broke up, and retired to their rooms.

Roughwood had imbibed plenty of punch, besides a quantum of Merrypebbles' admirable home-brewed ale at supper.

He was not a person who faddled a long time before he got into bed; he was one of the old school; he did not trouble himself about brushing up his hair, for he was very bald. He undressed, popped the extinguisher on his candle, and was in bed *instanter*.

Roughwood, while he was thinking about saying his prayers, fell into a doze; a hearty supper gave him a touch of the nightmare; his imagination was haunted almost instantaneously with the incidents of one of the monstrous stories my master had related. In fact, he felt certain that a housebreaker had entered at the window, and was about to seize him by the throat, while he could not make an effort to stir or to cry out: at this moment of agony he awoke, still half assured that he was in the predicament, when he indistinctly heard by his bedside a rustling and a low breathing; and presently a sound of metal struck on the floor, which resembled that made by the fall of a pistol, (a kick of the donkey's shoe on the bedside carpet). He listened—the breathing continued, and the curtain shook, and it appeared as if some one was trying to push the bedstead further from the wall. Roughwood burst out into a cold perspiration—he trembled violently—he meditated whether or not he should call out "thieves," —but then the hand of the *ass*assin might at once annihilate him; and now there was a movement that pulled the bed-clothes away from him; he thought that he would raise himself from the bolster, and stretch his arm to the bell-rope. This had been removed by the ingenious Mr. Nudds. Roughwood was in breathless suspense: presently the robber sunk heavily on the floor, tearing down the bed-curtain from the rings; Roughwood sprang from his pallet—made but one stride to the door—burst out of the room; he knew where the communication with the large alarm-bell was, and he pulled at it till he aroused everybody in the house; and there he appeared, in his nightcap and shirt, pointing in agony to the door of the chamber.

Merrypebbles, Peabank, Nudds, and my master, with the servants, burst into the room, armed with pokers, or the first implement they could lay their hands on, and searching, found Neddy, neither asleep nor awake, shaking his ears, lying with his side against the wall, and wondering what it could all mean.

For a long period after this, I led a happy life, as a favoured pet of Mr. Delawhang, who continued for a certain number of years to write successfully. To be sure, he did not receive for his labour the sums that were paid to his immediate predecessors, O'Keefe, Colman, Morton, Dibdin, or Reynolds. In fact, an entire change of affairs came gradually on. Covent Garden and Drury Lane were destroyed by fire, within five months of each other; and somehow it happened, that modern authorship prospered not in the gorgeous dramatic temples which replaced the late play-houses.

My industrious master, Mr. Delawhang, had exerted himself to concoct a three act comedy. He was certain that he had not spun his brains in vain. He knew his business; he had served fourteen years apprenticeship to the very difficult art; and he felt sure that the remuneration would come, to aid the support of his family, and to meet outstanding exigencies.

The pithy note from the theatrical Lessee contained these words, which warmed up poor Delawhang's heart:—

"Theatre Royal * * * * * *.

"My Dear Sir,

"Your comedy, entitled the 'Road to Riches,' is, in my opinion, capital. *Accepted.*

"May success attend us.

"Yours faithfully,

* * * * * * *."

My master, on so flattering a testimonial, went round to several persons to whom he was unavoidably indebted, and promised payment; and he was sufficiently a coxcomb to go and order a new suit, hat, and boots. Never mind, the comedy was accepted.

All appeared to be going on velvet; Delawhang received the much prized summons:—

"Theatre Royal * * * * * *.
"New comedy read at 12 (in the green-room).
"B. X. DELAWHANG, Esq."*

I followed Mr. Delawhang to the theatre, and by a little dexterity succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the stage door keeper.

The uninitiated cannot possibly imagine a more nervous task, than an author reading his play in the green-room; and yet, it is better that the author should read it, because he is the only person that can convey his meaning to the performers.

Mr. Delawhang and the Prompter were punctual to their time: but most of the actors walked in as if they had come to face a nuisance; and I believe, that nine times out of ten it turns out a regular annoyance.

When they were all seated, and silence obtained, Mr. Delawhang with a beating heart announced his title, "*The Road to Riches*," and proceeded to read his *Dramatis Personæ*. A tap at the door was heard.

"Stop a moment, Delawhang," said the Stage Manager—and he opened the door. It was the green coat men; they wanted the piano-forte for the stage.

After unscrewing the legs, and disarranging everything in the room, they at length disappeared, and the nervous author again commenced. Here he attempted to read his first scene with effect; but imagine his distress, when a sudden burst of male and female voices in the adjoining room, announced that the Chorus were practising. He, however, endeavoured to bear up against this interruption, but innocently asked if it could not be stopped; being told that it was impossible, as the Opera was to be played in the evening, he was compelled to elevate his voice, and read his comic parts against forty sopranos, countertenors, and basses. As a matter of course, the comic parts did not tell, not a laugh could be raised, and the heart of Delawhang sunk within him.

He had now arrived at a part of his comedy, where, for the originality of his idea, it was quite necessary that the lady and gentleman who were to carry on the dialogue should be fully impressed with his peculiar views. And he had just taken the liberty to state that, when the call boy appeared at the door, and called Mr. * * * * * * and Miss * * * * *, who were wanted for the rehearsal on the stage; so that neither of the performers derived the slightest benefit from Mr. Delawhang's illustration.

The harassed author had now finished his first act, and had not been cheered with a solitary laugh or a murmur of approbation. He, however, was preparing to commence his second act, when lo! the manuscript was not forthcoming. After sending for the copyist and librarian, and hunting over several piles of unfortunate dramas, it was suggested that the Lessee had taken the second act home with him, the night before, in order to cut it. This gave another shock to the sensitive nerves of the author; for it frequently happens that those cuts are so clumsily made, that one would imagine they were effected with a boot-jack. Mr. Delawhang's feelings were not at all soothed, by being desired by the Stage Manager to begin and read the third act, while a messenger was dispatched to the residence of the Lessee (of course, five miles from the theatre,) for the second.

Remonstrance was in vain. All the connection of the plot of the "*Road to Riches*" was destroyed, the parts cut to pieces, and the actors exhibited long and melancholy faces. However, with a deep sigh, Delawhang got into the first scene of the third act, when he was stopped by a braying flourish of drums and trumpets at the side proscenium wing.

It was the rehearsal on the stage, and is a proof of how correctly the drama "holds the mirror up to nature;" for a king can never go through a doorway, but he must be accompanied by that everlasting drumming and trumpeting, let him walk where he will.

This clangour having ceased, Mr. Delawhang had now arrived at the point of his play on which he had bestowed that which he fondly imagined to be his best writing; he was about to throw his pathetic energy into the reading, when another knock at the door was heard, and the accursed green coat men re-appeared, and wanted the table for the stage. Much uneasy yawning was published by the walking gentleman of the comedy; and the old woman kept continually biliously looking at the green-room clock, as her dinner had been ordered at 3 precisely. The reading, if such it could be called, being over, my poor master waited in vain for a compliment.

The parts were then distributed: not a single word was said while Mr. Delawhang was present; but when he went out to endeavour to collect himself on the stage, the storm began to rise.

"Here's another good one," exclaimed the heavy Baron.

"Keep people out of the house," said the Duenna; "I shall not do the part intended for me; Mrs. * * * * * * is engaged as second old woman, they may give it to *her*."

"Come, come," remarked the Stage Manager; "it is not so very d . . . . d bad."

"It *is* bad," said the walking gentleman, with a prodigious yawn; "and it *will be* d . . . . d!"

"Come, I will bet you a hat on that," replied the Stage Manager.

"You have assigned the parts—you are the '*castor*' yourself."

Then there was a general round of thumb-nail applause to the pun.

I felt myself "as sick as a dog;" they had not smiled at one of my master's repartees.

Waiting to follow the heels (that Mr. Delawhang was kicking, in the hope to procure a short interview with the Lessee, to explain the great disadvantages under which the comedy had been read), I found my

* Touching these *calls*, an odd little incident happened to the writer of this article. In 1823, he resided in the same house with his father, of the same name. The son had written a farce, which was in rehearsal at Covent Garden, unknown to his sire, as he intended its production as a surprise to him. The call came early in the morning, addressed to "R. Peake, Esq." The father happened, on some nervous occasion, to be out of bed first, —opened the letter, and saw these ominous words:—
"The Duel, at Eleven."

way to the stage door. Several carriages were standing in the street. A well-dressed person was inquiring of one of the theatre officials, to whom the vehicles belonged. I listened to the following dialogue:—

"Whose chariot is that?"

"Oh—that we call the state coach."

"The state coach?"

"Yes; it belongs to the Manager, and shows the prosperous state of affairs."

"Whose smart one-horse Brougham is that?"

"That belongs to our Columbine."

"What, does she keep a carriage?"

"Somebody else does for her."

"Ah! one elegant carriage procures another. Whose snug landaulet is that?"

"That is our principal comedian's. He works hard, and can afford it."

"Now, the horse and chaise, yonder?"

"Belong to Mr. and Mrs. * * * * *, of this theatre."

"All keep carriages, I see! ha! ha! ha!—pray who may be the owner of this old gingham umbrella in the hall?"

"That belongs to Mr. Delawhang, the author, poor devil, ha! ha! ha!"

At this moment, my master came to claim his gingham, and went, out of spirits, from the stage door, fully impressed that the reading was a failure.

He gazed at the different vehicles, looked at the worn umbrella, and inwardly moaned.

Presently, *Monsieur le père* of a first-rate French *danseuse* tripped lightly from the stage door, and held to his eyes a cheque for one hundred pounds, being the stipulated emolument for the performance of his graceful daughter on the preceding evening!

Delawhang went home, and attempted to eat his dinner, with his tongue as dry as a stick, but it was in vain. He gave the greatest portion of it to me, exclaiming, "Ah! you are a lucky dog,—you are *not* an author!"

In the course of the evening, he received a letter and parcel from the manager of the theatre, which after he had read, he uttered an unearthly laugh, threw the letter on the floor, and pressed his hands to his burning and aching forehead.

The parcel contained the three acts of the "*Road to Riches.*" The letter ran, as nearly as I can remember, as follows:—

"*Private and confidential.*

"Theatre Royal * * * * * *

"My Dear Sir,

"We are all of opinion, that the third act of your Drama must be transposed with the first; because Mrs. Z . . . . (if she *is* to play your heroine,) will not consent to appear in the dress you have described, after Miss Q . . . . has already been seen by the audience in a similar costume. This is imperative.

"You must, my dear Sir, if you wish the piece to *escape failure*, which, now-a-days, means *great success*, cut down your low comedy part. I acknowledge it is cleverly written, but it interferes unpleasantly with Mr. * * * * * *'s character, and he *must* be the feature, or he will not act at all. The part is too funny you can reduce it to a mere walking gentleman. You can throw the jokes into the bit you have written for the second bailiff, which, Heaven knows, is short enough, and he is never on in Mr. * * * * * *'s scenes.

"The supper and champagne you have described in the second act must be entirely omitted. In these times of theatrical economy, the management cannot afford any expensive extra properties; you can speak about them, which will do just as well. I agree that it will cut out some very brilliant dialogue,—but what are we to do?

"I would advise you, in a friendly way, to alter the title of your piece, and simply call it by the name by which you have designated the character intended for Mr. * * * * * *.

"It will be quite worth the while of your music publishers to give the twenty guineas to Mrs. Z . . . . , if she *will* introduce the song you have pointed out. She objects to sing it for less.

"You must concede all these matters, or the play will be laid aside; for I understand that the reading in the room was *wholly ineffective.*

"Yours most sincerely,

"* * * * * *.

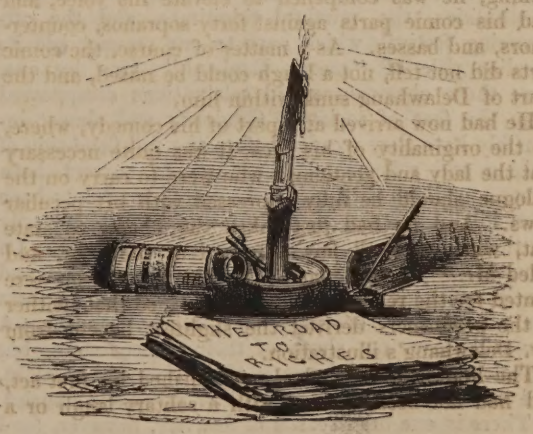
"P. S.—Send it, altered, in the morning."

It was in vain that my master remonstrated; this difficult matter was to be effected, or there would not be any chance for the production of his drama. He submitted to the decision with an ill grace; and, it is hardly necessary to relate, that when the piece *came out*, it *went in* again! Thus was the labour of two months totally lost.

Dog as I am, I can hardly bring myself to relate, that, weighed down by repeated disappointment, my poor master WROTE HIMSELF BLIND!

I remained faithfully attached to him until his death. I was then driven from the asylum in which he breathed his last, and was compelled to seek shelter in the streets.

On reflection, I have been better off in the world than my master. It was urged by a modern philosopher, that the writer for the stage is not an *utilitarian;* but it is humbly suggested, that the man who has sent home thousands, laughing, to their beds, nightly, divested them for the time from their cares, real or imaginary, has been no mean contributor to the happiness of his fellow-creatures.



"Home came the jovial *Horkey load*,
Last of the whole year's crop;
And Grace amongst the green boughs rode,
Right plump upon the top.
This way and that the waggon reel'd,
And never queen rode higher;
Her cheeks were coloured in the field,
And ours before the fire.
The laughing harvest-folks and John
Came in and look'd askew,
'Twas my red face that set them on,
And then they leer'd at Sue.
And Farmer Cheesum went, good man,
And broach'd the *Horkey beer*,
And *sitch a mort* of folks began
To eat up our good cheer!"

BLOOMFIELD.

ALAS! for the rare old times—alas, for the festivities and revelries, the sports and customs, the convivial hospitalities, the mirthful tide-times, and the oft-recurring festivals which gave to our sea-girt isle its peculiar title of "merrie England." One by one, have these observances and celebrations disappeared from the face of society. Gradually and almost insensibly have they receded before the full flood-tide of fashion and refinement, whose strong current hath swept over them with obliterating might. Many have been totally submerged, their memories existing only in the pages of romance or traditionary song. Of others there yet remain some traces, few and faint, and barely sufficient to interest the antiquarian and form the ground-work of his conjectural hypotheses. A few still linger on, shorn of their ancient state, but natheless reverent by reason of their venerable origin, and treasurable on account of their rarity and paucity.

There is one brief season of festivity, however, (and thankful are we that even *this* remains,) which still continues to maintain its ground, and display some portion of that genuine and right hearty spirit of hospitality and good feeling, by which our ancestors were actuated;—one period of the year when the rich spoils of the golden autumn having been gathered in, the farmer opens his house and his heart, and welcomes to his table those sons of the soil, by whose labours the ingathering of the harvest has been perfected. To the society of these horny-handed, sun-browned wielders of the sickle and the flail, we now propose to introduce the reader.

The afternoon, already on the wane, is gradually mellowing into evening, and the sunlight that flickers upon the fretted casements is already beginning to tinge the broad green vine leaves clustering round their sparkling panes, with a glowing ruby light. The old farm-house, one half antique, massive and sombre as a minster tower built to withstand the shock of centuries, the other half constructed at a recent date, blending the solid comforts of a bygone age with some portion of the conveniences and improvements of the present, has, in its every aspect, so radiant and so rubicund, a look of warmth, and kindliness, and welcome. Through the stack-yard gate—

——"the jovial *Horkey load*,
Last of the whole year's crop."

is now borne in, crowned with a coronal of leafy boughs, and by a noisy troop of riotous young urchins—

"Right plump upon the top;"

while lusty shouts, reverberated and prolonged by distant echoes, welcome its consignment as it is gradually piled upon the swelling stack. These things you will observe while leisurely advancing towards the host whose bidden guest you are. He, good soul, ruddy as the sun whose ample orb still lingers on the hill, as loath to look his last upon the cheerful earth, awaits your coming in the low-browed porch, and greets you —both hands in his—with such a cordial shake and pressure, as threatens total dislocation to your arms. From the windows in the rear pours forth a cloud of savoury steam that, wafted onwards to the groups without, imparts some foretaste of the feast to come. Sometimes the curious visitor may espy—through all this vapoury veil—a red and glowing circle, innocently believed to be some burnished copper lid;—a closer

gaze reveals a crimson countenance, a veritable human phiz, belonging to the kitchen-maid or cook; and, if familiar with the Florentine exile's works, he immediately bethinks him of the *Inferno* of "that old man eloquent."

We need not tarry to detail the sumptuous fare, the generous wines, the blushing fruit, prepared for those —the chosen few—the favoured guests, for whom the privacy of the host's own dining-room is reserved.

> "Man is a carnivorous production,
> And must have meals."

And even we, to whom the task of carving is deputed, in the "lower house," must take the preliminary caution to quiet the cravings of our own appetites; and, fortified with wine, we sally out to meet a fuller company, at a homelier board, but covered with a prodigal profusion of substantial fare. And if, unlike King Arthur's Christmas bill of fare, our *horkey* could not boast—

> "Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
> Muttons, and fatted beeves, and bacon swine,
> Herons and bitterns, peacock, swan and bustard,
> Teal, mallards, pigeons, widgeons, and in fine,
> Plum-puddings, pancakes, apple-pies and custard,
> With mead, and ale, and cyder of our own;
> For porter, punch, and negus were not known,"

there were not wanting good and meet apologies in monster-joints, barons and sirloins, rounds and ribs, and piled-up heaps of vegetables, for (to quote a couplet which appears most apposite)—

> "Your labouring people think beyond all question,
> Beef, veal and mutton, better for digestion."

There, too, were flowing tankards of nut-brown ale ranged at no distant intervals; and rows of bronzed and sun-burnt faces, whose eager appetites seemed peering from their glistening and expectant eyes. A brief grace—a clattering of plates—a clutching of their knives, and then began the carnage. Oh, Aspicius, Clodius, Heliogabalus, and every classic glutton of ravenous Rome or Epicurean Greece, what treasure would ye not have promptly offered for an English labourer's appetite? With confidence we might aver it owns no equal in any other portion of any other quarter of the globe. The fabulous attributes of Guy of Warwick seem here to have their parallel, and Father Time himself is partially defrauded of his prescriptive title to be called "*omnium rerum edax*," (that is to say of all things fairly edible). Beef and pudding in alternate layers are successively entombed within those apparently elastic ribs, and copious draughts of old October share a similar burial. Let not the carver hope for any respite from his labours; he, at least, must be prepared to wield his weapons with a dextrous and unwearying energy, until repletion comes, and even the appetites of the riotous urchins heretofore alluded to are successfully appeased.

Borne along by the recollection of the rapid operations of the guests, we have omitted to make all mention of the spacious kitchen in which they are assembled. Large, lofty, and well-proportioned, huge rafters, blackened by the smoke of centuries, support its dingy cieling, whence descend sundry rude chandeliers garnished with green boughs, that ever and anon crackle in the candles' waving glare. At one end, a large bay window admits a refreshing current of the cool night air, mingled with the breath of closing flowers without; and beyond the eye may trace the dark irregular outline of a serried wood, and the sharp clear figure of a tapering spire cutting the horizon's rim, with one star quivering like a distant beacon upon its arrowy point. At the other end, a few embers of the extinguished fire still glow within the chimney's wide recess. Along the intervening walls are ranged guns, flasks and polished spits, some old engravings—Scripture pieces of rude and simple execution—a portly clock, whose heavy, even throb is scarcely audible in all that din, and various bright utensils, familiar to those who have been duly initiated into the more occult of the profound Æleusinian mysteries of the kitchen. Around the tables flit the busy maids, happy to catch a sheepish look, a whispered nothing, or a sly pressure of the brawny hand from some admired and admiring swain.

The cloth removed, and fresh supplies of foaming ale served round, with pipes, and that "pernicious leafe," whilome so much decried, the "syren-memory" is invoked for songs—songs that have made the walls of village hostelries ring many and many a winter night, —songs that have been carolled forth in the meadow, wood, and harvest-field, in the broad light of day, and by the blazing winter-log, at many a Christmas gathering; songs that might boast almost as great antiquity as the very walls in which the vocalists are now assembled. Little of melody have they, albeit they abound in noise and in prolonged interminable choruses; moreover, they possess so marvellous and exquisite a flexibility, that every ballad may be, nay *is*, adapted to one unvarying tune. And then, as renewed potations quicken their energies and fire their rustic wit, how boisterous become their carols! how hearty—how enthusiastic are their plaudits! and when "Master" is toasted, with an eulogistic tribute to his many sterling qualities—his hospitality—his consideration for the poor—his charity in winter months, what a positive fever of enthusiasm pervades the whole assembled guests! and when he cordially acknowledges his gratification, and expresses his thanks, what a tremendous uproar is raised by all the company! and those who cannot reach to grasp his hand, seize on their nearest neighbour's, and those who cannot gain their neighbour's, are content to press the servant girl's, and in the confusion which ensues, perhaps a kiss or two is stolen, and should the theft perchance be witnessed, still greater is the uproar, still heartier and more boisterous the laughter. Thus the night wears on, diversified, perhaps, by an occasional "taylor's dance" upon the table, volunteered by some splay-footed dwarfish boy, the prototype of Wayland Smith's immortal imp, at whose grotesque and uncouth evolutions both young and old grin with immoderate delight.

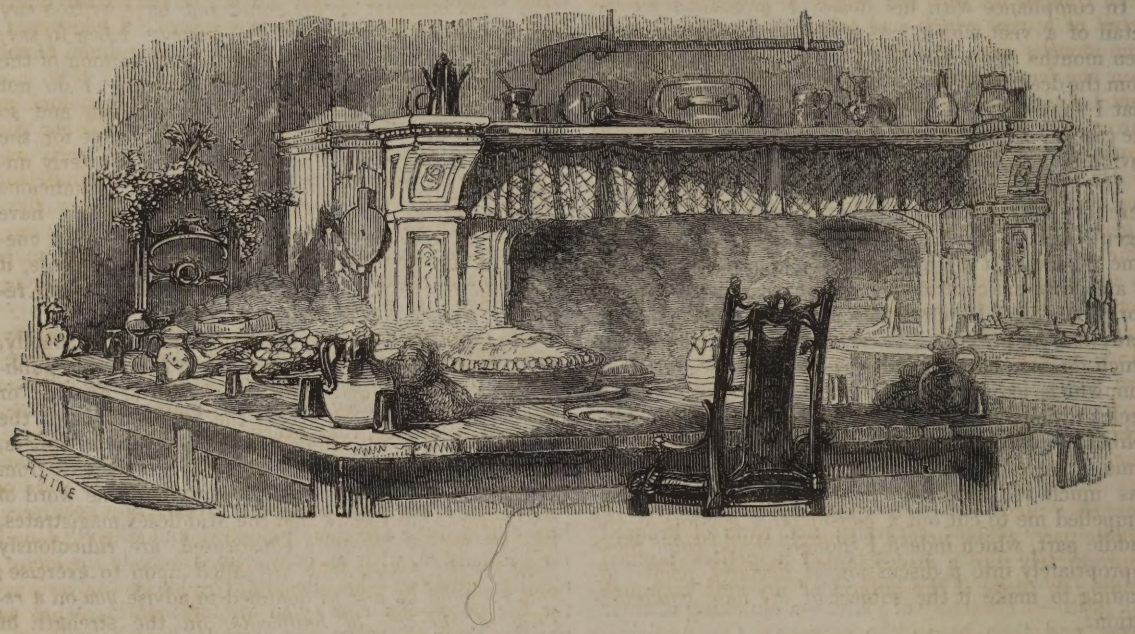
But day is dawning. The stars have already "paled their ineffectual fires." The blue mist which all night long hung like a veil over the valley, and peopled the spring-side with a host of dim, spectral, and unsubstantial forms, rolls slowly away. Music is wakening from the leafy coverts of the wood, and

> "Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
> And Phœbus 'gins to rise."

The candles in the kitchen shed a faint and sickly glare upon the relics of the feast, and on the now sleeping groups, who lay stretched on every bench and settle convenient for repose. The old shepherd, bent with the weight of fourscore years, starts from his fitful slumbers, and meets the patient watchful eyes of his

faithful dog still bent on his, and sleeps and starts again; the "odd boy," with the bloom of fourteen summers on his ruddy cheek, lies coiled upon the hearthstone, in a deep calm sleep, dreaming of home perhaps. Others, dizzy and scarcely awake, stagger out into the open air and raise the "largesse" shout, not as of yore to belted knights and gentle ladies ranged round the tilt-yard or the field of tournament, but to sleeping stock, and all the four-legged tenants of the farmyard. "Largesse, largesse," the shout is raised and multiplied by other voices; it is reverberated from most unthought-of nooks and corners, until the very air is all alive with that exciting cry, "Largesse, largesse;" you hear it ringing in your ears as you ride away, freshened and invigorated by the morning breeze. The sound grows fainter and fainter as you proceed, until you turn an angle of the road, pausing for a moment to direct a parting glance across the valley, to the hospitable homestead you have left, just brightening in the early sunshine, and for the last time indistinctly catch the old *refrain* of "largesse, largesse."

J. S.



LETTER TO MR. SERJEANT ADAMS,

WITH A FEW WORDS TO THE GOVERNORS OF HANWELL ASYLUM.

BY LUKE RODEN, M.D.

Sir,—My paper in the last number of this work has, it appears, given great offence to some of the governors of Hanwell. I am sorry for it, if it produce any annoyance to Dr. Conolly, whose name is known and respected all over the civilized world; but in brushing these gentlemen the wrong way of the nap, I am actuated by motives that make their anger of small importance, and I by no means regret to have disturbed their tranquillity.

I had hoped in the bantering remarks on the character best fitted for the office of governor, that the phrase "some splendid exceptions" would have enabled each man to take the compliment to himself, and thus the more readily acquiesce in my censure of the others. This, it appears, has not been the case, and some errors which I have fallen into in the introductory narrative have been held to invalidate the arguments to which they lead. I hope to remove this impression.

In speaking of men of limited education, who had all their lives been absorbed in the pursuits of trade and commerce, and were thereby unfitted for the exercise of control in matters purely intellectual and exceedingly abstruse, it is quite obvious that I could not allude to an accomplished scholar like Mr. Serjeant Adams, whom I remember, forty years ago, one of the most warm-hearted and generous of human beings.

Time has, no doubt, produced as great a change in him as in myself; but feeling that my own sentiments towards my fellow-creatures are not chilled by grey hairs, I conclude that he also retains the humane sympathy with suffering which distinguished his early years, and that a mind so carefully cultivated will aid me in my object when once it is candidly and fully

comprehended. Let me then premise by stating the circumstances under which my paper was written and published, before I attempt to justify my language.

In a conversation with the Editor of this Magazine, I related some of the affecting little incidents recorded in my narrative, the while we were taking rather a rambling excursion in the debateable land between physics and metaphysics, and had just started the subject of responsibility in cases of equivocal insanity. He became strongly interested, and urged me to put on paper my recollection of the scene, as well as any reflections which might be suggested by the subject.

In compliance with his desire I proceeded to the detail of a visit which had taken place at least eighteen months ago; and however vivid my recollections from the deep interest it excited, it is not extraordinary that I should have confused the particulars of some of the cases. From the very nature of my remarks, it was obviously impossible to submit them to the inspection of Dr. Conolly for the purpose of verification; neither, were they *not* laudatory, could I take such a liberty with a gentleman to whom I have stated myself to be at the time of the visit perfectly unknown, except by name, as an occasional contributor to medical periodicals. A work like the "Illuminated Magazine" requires to be ready for the press at a much earlier period than those which do not contain engravings, and as the conversation which led to the paper took place only about a week previously, I had not time to bestow on it the deliberate reflection which perhaps it needed. I became, however, so warm on the subject, that my paper was much too long for the space allotted me: this compelled me to cut out a considerable portion of the middle part, which indeed I thought would come more appropriately into a discussion of insanity itself—intending to make it the subject of my next communication.

On looking over the paper after it was printed, I became aware that the large hiatus had in some measure changed the character by changing the appropriation of my remarks—some of them, which appeared to allude to previous parts of the article, being really allusions to parts not in print. A writer knows so well what he intended to say, that he thinks he has said it; and to a man so unpractised in the use of the pen as myself, the discrepancy is not apparent till pointed out by another, who had not the same course of ideas running in his mind and mystifying his judgment.

The only mistakes which have been named to me are two;—first, in the case of the two girls dressed as nuns, who I am told never were in the kind of confinement I have stated. If this be an error, it must have arisen from the mixing together of different explanations, and applying to one what belonged to another. The mistake does not seem of great importance, but I acknowledge and regret it.

The next is the poor sailor, who, I am informed, is deaf; consequently could not have held with me the conversations stated. Now it is, I think, utterly impossible that my memory can so far have deceived me, for there rests on my mind a distinct recollection of most of the very words. Can it be that his deafness is a recent affliction, and subsequent to my visit?

You, Mr. Serjeant, must be aware, like myself, (for I believe there is but a slight difference in our ages,) that as the white sheet of memory becomes scribbled over, there is not the same room to write legibly and permanently the record of recent events; and that we are very apt to mix our recollections together, and thus make one improbable story out of two that were absolutely true. It is possible that this may have happened in the present case, or that I may have confounded what was said to me by Dr. Conolly with what I heard from others. These discrepancies are, however, not of very great importance: and it is obvious that there could be no intention either to falsify or deceive.

If I have indeed misrepresented the sentiments and expressions of that wise and excellent man, it will be to me a subject of deep regret; but when you state that "his bitterest enemy could not have written any thing more calculated to do him injury," I beg to say, that you must be mistaken, and that my opinion of the Middlesex magistrates is more respectful. I do not believe any one of them so mean, so unjust, and so absurd, as to hold that gentleman responsible for the words of a writer whose *status* in society is utterly unknown, or even for the misguided zeal of an injudicious friend. Those who occupy a public situation have enough to do to guard against the attacks of open enemies; were they answerable for malignant praise, it would be in the power of any man to destroy their repose, if not their character.

My information does not come from Dr. Conolly, with whom I had no communication before the publication, and have had none subsequently, on that or any other subject; but I hear the common talk of the profession, and the opinion of enlightened foreigners, and, except in the specific instances of mistakes from defective recollection, I do not withdraw one word of my censure; but I know that the Middlesex magistrates, like all bodies similarly constituted, are ridiculously unfit for the duties they are called upon to exercise; and I should be just as qualified to advise *you* on a *reform of the law of bailments*, on the strength of having read Sir W. Jones's amusing little book on the subject, as you are to interfere in the management of the insane. If you have read and thought much on the subject, you are a still worse adviser—for the same reason that a nurse in a hospital would be the worst director of the medical treatment of the patients; not for want of ample experience, but for want of preliminary knowledge, requisite to guide her, when cases apparently similar are, as often happens, exactly opposite. I presume, if Mr. Serjeant Adams be not qualified for the task, it would be vain to expect it from any other magistrate.

It may be, that the profession of the law is more calculated to open and enlarge the mind, than the philosophy of medicine—I don't believe it. Be that as it may, however, men of your profession are much more profoundly ignorant of our department of knowledge, than we are of yours. We *do* know the principles which guide legislators, though we may be ignorant of the technicalities;—you, on the contrary, know many of the technicalities of medicine, but are utterly ignorant of its principles.—Nay, it is extremely rare to find a man, however well educated in other respects, who is not grossly, and I even say culpably, ignorant of the structure of his own body,—an object of quite as much interest and value, and quite as worthy the attention of one claiming to be an educated man and a gentleman, as the structure of the earth,—a subject on which he would be ashamed to confess ignorance.

My remarks, at the latter end of the paper, were not

intended to apply exclusively (if at all) to Hanwell; and it is here, principally, that the hiatus I have spoken of produces embarrassment. The mixture of religion with the management of the insane is an utter abomination,—it is a profanation—it is blasphemy—the *mind* is not the *soul!* this last is an awful subject of contemplation, on which human reason is utterly unable to form an opinion from its own inductions. It is Revelation, and Revelation alone, that can enable us to conceive it. To mix up theology with the management of the insane, is a desecration of the science, and can only tend to mischief and embarrassment. Let us leave this important subject to the men specially devoted to it;—it is, we see, not easy even for *them* to agree in their conclusions. Our duties are clear.—The light of Heaven, however pure and colourless, will become yellow in passing through yellow glass, and decomposed by passing through a prism. It is thus with Mind exercised by a diseased brain.

What the Profession complains of in the conduct of the Governors of Hanwell, is, that they exercise a busy, meddling, fussy, fidgetty interference, in all the detail of the medical and moral management of the insane, instead of listening with the submission of conscious ignorance to what ought to be the authoritative advice of the superintendent;—that they do not leave him (as he ought to be) a free agent;—that having selected a pilot, and being themselves confessedly and notoriously ignorant of nautical science, they insist on managing the ship;—that they are not aware of their own ignorance in the matter in question, and that they require explanations which cannot be given, and ought not to be demanded; that, (to pursue the metaphor,) instead of the lunar observations being entrusted to one competent officer, every man takes the sextant in hand, like the monkey, and not knowing the structure or use of the instrument, still affects to understand the matter, and gives an opinion as to the course of the ship.

In truth, Gentlemen-Governors, your good intentions, which nobody doubts, are a very small set-off against the mischief of your interference. In following out by halves the objects of the philosopher whom you have placed as nominal head of your establishment, you act like a man, who, when scissors are recommended as best adapted for a certain purpose, should take out the rivet, and use one blade only.

This I *do* know, from many sources,—that you never visit Hanwell without exciting alarm and uneasiness throughout the establishment. You neither know the mischief you are doing, nor the pain you are inflicting;—the hospital would be much better managed, if you never went near it.

I will venture once more to bring in the trite story of Columbus and the egg, though not as it is absurdly represented, without point and without meaning. On being told that any body might have discovered the new continent as readily as himself, he held out an egg, and asked if any one of them could make it stand on its end. On their acknowledging that it was impossible, he merely gave it a sharp shake so as to detach the yolk from the white, when, from the greater specific gravity of the former, it immediately sank, and the egg then stood steadily, on the same principle as the Dutch toy with lead at the bottom, which amused our childhood. Try the thing, and you will then know the force of the illustration. Your Governors of Hanwell break in the bottom of the egg to make it stand (as the story of Columbus is generally related), and then think themselves as clever as Dr. Conolly. Depend on it, sir, there is more in the management of the insane than is generally supposed; and if the frightful malady be ever curable, it must be through the investigations and cautious experiments of men *born to the mission, like him,* and left perfectly free and uncontrolled in their vocation.

In conclusion, Mr. Serjeant, I will only add, that in using a blister where the patient expected an anodyne, I have acted professionally and *ex proposito*. To me it seems that I should have been justified in taking the cautery. You and your brother magistrates will, no doubt, despise my *brutum fulmen;* but a man may with a goose-quill scrape the ground from under the feet of any one if it be composed of sand alone. Public opinion will in time insist on a change, and relieve you, gentlemen, from a task for which you are unfit, and to which you are necessarily incompetent; when your energy and patriotic devotion to the good of your country, now so misdirected, will, I have no doubt, find a safe, adequate, and appropriate channel for their exercise in some other quarter.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

LUKE RODEN.

London, September 21, 1843.

BEAUS OF ENGLAND.

BY MARK LEMON.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

Sir Charles Sedley.

Time was when Poesy held a place
At kingly boards, tho' now the maid
Hath fallen sadly in disgrace,
And's all but scouted by the "trade."
But when the second Charles was king,
Each courtier woo'd the "tuneful nine,"
And like the peacock sought to sing
The notes that "Willy"* made divine.
Apollo heard each jingling wire,
And sighed, "Alas! my swan is dead,
Who now shall wake the sleeping lyre?
The soul of song from earth hath fled."
The Graces heard him thus complain,
And, seeking to assuage his grief,
Bade Sedley wake his graceful strain,
And give the sorrowing god relief.
Joy'd with the sound, Apollo cried,
"O be the wreath assigned to thee,
To song I give thee worth beside,
On earth thou shalt my 'viceroy'† be!"

* Shakespeare.

† Charles the Second is said to have asked Sedley if he had not obtained a patent to be Apollo's viceroy.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

RALEIGH IN PRISON.

A PRISON for a court!—an iron chain
For golden braveries!—a chamber's span,
For one whose very visions were of worlds!

Methinks thy spirit through thy prison bars
Hath ta'en its way to some imagined shore,
Rich as Guiana* seemed.—Cool, balmy airs,
Shaken by passing zephyrs from their wings,
Fan thy majestic brow. Some gentle stream
Murmurs its water melodies a-low,
And cheats thy dungeon's silence of its pain.
Perchance, amid the quiet scenes of Hayes,†
Thy fancy wanders, peopling many a nook
With old familiar things.—Or perhaps thy heart,
Melted by love, is moulding into forms,
That almost own thy *worship*—wife and child!
Thy "dear Bess"‡ speaks, though none could hear her voice,
But thou, whose ear's so exquisitely tuned,
That memory, full of echoes of the past,
Is like a worded presence.
And thy boy
Is pranking in the fulness of his mirth,
Upon thy dungeon's floor.—Anon, thy fingers play
Among the silky tendrils of his hair,
And e'en thy touch grows eloquent of joy.

Thy soul, O "Ocean Shepherd,"§ sure must be
Freighted with good, since thou unmoved canst steer
To such a dreaded haven as the grave!

* See Raleigh's "*Discovery of the Large, Rich, and Beautiful Empire of Guiana*," 1596.

† Hayes Farm in Devonshire, the birth-place of Raleigh, 1552.

‡ His wife.

§ The name given to him by Spenser, in his "*Colin Clout's come Home again.*"

INDEX.

PAGE

Aden (Characteristics of). By Mrs. Postans . . 75
Illustrated from an original drawing.

Alligator Tank (The). By ditto 193
Illustrated by Sargent and Scott.

Anesquette. By Miss Costello 199
Illustrated by Scott and Henning.

Arthur Evelyn 91

Autumnal Day in the Country 292
Illustrated by Hine.

Bateman's Orchidaceæ, &c. &c. By Dr. Baxter . . 115
Illustrated by Harvey.

Beaus of England. By Laman Blanchard . . 257

——— By Mark Lemon 345
Illustrated by Charles Martin.

Blacke Arte (The). By Mourant the Monk . . 284
Illustrated by Hine.

Bonaparte at Miss Frounce's School. By G. A. A'Beckett 23
Illustrated by Leech.

Books Reviewed 55, 118, 180, 236

Boys of London:—The Doctor's Boy. By Mark Lemon . 36

——— Jew Boy. By ditto . . . 80

——— Vagabond Boy. By ditto . . 140

——— Butcher's Boy. By ditto . . 258
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.

Button Holder (The). By the Editor . . 53, 178
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.

Child's (The) Spirit to its Mother 42

Children's Employment Commission. By R. H. Horne . 45
Illustrated from sketches made by the Assistant Commissioner.

Chronicles of Clovernook (The). By the Editor . 183, 239
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.

Coming Revolution (The). By Paul Prendergast . . 212
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.

Conceit (A) 168

Cousins (The). By Walter Clegg . . . 271
Illustrated by Meadows, Hine, and Standfast.

Curfew 205

Day at Hanwell Lunatic Asylum. By Luke Roden, M.D. 263
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.

Death and the Drawing Room. By a Lady . . 97
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.

Demon Bird (The). By F. P. Palmer . . . 105
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.

Dogs' Tales. By R. B. Peake . . 223, 335
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows and Hine.

PAGE

Doomed Son (The). By Luke Roden, M.D. . . 131
Illustrated by Sargent.

Earthquake at Terceira. By Dr. Baxter . . . 25
Illustrated from drawings by Lieut. Parkhurst, R.N.

Elizabeth and Victoria. By the Editor . . . 3
Illustrated by Leech and Sargent.

Ellen Booth 156
Illustrated by the Author.

England Sixty Years Ago. By Luke Roden, M.D. . 295
Illustrated by Hine.

Eureka 192

Evening (An) on the Mountains of Savoy. By Luke Roden, M.D. 286
Illustrated by J. Brown.

Every Body's Master 289
Illustrated by Hine.

Eville Earle (The). By Mourant the Monk . . 146
Illustrated by Leech.

Fine Arts (Royal Academy, &c.) 116

Folly of the Sword (The). By the Editor . . 206
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.

Geologist of Castleton (The). By Miss Costello . . 280
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows and Hine.

Gossip at the Reculvers. By the Editor . . . 143
Illustrated by Landells.

Great Western Sketches. By Wildrake . . . 17
Illustrated by the Author.

Grubbe's (Mr.) Night with Memnon. By Albert Smith . 31
Illustrated by Hine.

Harvest Home 340
Illustrated by Hine.

Hopes 83

Husband's Friend (The). By Mark Lemon . . 152
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.

Ideal and the Actual 232
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.

Incident in Naval Life. By Robert Postans . . 43
Illustrated by Timbrell.

International Copyright 13
Illustrated by Leech.

Jefferies (Mr.). By Miss Pardoe . . . 214
Illustrated by Hine.

Jupiter's Junket 93
Illustrated by Leech.

PAGE

Lady (The) and Her Son. By Miss Costello . . 327
Illustrated by J. Brown.

Lament for a Last Home 310

Last Stage Coachman (The). By W. Wilkie Collins . 209
Illustrated by Hine.

Letter from the Statue of Shakspere . . . 158
Illustrated by Hine.

Letter to Mr. Serjeant Adams. By Luke Roden, M.D. . 342

Light and Shadow. By Catherine Parr . . . 110

Lines by the Persian Poet, to Hafiz. By Miss Costello . 168

Love and Friendship. By Catherine Parr . . 213

Midnight at Sea 177

Modern Accomplishments 234
Illustrated by Hine.

Modern Crusoe (The). By Robert Postans . . 111
Illustrated from an original drawing.

Morning and Evening Twilight. By Catherine Parr . 255

Mulberry Tree (The), &c. By the late E. W. Elton . 253
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.

Nell Gwynne's Looking Glass. By Laman Blanchard . 16
Illustrated by Hine.

Old Man at the Gate (The). By the Editor . . 108
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.

Old Problem (The). By R. H. Horne . . . 216
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.

Order of Poverty (The). By the Editor 127
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.

Peerage of the Pen. By ditto 161
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.

Philosophy of the Pistol. By Robert Postans . . 173
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.

Pole's Lane 229
Illustrated by Hine and Dodgson.

Poor Child's Hornbook (The). By Paul Prendergast . 317

Portrait (A) 270

PAGE

Providential Escape (A) 309
Illustrated by Hine.

Puseyism made Easy. By Libra 148

Quiet Street (A). By Sylvanus Swanquill . . 164
Illustrated by Gilbert.

Sindh and its Ameers. By Mrs. Postans . . . 9
Illustrated from an original drawing.

Sisters of Berne (The). By Luke Roden, M.D. . . 67
Illustrated by Sargent.

Song, by L——— 24

Song for June 110

Song of the Pauper 139

Sonnet on Climbing a Hill, &c. By Charles Pembroke . 96

Sonnet—(to John Henning, Esq.) 261

Sonnets—by C. H. W. 228, 261

Sonnets—by Thomas Wade 151

South Staffordshire, &c. 330
Illustrated by Hine.

Starry Home (The) 326

Stolen Shoulders (The). By the late author of "Three Courses and a Dessert" 320
Illustrated by Leech.

Theophilus Smudge (Passages in the Life of) . 40, 101, 169
Illustrated by Leech.

Trip to Havre (A) 311
Illustrated by Hine.

Two Tomkinses (The). By R. B. Peake . . 84
Illustrated by Leech.

Venerable Bede 27
Illustrated by J. Brown.

Vision in Pan's Dell (A) 308
Illustrated by Kenny Meadows.

"We" 90

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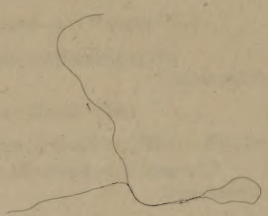
END OF VOLUME I.

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